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SHIP IN PHOSPHORESCENT SEA.

The Merchant Vessel:

A SAILOR-BOY'S VOYAGES

TO SEE THE WORLD

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By CHAS. NORDHOFF

Author of "Man-of-War Life," "Whaling and Fishing," etc., etc.

New York

Dodd, Mead & Company

Publishers

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ORIGINAL PREFACE.

IN the present volume, it has been the aim of the writer to draw an intelligible picture of the merchant seaman's life. Were the merchant service such as youth are most apt to imagine it, it would undoubtedly have great charms for one of an adventurous turn of mind. Could the merchant sailor always have his choice of voyages—could he obtain a situation when he wished, and to go whither it pleased him—were he not continually at the mercy of tyrannical officers and grasping shoresmen—and finally, but not by any means of least importance, were his average income sufficient to meet even his most moderate wants, such a life, with all its hardships, would form a not unpleasing experience. But the direct reverse is the fact. His chief anxiety when he is discharged from one ship is to engage himself on board another. In most cases he is forced to accept the first chance that offers. He has no control at all over his own movements, but is the merest creature of chance. He may plan out for himself an easy and pleasant round of voyages, but it is impossible to put his plans into execution.

The writer has not hesitated to show the shadows as well as the lights of this phase of sea-life. And, truly, these shadows are not few.

Of the "yarns" recounted in this volume, it may be well to say, that they are told as nearly as possible in the language of the original relators, and that there is no doubt whatever in the mind of the writer of their entire truth. He has given them place here, not only because *yarning* is one of the chief amusements of sailors during their leisure hours, but from the fact that they present phases of sea-life which happily did not fall to his experience.

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

LAST year Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. amazed, and I must say alarmed, me by insisting on republishing, in a very pretty form, an old book of mine, written in 1854, and published in 1855—"Man-of-War Life: A Boy's Experiences in the United States Navy." This year they wish to add to that volume a second, in which, about the same time, and when I was still fresh from the sea, I recounted my own life in various merchant ships under several flags.

As I glance over the pages of the book, which I have not looked at in many years, I see that it has at least one point of interest—it recounts adventures and a mode of life scarcely to be found now anywhere. There are, to be sure, still sailing ships; and no doubt the work and discipline in these ships are much the same that they were when I sailed, thirty-five years ago. But the main business of the sea is now done by steamships. Some out-of-the-way corners of the world, which it was my good fortune and my delight to visit, are now "settled and civilized;" and while there are still many tolerably remote spots, the stove-pipe hat is now found everywhere, and the area of romance and adventure is greatly limited. I will not say that the world has become commonplace, for that is not true. But I do think some of the bloom has been rubbed off the peach.

This book contains not only the record of my own experiences in the merchant service, but also here and there a forecastle yarn spun by an old shipmate. I dare say they are all true; for, as a saying of the sea goes, "that's what they said; and you wouldn't suppose a lot of sailor men would lie about such a matter as that?"

When I was a boy at sea the Spanish pillar dollar was still the coin of most universal currency, and the Spanish language was that most certain to be understood in the remotest spots. The American flag was to be found literally on every sea, and the American ship was the tautest, the best fitted, the best sailer, and made the most successful voyages. The American shipmaster was by far the most intelligent of his class, as he probably still is; but he had also the air, as he had the habit, of success; and he delighted in nothing so much as in a "trading voyage," in which he was not only master, but supercargo, and with a "roving commission" went out to Africa, or the Indian Ocean, or the "West Coast," to barter American goods and Yankee notions for the produce of the country. Such a captain had not only seamanship, but brains and a commercial education. He, and his crew also, looked down upon the "lime-juicers," as they called English ships and sailors, as rather a stupid and semi-brutal lot. They laughed at the "parleyvoos," or Frenchmen, as better shoemakers than sailors. They despised the "Dagoes," or Spaniards, as fellows who always lost in the race.

In those days we Yankees counted ourselves the best men that sailed the seas.

Well, all that has changed. The pillar dollar and the Spanish as the universal language went out long ago. But it is not so long since we abandoned the sea. Perhaps some day we shall take possession again. I should be glad to see the day.

The book is here reprinted without change. I dare say I could write a better book now, but it would not be the same—it would not have the merit this one has, of being a true picture of the life here described. The publishers have, with great liberality, undertaken to add many illustrations, which I hope will lend interest to the text.

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CHAPTER I.

Jack ashore—Victimized by the land sharks—Off for Boston—A pleasure trip—Boston—Sailors' Home—Ships and shipping offices.

THE tailors, boarding-house keepers, and itinerant venders of jewelry, in port, have a busy time during the week in which a man-of-war's crew is discharged and paid off. Jack cannot see to the end of a hundred dollars, and therefore pays royally for everything he wants, and very many things he don't want, never stooping so low as to *bargain* with a tradesman—and getting cheated on all hands, of course, by the land sharks. Pinchbeck watches, and plated jewelry, and ill-fitting shore clothes, soon transform the neat, trim man-of-war's-man, looking as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox, into an awkward, ungainly fellow as one would be likely to meet with in a day's walk.

But never mind; the clothes may not fit, but they cost the money—the watch may be gilt, but its price was a golden one—and "what's the odds, so long as you're happy," said a jolly topmate, as he introduced himself to my notice, in a suit of clothes big enough for the largest man in all Ohio, a "long-faced hat," a watch in each vest-pocket, rings on every finger, *including* the thumbs, and a breastpin almost large enough for a din-

ner-plate. "You know," said he, with the air of one having some experience in such matters, "one must be in the fashion. Now nobody would take me for an old salt; they won't say, 'Go away, sailor, you smell of tar.'"

I thought *perhaps* they wouldn't, but respectfully declined investing in a similar manner, to Jack's evident disgust. Not all, however, of our crew sported their two watches, or dressed *in style*. I am sorry to say that not a few commenced a spree on the first day ashore, from which they only waked up to find themselves outward bound, and the landlord prepared to ship them, and pocket no inconsiderable share of their advance money. There were yet others, and these were principally the old merchant sailors, who were off, as soon as they received their pay, to one of the northern seaports, with the intention of shipping for some foreign port, Liverpool, London, Havre, or "up the straits," as the Mediterranean is called, where, being old cruising grounds to them, they thought to have their spree out to greater advantage than in the United States.

I fear but few of the many who had talked so loudly of going *home* had the strength of purpose to carry their resolution into effect. Many were doubtless persuaded off by their shipmates, and went "one more voyage"—which is like the toper's "one more glass," something that upsets all plans for reform. Others intended only to take a little preliminary spree, but spent too large a proportion of their savings in that, and then abandoned all idea of seeing home till after another good voyage.

As for myself, it had been determined that the company

which I had joined should go to Boston, from whence I intended to make my first trip in a merchant vessel. Our party consisted of five: two seamen, old sea-dogs, one of them a captain of the mizzentop, two ordinary seamen, and myself, a boy. The three last mentioned were steady temperance lads, but the old tars were confirmed topers, who were conscious that they could not resist the temptation to spreeing, and had made us youngsters promise, while yet on board ship, that we would *see to them*.

Fearing the utter impossibility of keeping straight all the way from Norfolk to Boston, the luminous idea struck Harry Hill, the captain of the top, to charter the cabin of a little coasting schooner, about to proceed to Boston.

"And then," said he, "if old Tommy Martin and I get on our beam-ends, you boys can put us into our berths, and there will be no bloody land sharks to pick our pockets."

This proposition was accordingly carried into effect. We paid fifty dollars for the use of the cabin, the captain to "eat us," he agreeing, also, to start away the same day we were paid off, which clause of the contract I insisted on, fearing, were we detained any time in Norfolk, that my topmates would get on an interminable spree. I had determined on carrying them soberly to the Sailors' Home, in Boston, and there, placing them under good influences, try to make them lay aside a portion of their earnings.

Accordingly, we paid our board bill—three days, at the rate of two dollars and a half per day, for sleeping in a garret, furnishing our own bedding, and eating an occasional meal in

the house—but homeward-bound sailors don't dispute bills—and took ourselves and baggage down to the schooner. On getting on board, I found in the cabin lockers sundry jugs, labelled "brandy," "rum," and "wine," which our two old tars had smuggled off on the day before, unknown to the sober portion of the party. The wine, Harry Hill said he had gotten expressly for us, as such a glorious time as we might now have should not be entirely thrown away. Procuring some oysters, on our way down the bay, we were soon outside, making good headway toward Boston.

Our two old topmates saw but little of the daylight while the liquor lasted, but as a good deal of it leaked out, they had abundant time to get sober before we arrived in port. For myself, being my first trip on so small a vessel, I enjoyed myself very much. By the time we reached Boston I had learned to steer, which necessary accomplishment no one has a chance of acquiring on board a man-of-war, where only the most experienced of the seamen are permitted to take the wheel.

Arrived at the wharf in Boston, we took a coach (Harry Hill insisting upon going *on deck* with the driver, having had a surfeit of the cabin coming from Norfolk), and drove up to the Sailors' Home, in Purchase Street, in a style calculated to let folks know that we were *homeward-bounders*. Sailors' homes, almost everybody knows, have been established in nearly every large seaport in the Union, for the purpose of providing seamen, while on shore, with boarding-houses conducted on honest principles, and mostly by religious people, and where they will be removed as far as may be from the temptations of the

land. That in Purchase Street, Boston, always enjoyed a high reputation, being a very large and commodiously arranged building, where everything was quiet and scrupulously neat, and where no efforts were spared by the kind-hearted "landlord," Mr. Chaney, and his excellent lady, to make the tars comfortable, and to aid them in their efforts at keeping on the right track.

Entering our names, and the name of our last ship, on the register, we were shown to nice airy rooms, where matters looked more like comfort than anything I had seen for the last three years. The regulations of the house were suspended in each room, and from these I gathered, among other matters, that there was in the building a reading-room and a smoking-room, for the use of all the boarders, that prayers were held in the former apartment every morning, before breakfast, which all in the house were invited to attend, and that on Sabbath divine service was held in a chapel opposite the Home.

That night I enjoyed a glorious rest. For three long years a narrow hammock, hung on a crowded deck, had been my only sleeping-place—aside from a still harder deck plank—and to find myself once more in a good bed, with nice clean sheets and pillows, and surrounded by all the comforts of home—comforts, by the way, which we don't know how to value till we are obliged to do without them—was a most unmistakable pleasure. I had taken Harry Hill as my room-mate.

"Now, my boy," said he, as he "turned in," "there will be no calling of all hands to-morrow, no turning out in the

cold to scrub decks, no getting down on your marrow-bones, with holy-stones and sand. So you can take just as much comfort as you please. I'm only afraid I'll sleep so sound I shan't enjoy it at all—so if you wake up along in the mid-watch, give me a call, that I may freshen my reckoning."

But there was no mid-watch in my dreams that night.

The loud ringing of a bell called us down to prayers, in the morning. I found a very good attendance in the reading-room. It was the first time I had attended family worship since leaving home, and strange feelings crept over me as I listened to the Word being read and the prayer offered. And as the gray-haired minister who conducted the worship asked God's blessing on those there assembled, and on their friends, wherever they might be, my heart was full, at the thought of the loved ones at home, perhaps then, also, offering up their morning service to the Lord.

But could I go home? What had I to tell, what had I to show, after my long absence? No! I was determined to see a little more of the world before I showed my face there.

After breakfast our party sallied out to take a look about the wharves, and pick out a ship, as none of us intended to stay ashore above a week or two. The spring-time is always a busy season with shipping, and we found at the wharves ships, barks, brigs, and schooners, loading for many different parts of the world. After rambling around the wharves awhile, we entered a *shipping office*. It is to these places that the owners and masters of vessels, when in want of a crew, take

their "articles," the obligations which each one on board must sign, before sailing, and which contain an abstract of the general laws of the merchant-marine, and whatever particular specifications are deemed necessary for the voyage the ship is to perform. These articles are spread out on desks, about the office, that seamen may examine them and pick themselves out a voyage.

Ships were plenty at this time, and we entered an office where two East Indiamen, a China ship, a Baltic ship, and a vessel going round Cape Horn had their articles exposed — besides several small craft going to different parts of the West Indies, and a bark bound to a southern port, and thence to "some port or ports in Europe, at the discretion of the captain."

"Here you are, now," said one of my old friends; "you want to see somewhat of the world; here you have your pick, and can take a trip almost anywhere you want to."

As we stood there, two tars came in. They had evidently been down to look at some of the vessels.

"Well, Jack," said one, "which shall it be, Russia or China?"

"What do you say to Bombay, Tom?" asked the other.

"Well, I'm agreed."

And they signed the articles of a vessel bound to "Bombay, and such other ports in the East Indies or China as the captain may determine, the voyage not to exceed two years."

It seemed strange to me to see men disposing so care-

lessly of their future for the next year or two; choosing at hap-hazard between the frosts of the Baltic Sea and burning sun of the Indies; the hardships of a Russian voyage and the sickness incident to a trip to China. But I soon found this was a mere matter of habit, and before I was much older, learned, myself, to start to the uttermost ends of the earth at five minutes' notice, and perhaps merely to oblige an old shipmate, or even from a less reasonable caprice.

I desired much to go to the East Indies, but thought best to make a short European voyage first, in order to be inducted regularly into the life, and ways, and duties of a merchant vessel, before going on a long trip in a fancy Indiaman. So I one day shipped myself in a bark going to New Orleans, thence to Liverpool or Havre. The rest of our party of five all sailed before me. Two went to Russia, one to Buenos Ayres, and the other to Curaçoa, in the West Indies. When they were all gone I felt really lonesome; but as the day drew near on which I too was to leave, to embark in a line of duty entirely new to me, and in which I knew not what success I should have, I must confess my heart sank within me.

However, the hour came at last. The shipping agent sends word to the places of residence of the various members of the crew, of the precise day and hour of sailing, which is generally determined on some days beforehand. The crew of a merchant vessel do not go on board until just as the ship is about to cast off from the wharf. And on returning home, they barely make fast the ship, and then leave her. As crews are picked up at hap-hazard, the different individuals are, in

general, strangers to each other, and it is some days before all hands become acquainted and sociable. If now, in addition to being strangers, one half of them are drunk on their arrival in the forecastle, and consequently unfit for duty, and ready for a quarrel with the officers (and this was precisely the case on this occasion), it need not to be said that going out to sea, under such circumstances, is not the most pleasant incident in one's life.

CHAPTER II.

Sail for New Orleans—Going to sea with a drunken crew—A merchantman's forecastle—"Man the windlass"—Choosing watches—Some points of difference between the merchant service and the navy, with a short digression into the philosophy of sailorcraft.

OUR crew numbered ten before the mast, of whom two, myself and another, were boys, the rest being able seamen. We came on board at nine A.M., but early as it was, six of the men, taking time by the forelock, were already tipsy, and, of course, as cross as bears. They were brought on board by the boarding-house keepers, and stowed away in the forecastle, that they might, by means of a nap, recover their sober senses. Meantime four of us cast off the lines, loosed the sails, and sheeting home the foretopsail, dropped down the harbor a little way, and then came to anchor, the captain determining to wait till the morrow, and go to sea with a sober crew.

Our *forecastle* was a dirty little hole, into which scarcely a glimmer of daylight could penetrate. Being just in the bow of the vessel, its shape was triangular; the space clear of the berths being about six feet in length by five wide at the base, divided in the middle by a large stanchion, which formed, on deck, the pall-bit of the windlass. Into this little space, ten of us, drunk

and sober together, were crowded, when evening set in, it being yet too cold to stay out on deck.

After coming to an anchor, the first labor was to clear up this place, which was to be our residence for some time. The forecastle, being untenanted in harbor, is generally used by the mates or ship-keepers as a place of deposit for old rigging, and we found our *bunks* full of all manner of odds and ends of rigging. Throwing this stuff upon deck, we arranged our bedding, lashed and cleated our chests, to prevent their fetching away, and then, having taken supper, turned in, to keep warm. I slept but little all night, feeling altogether out of place among a lot of drunken men, who were turning uneasily in their bunks, cursing and swearing, as they shivered in the cold.

Morning dawned at last, and with the earliest ray of light the second mate rapped overhead with a hand-spike, calling all hands to up anchor. How different, thought I, from the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates, which I had been so long accustomed to. We turned out and sat on our chests, waiting for the call to "man the windlass." Several of the drunkards of the previous day were grumbling about sore heads, and ransacked the forecastle through for some liquor. One at last bethought him to look into his chest, and took thence a large jug, at which all except myself took a long pull. It was passed to me too, but my refusal to participate seemed, nevertheless, to please every one.

Presently, "Man the windlass, there," from the mate, called us on deck.

"Go aloft two' hands, and loose the topsails and topgallant-

sails," sung out the captain, as we mustered on the topgallant forecastle. I jumped aloft at the fore, let fall the topsail, topgallantsail, and foresail, and overhauled the rigging, there being but little wind. We then hove short on the anchor, sheeted home the foretopsail—a few heaves, and—"The anchor's away, sir," sung out the mate.

"Heave him up, and come this way two hands—brace up the foreyard."

To me, who had been accustomed to seeing two or three hundred men pulling on a brace or halyards, it seemed very strange to see two men called to brace up a yard, or to see five or six men run up a topsail halyards, to a cheery *yo heave yoh*, one man running up aloft to the fly block, and then riding down on the fall. On board a vessel of war no singing out at ropes is allowed, the *call* of the boatswain's mate giving the signal, to which all pull together. The merchant sailor, on the contrary, delights in making a noise when pulling on ropes, and getting up anchor or hoisting topsails, with a good crew, is always enlivened by various cheering songs, which serve the purpose of keeping all hands in good humor and lightening the work. Our crew were yet too much stupefied with hard drinking to be able to raise a song, and the anchor was catted and the topsails sheeted home, with nothing livelier than the never-failing "*yoho*, pull, boys." We stood out past Boston Light-House, with a light but fair breeze, and were soon in the open Bay, with the highland of Cape Cod ahead. The anchors were got on the bows, a portion of the chain cable run down into the chain-locker, the decks swept, and then "get your breakfasts."

Each one took his pot to the "galley," getting it filled with coffee (sweetened with molasses), while I, being *the boy*, took the meat and the lobscouse down into the forecastle, and got the bread-barge supplied with bread. *Lobscouse* is the sea name for a species of hash or stew, made of potatoes, bread, onions, and chopped salt beef. It is a savory mess for hungry tars, and forms a standard dish for breakfast on board all *good* ships. The *scouse*, the beef, and bread, being duly arranged on the forecastle deck, each one helped himself to what he pleased, sitting on his chest, with the pot of coffee and his tin pan beside him. The old topers took a final swig at their jug, and it being emptied, declared it a "dead marine," and tossed it into the chain-locker. Then breakfast began, amid a little cheerful conversation, every one appearing glad at the thought that we were fairly underweigh. Presently "one bell" was struck, and the man at the wheel was relieved, to get his breakfast. At two bells we were again "turned to," and got to work to put on chafing gear, lash water-casks, and get all fast about decks, ready for sea. In this duty the day was spent, and by evening Cape Cod Light was well astern.

After supper, all hands were called aft, and the mates choose watches for the voyage. All hands are ranged along the quarter-deck, and the mate and second mate choose alternately such men as they like best. It is generally thought preferable to be in the mate's watch, as the second mate's is also the captain's, and has, therefore, two heads, and often a consequent double allowance of work. Watches are not chosen until the *close* of the first day out, in order that the qualifications

of different individuals of the crew may be tested. Each mate has thus a chance to settle in his mind what men he fancies, while the men have likewise an opportunity of judging as to the relative qualifications of the mates. I had taken a fancy to the chief mate, who was a smart, lively Yankee, and had done my best all day, in order to attract his favorable notice, with the object of being chosen by him. The seamen were of course picked first. When only an ordinary seaman and myself were left to choose from, the mates conferred together, and finally, to my great satisfaction, the mate said:

"Here, my lad, come over to my side—"

"Can you steer?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Charles, sir."

"Well, Charles, you may go and take the wheel till eight bells, as we have the first *eight hours in*."

I had said that I could steer, but I now took the helm with no little misgiving. I had done my best, while on board the schooner, from Norfolk to Boston, to make myself familiar with the mystery of guiding a vessel on her course, but the little experience gained there did not suffice to give me any degree of expertness in the art. Fortunately for me the breeze was light and steady, and the ship steered well, and so I steered my first trick without being found fault with.

With a freshening breeze, by twelve o'clock the Highland light was out of sight, and the next morning we were fairly out at sea, and the regular routine of sea-life began. Our crew

had by this time all gotten sober, and with clearer heads there came merrier faces, the mutinous and loafing wretch of the day before being now transformed into a smart, lively, and willing tar, able and ready for any duty—to "hand, reef, or steer, or heave the lead." Taking altogether, we found ourselves to be about as good a crew—liquor aside—as could be gotten together, for a vessel like ours. And when we got acquainted, got to know each one's calibre and capacities, we jogged along very happily together.

I found some very great differences between life "in the Service," and in a merchant vessel. In the first place, our work here was infinitely harder. With only five men in a watch, each individual must put out his whole strength, in tightening a brace, swigging home a sheet, or pulling up a halyard. As a consequence of this, by the time we were fairly out of the Bay, my hands were full of blisters and cracks, a thing which had not probably happened to any one on board a naval vessel once in three years. And the hard straining at ropes, and often at the wheel, when the wind blew fresh, made me for a while sore all over, as though I had been beaten with a stick.

Next, there is very great difference between the *treatment* in the navy and that in the merchant service. The captain of a man-of-war has a power almost of life and death over the sailors under his command. An act of overt disobedience would be a piece of unheard-of insanity; not even a muttered growl, or an angry look is tolerated. Mutiny, that dread word to the man-of-war's-man, is supposed to lurk under all such expressions of dislike. The *cat* is ever in the foreground, a warning to all.

"You may think what you please, *so long as you don't think aloud*," this is about the amount of the Blue Jacket's liberty of speech—and liberty of action, he has none. He eats, drinks, sleeps, and works, only at the beck and nod of his superior. To be sure, this takes away from him all sense of responsibility. Others do his thinking; a plan of his life, with specifications annexed is ever hanging above the desk of the captain's clerk. He has not to provide for the morrow—and even if it is not at all provided for, the responsibility is not with him.

Here is taught, to its fullest perfection, that great secret of all disciplined organizations, *obey orders*—"obey orders, if you break owners," as Jack has significantly rendered it. Instant, unhesitating, unthinking obedience to the order that is given—this is the one great rule, which is impressed upon the mind of the sailor, until it becomes to him a second nature, and he rushes carelessly but consciously, in the face of death, or on to certain destruction, at the word of his commanding officer, leaving all responsibility of the result with him.

"Jump!" shouted a captain to a cabin-boy who, in a fit of foolish bravado, had crawled out to the end of the mainroyal yard, and now clung there, between sky and water, unable to get in, afraid to move for fear of falling. "Jump! you scoundrel, instantly!" and the boy unhesitatingly leaped from the dizzy height into the blue wave beneath—and was saved. A landsman would have argued the point—or at least have taken time to turn over in his mind the expediency of obeying the order, and he would have lost his hold, and been dashed to pieces on deck.

Now it is true, and this little story exemplifies it, that this kind of discipline is necessary on board ship, and particularly on board a naval vessel, where a great number of *bodies* are placed under command of one mind—but what kind of *men* does it make of these bodies? Plainly, it takes away all the more valuable part of the individual, his mind; or rather, it accustoms him to lay it aside as useless, and depend upon another for that which God has given to all. It is this, to a great extent, which makes the man-of-war's-man unfit for any other phase of life than that to which he has been bred. And it is this, too, which makes him so very generally dissolute when on shore, and almost entirely incapacitates him for taking care of himself. His car of life requires a vigilant conductor, to keep it from running off the track.

But in the merchant service this point of discipline, although perfectly well understood, and enforced, in emergencies, where only it is necessary, does not enter into the daily life. The seaman there, assumes interests, and feels consequent responsibilities, to which Blue Jacket is a stranger. He keeps a sharp look-out to see all secure aloft—because, should anything give way, it would occasion him an unwelcome addition to labors already sufficiently heavy. The work being divided among but few hands, each one feels interested in devising means to make it as light as possible. In short, the safety and the comfort of all depend upon the thoughtfulness of each. In this respect the merchant service is infinitely preferable to the Navy as a school for training. And, as a consequence, the merchant sailor is valued, while the veteran man-of-war's-man is almost despised.

Begging the reader to have patience with this rather prosy digression into the philosophy of sailorcraft, we will go on. There is no one thing in which the merchant seaman is so far above Uncle Sam's man than in this, that he does his duty without the fear of punishment before his eyes. No one who has not experienced both states can imagine the degradation of the one or the honest elevation of the other. Hard and disagreeable his work is, without doubt, but he knows his duty and his rights, and says, mentally, to his superior, "Thus far and no farther can you go with me." And among every good crew there exists an *esprit de corps*, which makes them do their duty willingly, but present a front as of one man to the officer who attempts to exact more.

It must not be imagined, however, from this, that the life of a merchant sailor, aside from its hardships, is necessarily a pleasant one. The captain and mates have always at their command an infinity of means of annoyance, which they may practise without transgressing any law. There are various little privileges of which a crew may be deprived, numberless little unnecessary jobs, which may be given them to do, which will put additional burdens on a life already full enough of hardships.

CHAPTER III.

Watch-and-watch—Reefing topsails—Catching a sucker—The Berry's Keys, and the Deputy U. S. Consul thereof—Turtle eggs—Mobile Bay—Our crew leave.

ON board a good ship—and the one I was now in was to be reckoned in most things among that number—the crew have watch-and-watch—that is to say, the regular alternation of watches continues during the entire twenty-four hours, day as well as night. On board many vessels only the *forenoon* watch below is granted, all hands being kept up in the afternoon, in order to get more work done. But I have always found that a watch-and-watch crew would do more, and do it with a heartier good-will, than one that was kept up.

The starboard watch, being the second mate's, having had eight hours on deck the preceding night, had the forenoon watch below, and all turned in and slept till seven bells, when they were called up and got their dinners, prepared to relieve us at twelve. The afternoon watch being ours, was spent in arranging our chests in the forecastle, and mending or reading.

On board a merchant vessel, unlike a naval vessel, the watch on deck is always kept busy. In the first part of a voyage there is generally a sufficiency of work which it is

actually necessary to have done, but in the latter part of a long voyage it is often difficult to find work, and in such cases various unnecessary jobs are resorted to, such as plaiting *sinnet* for gaskets, twisting spun-yarn, making sword mats, etc. Anything to keep the hands busy—"keep them at work to keep mischief out of their heads," as the saying is at sea.

We sailed on with a fair breeze, until we had crossed the Gulf, and were about abreast of Charleston, when a heavy head-wind from the south-east forced us to reef down. The vessel having ballast only in her hold, and none too much of that, was inclined to be crank, and we could not therefore carry on sail, or make much way against a head-wind. We reefed, of course, one topsail at a time, and everything was done to make the work go as easily as possible. The yard is laid just so as to keep the topsail continually *lifting*—that is, fluttering in the wind, neither full nor aback. And it is the special duty of the helmsman, for the time being, to keep the sail in precisely that condition. Reeftackles being hauled out and buntlines tightened, all hands go aloft, the first one up going out to the lee earing—the weather earing being the second mate's place—and the balance stretching out along the yard, the greater number, of course, to windward. "Light up the sail, light up to windward," is now shouted, and catching hold of the reef *points*, each one drags the slack sail in the required direction. Presently the second mate has his *earing* or corner secured, and "haul out to leeward," is the cry. Those at the leeside haul out until the reef-band is tightly stretched along the yard, when "knot away" is shouted, and the points are fastened tightly around the yard. Reefing is lively work—everything is done with a rush, and there is generally a race down

LEVÉE OF A SOUTHERN CITY.

the rigging, some sliding down backstays, others catching on the halyards, and adding their weight to the pull of those on deck, who are hoisting the reefed sail.

We were thirty-five days from Boston to Mobile. Our original destination was New Orleans, but the owners had changed their minds after the crew was shipped, and concluded to send the vessel to Mobile Bay. This leaked out before we were many days at sea, and the articles of agreement being thus broken, our crew, with the waywardness of true sailors, at once determined to avail themselves of the privilege thereby afforded them, of leaving the vessel on her arrival in port. The sailor is essentially a bird of passage. His is a wandering, vagabond existence, and so strong is his distaste for anything resembling a steady pursuit, that it is a very rare thing to find a man making two voyages in one ship. No matter how unexceptionable the vessel, or how kindly he has been treated, there is no persuading him to stay.

"No, we had better not stay," once said a crew, in my hearing, whom a captain was persuading to go with him again.

"But why not? you have a first-rate ship, and you were never better treated anywhere."

"That's all true, sir," said an old salt, with a little embarrassment, giving his trousers a hitch at the same time, "but then, you know, if we go with you another voyage, we'd be getting too well acquainted."

And this, although no reason at all, seemingly met the ideas of every individual of the crew. Whatever may be the true principle involved, certain it is, that I never knew a man really worth having that would go in the same vessel two voyages together.

The twentieth day out found us on the Bahama Banks, becalmed and anchored in eight fathoms water, but out of sight of any land. We had beaten with a stiff breeze past the Hole-in-the-wall, on Abaco, a place widely known in days, or rather nights, past, as the scene of many wrecks, vessels being led astray here by false lights, displayed by the wreckers who frequent these waters and earn their bread by the misfortunes of their fellow-men. Abaco has a large revolving light, visible at from ten to fifteen miles' distance, from a ship's deck, which is of great benefit to vessels passing in or out of the Gulf of Mexico, who take this channel. It is said that the wreckers, knowing that vessels make a practice of steering safely around the land, by it, at night, used to extinguish it on stormy nights, and exhibit a false light at some distance farther up the coast, so situating it, that captains using it as a guide would not fail to find themselves upon a leeshore, but only when too late to save their vessels. To counterfeit the revolutions of the light, which is only visible for fifteen seconds in every minute, it is said that they fastened a large, bright light to the tail of a horse, and then drove the animal around in a large circle, making a revolution once a minute, when, of course, his body would conceal the light for a large portion of the time, producing, at a distance, the precise effect of a revolving light—an ingenious device, worthy of a better cause.

The third day after passing Abaco we anchored on the Banks, as the Bahamas are familiarly called. The water is here beautifully clear, the bottom, at a depth of from fifty to eighty feet, being clearly visible. I could not look enough at the beauteous conch shells strewed along on the bottom, near our vessel, where the depth was not quite fifty feet, or at the fish, swimming about among great

lumps of sponge growing on the rocks. The steward soon had a hook and line over the side, but caught only a good-sized *sucker*, which, in turn, as he was being hauled up, caught the side of the vessel, and clinging, by means of the flat plate of air-exhausters with which these fish are furnished, and from which they take their name, his captor, after pulling as hard as he could, was fain to make fast his end, until it should suit the fish to let go of his own accord, which did not occur for several hours.

We had a hearty laugh at the steward's fishing adventure, which was cut short, however, by the mate, who, for lack of something else to do, had gone into the hold to have a look at the water-casks, and now came upon deck with the information that a six-gallon keg would contain every drop of fresh water on board. This was bad news. We found, on examination, that it happened in this wise: The water-casks put on board in Boston were in poor order, having lain on the wharf too long, and all but two had leaked dry ere we were two weeks out. Two full casks were, however, left, which was abundant to carry us into Mobile Bay. Now the ship was infested with a horde of rats, and these had, unknown to us, gnawed holes in both these casks, near the bottom. The consequence was, that we lost nearly every drop of drinking water. The captain determined to run into the nearest Key and obtain a supply sufficient to last us to port.

Accordingly, that evening, a light breeze springing up, we got underweigh, and the next afternoon anchored in one of the Berry Keys. Scarcely was our anchor on the bottom, before a canoe shot out from a little jungle near the shore, in the stern of which sat a portly "gemman ob color," whose appearance was certainly

calculated to excite attention. He was, as he informed the skipper as soon as he got within hail, the Deputy United States Consul for Berry's Keys, and, in virtue of his office, had rigged himself out in an old blue dress coat with two rows of resplendent eagle buttons. But in the purchase of this piece of finery, he had evidently exhausted his exchequer, for with the addition of a broad palmetto hat, probably of home manufacture, and a rag about his middle, *the coat completed his costume.*

"'Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen,'" said the mate slyly, as his sable excellency came on board. Bestowing a look of supreme contempt upon us "common sailors," he at once marched up to the captain, and inquired, with an air of authority, of our ports of departure and destination, and hinted his desire to see the ship's papers.

"You'd rather see some good rum, old fellow," said the skipper rather irreverently, "now, wouldn't you?"

The exhibition of a shining set of ivory, and an almost indefinite extension of white about the eyes, were sufficient evidences of the favor with which this remark was received.

The appearance of the steward, with a junk-bottle of the article in question, caused the Deputy United States Consul to declare himself at our service for anything in his line, which proved to be a very short line, however, as it included only an abundance of fresh water and a few fresh fish. Accordingly, we lowered a boat, and placing in it a cask, pulled ashore, preceded by our friend, who, depositing his coat-tails carefully on a board provided for that purpose, sat in the bottom of his canoe and paddled to the beach. Here we found little but a wilderness

SCENE IN THE BAHAMAS.

of tangled brush, in the midst of which was discernible the residence of the Deputy United States Consul. His lady, possessing, perhaps, a yet scantier wardrobe than her liege lord, declined showing herself, even to the mate, who had expressed a strong desire to make her acquaintance. So we were obliged to fill our water-cask, "uncheered," so said he, "by the smiles of beauty," and returned on board, with rather a poor opinion of this one of Berry's Keys. Our Consul was monarch of all he surveyed, and told us that he had done duty there for the United States Government for fifteen years, making only a semi-annual trip to New Providence, to relieve the tedium of his rather monotonous life.

Besides the fish and water before mentioned, we were fortunate enough to obtain a quantity of turtle eggs, that genuine West Indian luxury, which, however, I did not like, although cooked in the most approved style. I fancied a fishy taste about them, somewhat as though one had been cutting butter with a fish knife, and therefore left the delicacy to my more fortunate or less particular shipmates.

Departing thence, we were yet an entire week detained upon the Banks, anchoring and weighing anchor, making and furling sail, the tedious monotony of the long calm relieved by the occasional sight of a wrecking schooner, looking up her prey, or of a passing vessel, drifting in sight and out of sight again on the far horizon.

The long-expected "slant" at last came, and a few days' sailing carried us into Mobile Bay. Here we found ourselves forming one of quite a considerable fleet of vessels waiting for freights to

rise, or cotton to come down, in order to take in their cargoes. The city of Mobile is situated at some distance (nearly thirty miles) up the Mobile River, the termination of the Alabama and Tombigbee, and is accessible only to ships of light draught, on account of *Dog River bar*, which obstructs the navigation. The Bay is, however, perfectly safe, having a good shelter, and the best of holding ground, and vessels often lie here ten and even twelve months, waiting for good freights.

Our crew had determined upon leaving, but at the request of the mate had consented to remain long enough to unbend the sails, send down the topgallant and royal yards, and paint the vessel inside. This done, the captain came down to pay off.

This being my first voyage, and not being yet so strongly imbued with the vagabonding spirit, I had determined to accept the advice of the mate, who said, "*Stay*, and we'll have some fine times after all hands are gone." I was partly persuaded to do this by the crew, who, while evidently desiring me to go with them, would not conceal from me that Mobile was a poor place to get a ship, and that a boy would, of course, have a poorer chance than a man.

We were heartily sorry to part, for although we had been but a short time shipmates, all hands had worked so thoroughly together, that we felt already toward one another as brothers. Before leaving, there was a general turn out of chests in the forecastle, and a division of funds, "in order that all might start fair"—those who had most money dividing eagerly with their poorer shipmates. I was happy in contributing a share to the general stock, and so we bade good-by, with a hearty wring of the hand,

VIEW ON SHORE OF GULF OF MEXICO.

which I may as well say gratified me greatly, as evidence that I had been able to get the real good-will of these single-hearted fellows. On getting up to the city they sent me down a fiddle, wherewith to relieve the tiresomeness of our stay—a gift of which I could, unluckily, make no use, having none of that kind of music in my soul.

There were now left only the two mates, the cook, one seaman, and myself. There being so few on board, of course all discipline was considerably relaxed; with the exception of washing decks daily, and an occasional setting up of backstays, there was little done. The fine breeze almost always blowing in the Bay makes boat-sailing a favorite amusement. We soon rigged a sail, and thereafter every favorable day was spent in the boat, fishing, or racing, or making picnics ashore, in company with the boats' crews and officers of other vessels. These were fine times, and I enjoyed them hugely. In fact, my experience so far in a merchant ship had pleased me very much. The work, to be sure, was exceedingly hard at sea. My hands, after we were three weeks out, resembled more the claws of some animal than any portion of humanity: the fingers swollen and bent, the palms horny and hard, and the joints cracked open and bleeding. And many a night when I got to my snug *bunk*, every bone in my body ached with the exertion of turning the huge wheel or swigging home some sheet or halyard. "But what's the odds, so long as you're happy," thought I, and in the continual novelty I found sufficient to repay me for the hardship.

CHAPTER IV.

Taking in cargo—Screwing cotton—The gangs and their chants—Departure for Liverpool—Discipline on board.

OUR boat-sailing and fishing lasted nearly a month; when one day, returning on board from a race, a letter from the captain informed us that the ship was "taken up."

"Where for?" was, of course, a question eagerly put.

"For Liverpool," was the answer, "and the cotton to come down next week."

All was now bustle and preparation. Numberless matters were to be attended to before the ship was really ready to take in cotton—the ballast was to be squared, *dunnage* prepared, the water-casks, provisions, and sails to be lugged on deck, out of the way of cargo, the nicely painted decks covered with planks, on which to roll cotton, topgallant and royal yards crossed, and tackles prepared for hoisting in our freight. We had scarcely gotten all things in proper trim, before a lighter-load of cotton came down, and with it a stevedore and several gangs of the *screw men*, whose business it is to load cotton-ships. Screwing cotton is a regular business, requiring, besides immense strength, considerable experience in the handling of bales and the management of the jack-screws.

LOADING A COTTON STE[illegible]N A SOUTHERN RIVER.

Several other ships had "taken up" cargo at the same time we did, and the Bay soon began to wear an appearance of life—lighters and steamboats bringing down cotton, and the cheerful songs of the screw gangs resounding over the water, as the bales were driven tightly into the hold. Freights had suddenly risen, and the ships now loading were getting five eighths of a penny per pound. It was therefore an object to get into the ship as many pounds as she could be made to hold. The huge, unwieldy bales, brought to Mobile from the plantations up the country, are first compressed in the cotton presses, on shore, which at once diminishes their size by half, squeezing the soft fibre together, till a bale is as solid and almost as hard as a lump of iron. In this condition they are brought on board and stowed in the hold, where the stevedore makes a point of getting three bales into a space in which two could be barely put by hand. It is for this purpose the jack-screws are used. A ground tier is laid first; upon this, beginning aft and forward, two bales are placed with their inner corners projecting out, and joining, leaving a triangular space vacant within. A hickory post is now placed against the nearest beam, and with this for a fulcrum, the screw is applied to the two bales at the point where the corners join, and little by little they come together, are straightened up, and fill up the triangular space. So great is the force applied, that not unfrequently the ship's decks are raised off the stanchions which support them, and the seams are torn violently asunder.

Five hands compose a *gang*, four to work the screws, and one to do the headwork—for no little shrewd management is

necessary to work in the variously sized bales. When a lighter-load of cotton comes alongside, all hands turn to and hoist it in. It is piled on deck until wanted below. As soon as the lighter is empty, the gangs go down to the work of stowing it. Two bales being placed and the screws applied, the severe labor begins. The gang, with their shirts off, and handkerchiefs tied about their heads, take hold the handles of the screws, the foreman begins the song, and at the end of every two lines the worm of the screw is forced to make one revolution, thus gaining perhaps two inches. Singing, or *chanting*, as it is called, is an invariable accompaniment to working in cotton, and many of the screw-gangs have an endless collection of songs, rough and uncouth, both in words and melody, but answering well the purposes of making all pull together, and enlivening the heavy toil. The foreman is the *chanty-man*, who sings the song, the gang only joining in the chorus, which comes in at the end of every line, and at the end of which again comes the pull at the screw handles. One song generally suffices to bring home the screw, when a new set is got upon the bale, and a fresh song is commenced.

The *chants*, as may be supposed, have more rhyme than reason in them. The tunes are generally plaintive and monotonous, as are most of the capstan tunes of sailors, but resounding over the still waters of the Bay, they had a fine effect. There was one, in which figured that mythical personage, "Old Stormy," the rising and falling cadences of which, as they swept over the Bay on the breeze, I was never tired of listening to. It may amuse some of my readers to give here

LOADING COTTON.

a few stanzas of this and some other of these *chants*. "Stormy" is supposed to have died, and the first song begins:

Old Stormy, he is dead and gone,
Chorus—Carry him along, boys, carry him along,
Oh! carry him to his long home.
Chorus—Carry him to the burying-ground.
Oh! ye who dig Old Stormy's grave,
Chorus—Carry him along, boys, carry him along,
Dig it deep and bury him safe,
Chorus—Carry him to the burying-ground.
Lower him down with a golden chain,
Chorus—Carry him along, boys, carry him along,
Then he'll never rise again.
Chorus—Carry him to the burying-ground.
Grand Chorus—Way-oh-way-oh-way—storm along,
Way—you rolling crew, storm along stormy.

And so on *ad infinitum*, or, more properly speaking, till the screw is run out.

There was another in praise of *Dollars*, commencing thus:

Oh, we work for a Yankee Dollar,
Chorus—Hurrah, see—man—do,
Yankee dollar, bully dollar,
Chorus—Hurrah, see—man—dollar.
Silver dollar, pretty dollar,
Chorus—Hurrah, see—man—do,
I want your silver dollars,
Chorus—Oh, Captain, pay me dollar.

Another, encouraging the gang:

Lift him up and carry him along,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Put him down where he belongs,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Ease him down and let him lay,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Screw him in, and there he'll stay,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Stow him in his hole below,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Say he must, and then he'll go,
Fire, maringo, fire away.

Yet another, calling to their minds the peculiarities of many spots with which they have become familiar in their voyagings:

Were you ever in Quebec,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
Stowing timber on the deck,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.
Were you ever in Dundee,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie.
There some pretty ships you'll see,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.
Were you ever in Merrimashee,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
Where you make fast to a tree,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.
Were you ever in Mobile Bay,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
Screwing cotton by the day,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.

These samples, which might be continued to an almost indefinite extent, will give the reader an idea of what capstan and cotton songs, or *chants*, are. The tunes are the best portion, of course, in all such rude performances. But these are only to be heard on board ship.

The men who yearly resort to Mobile Bay to screw cotton are, as may be imagined, a rough set. They are mostly English and Irish sailors, who, leaving their vessels here, remain until they have saved a hundred or two dollars, then ship for Liverpool, London, or whatever port may be their favorite, there to spree it all away, and return to work out another supply. Screwing cotton is, I think, fairly entitled to be called the most exhausting labor that is done on shipboard. Cooped up in the dark and confined hold of a vessel, the gangs tug from morning till night at the screws, the perspiration running off them like water, every muscle strained to its utmost. But the men who follow it prefer it to going to sea. They have better pay, better living, and, above all, are not liable to be called out at any minute in the night, to fight the storm, or, worse yet, to work the ship against a head-wind. Their pay is two dollars per day, and their provisions furnished. They sleep upon the cotton-bales in the hold, but few of them bringing beds aboard with them. Those we had on board drank more liquor and chewed more tobacco than any set of men I ever saw elsewhere, the severe labor seeming to require an additional stimulus. Altogether, I thought theirs a rough life, not at all to be envied them.

Four weeks sufficed to load our bark, and the last key-

bale was scarce down the hatchway, when "Loose the topsails and heave short on the cable," was the word, and we proceeded to get underweigh for Liverpool. Our new crew had come on board several days previously, and proved to be much better than the average to be obtained in cotton ports, places where sailors are generally scarce, and the rough screw-gangs mostly fill their places.

The first thing to be done, in preparing for sea, in a merchant vessel, is to put on the hatches (the coverings for the holes in the deck, where cargo is put down), and tightly caulk and batten them, a tarpaulin being nailed over all, for greater security from the ingress of water. This done, and several bales which we were to carry upon deck placed upon the hatchways, we sailed out of harbor with a fair wind, spreading our studding sails to the breeze.

That evening watches were again chosen, and I found myself, to my great pleasure, once more in the mate's watch. As the ship was in excellent order, alow and aloft, and as, too, there was some expectation of our meeting with stormy weather during the latter part of our passage, *watch-and-watch* was given us from the first. With this, good living, and kind officers, we had cause to congratulate ourselves upon having a *good ship*, and after the first few days of hurrying work was over, all went pleasantly.

Our mates were strict disciplinarians, and although we were allowed our regular watches below, no one was permitted to be idle on deck. No sooner did the watch come up from below, than each one had his *job* given him, and not an idle

moment was spent during the four hours of watch. Here were two, drawing and knotting rope-yarns. There one, going aloft, marling-spike in hand, to mend some defective piece of rigging, put on new chafing-gear, or seize up ratlines. Yonder another, twisting foxes, or thrumming a paunch-mat. In short, each one must be doing something. This is the rule of the merchant service—one that is carried out, whether there is any *necessary* work on hand or not—and I have not unfrequently plaited sinnet, or made spunyarn for an entire passage, which would scarcely ever be used, and was only made "to keep the men busy."

I have often remarked that at sea all kinds of labor, except that which is actually necessary, is irksome—and there is no greater, as there is no more unusual luxury to the merchant sailor, than to pass a watch on deck without being occupied. This is a piece of good fortune which only happens during a storm, when the violent motion of the vessel precludes the possibility of setting men at any of the usual employments, and when also wise officers are desirous of husbanding the energies of the crew for the performance of the more necessary duties of shortening sail and working ship. It sounds odd to a landsman to wish for a storm, but give Jack a tight and good *sea-boat*, and experienced officers, and he sees no more comfortable times than in a good steady gale. On such an occasion, with the good ship hove-to under a close-reefed maintopsail, or a storm-mizzen, the helm lashed down hard alee, and everything snug, alow and aloft, the watch gathers together under the topgallant forecastle, or on the forehatch, spinning long yarns of past gales,

or sprees on shore, and the four hours slip away before one knows it.

It was on such an occasion, during this voyage to Liverpool, that being one day snugly ensconced on some cotton-bales lying upon the forehatchway, old Anton gave us the following experience of a trip in a slaver. Anton was a Spanish sailor, one of the olden kind, "first on the yard and last at the mess," a fellow who had literally been *everywhere*, and had lived a long life of most singular vicissitudes and romantic adventures. The yarn, however, we will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Old Anton's yarn, A cruise in a Slaver.

"WELL, boys," said Anton, "settle yourselves down here, and I'll spin you that yarn, as the mate seems quiet, and there's no fear of making sail this watch, judging from present appearances.

"I was in Havana, where I had left the ship Isidore, of Barcelona, in order to take a little longer cruise on shore than the captain seemed willing to allow us. I had gotten nearly to the bottom of my pocket—it don't take long to do that anywhere in Cuba—and was looking out for a ship, when happening one evening into a little cigar-shop, on the Mole, a gentleman who had just purchased a box of cigars asked me if I did not want to ship. I said yes, of course.

"'Well, there's a brig in the harbor, bound to Teneriffe, for wine, which wants a hand or two. I'm the supercargo, and if you'll say you'll go, I'll pay you your advance, go with you to your boarding-house, and take you on board with me. We sail to-night.'

"I had nothing to keep me in Havana, and embraced the proposal. In less than an hour I was on board, chest and hammock, and we slipped our moorings and ran out past the Moro

Castle, with a fine breeze. We were six hands in the forecastle, two Portuguese, three Spaniards, and an American. I had the mid-watch on deck. On turning out at seven bells the next morning, I went on deck, to take a daylight look at the craft in which I had shipped, as, it being a dark night when I came on board, I had been able to see but little of her. I found her a remarkably sharp, clipper-built vessel, evidently calculated to sail at a great rate, and a glance at the long, tapering spars, and the immense spread of her topsails, convinced me that she had never been built for a wine drogher.

"The captain was an Englishman, the mate a Scotchman—which rather surprised me, as the vessel showed Spanish colors. They carried a press of canvas from the first, and paid more attention to the steering than is usual among that class of vessels. Altogether, I felt as though, if she were a wine drogher, she had gotten strangely out of place—but, of course, I never suspected what was her true business. But the third day out told the whole story. On coming on deck that morning, I found, to my great surprise, some sixteen or seventeen men besides our regular crew congregated on the topgallant forecastle and about the foremast; among them I recognized several Havana acquaintances, who seemed somewhat surprised to see me there. From them I got an inkling of what was in the wind; but the whole matter was explained to me after breakfast.

"'Send Anton to the wheel,' was the word passed to the forecastle, and I proceeded aft. Arrived there, the captain and supercargo laid before me the real purpose of the voyage—declared themselves sorry to have gotten me on board under

PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

false pretences, but made the want of hands their excuse, and then told me that I would now have to go the voyage, and would receive the same pay as the regularly shipped hands.

"It appeared that we were bound to the east coast of Africa, up the Mozambique Channel, for a cargo of slaves. We, the crew, were to receive one hundred dollars advance, and two dollars per man for every slave landed, which, as she had irons and cooking apparatus for eight hundred, bade fair to bring in no inconsiderable sum. The one hundred dollars advance were counted out to me, in Spanish doubloons, when my trick at the wheel was out.

"Everything now took a different turn, as regarded discipline on board. The officers assumed a sterner manner, and kept the crew at regular man-of-war rules. None of the dilatoriness of the merchantman was allowed. Sail was made and taken in expeditiously, and we—there were enough of us—could handle the craft like a top. She was a beauty to sail, and steered like a boat, and altogether was the likeliest vessel I ever set foot on.

"But I did not feel at home on her. There was a reckless spirit among the crew, which did not please me, who was then yet a young man, and the imperiousness of the officers suited me still less. We had been but a few days out, when on occasion of a slight misunderstanding between two of the hands, the captain suddenly made his appearance in our midst, pistol in hand, and gave the turbulently disposed to understand that he was master of all there.

"'No fighting, no quarrelling, no knives, I won't have it.'

said he, 'and the first one that gives me a word of insolence, I'll shoot him as I would a dog.'

"The crew cowered beneath his glance—and he had the victory. But not until he had carried his threat into execution did the unquiet spirits he had shipped entirely give up. The occasion was not long in coming. We had dowsed our topgallantsails to a squall, off the Cape, and when it was over, a hand had gone aloft to loose the main. In letting fall the sail he neglected to overhaul the gear, and was half way down the main rigging, when the skipper ordered him aloft to do so. He replied surlily, that he was no errand boy to run aloft, and was still coming down, when, quick as a flash, the captain drew a pistol from his bosom, fired, and the man fell dead upon the deck.

"'Sheet home that sail,' shouted the mate to the rest. When it was hoisted, all hands were called aft.

"'I want you to know that I am master here, and will stand no nonsense. Not a whimper, not a surly look, from one of you. If any of you don't feel perfectly satisfied at the fate of that dog, I've another ball, and the will to let him have it. I ask no extraordinary service, but when I say go, you must, if I shoot every mother's son of you. Now go forward, and a couple of you throw that carcass overboard.'

"This was the address of the skipper, and I tell you, boys, there's very little comfort in sailing with a man who cares as little about life as he did, or as the general run of slaving captains do. You don't know what minute you're going to lose the number of your mess.

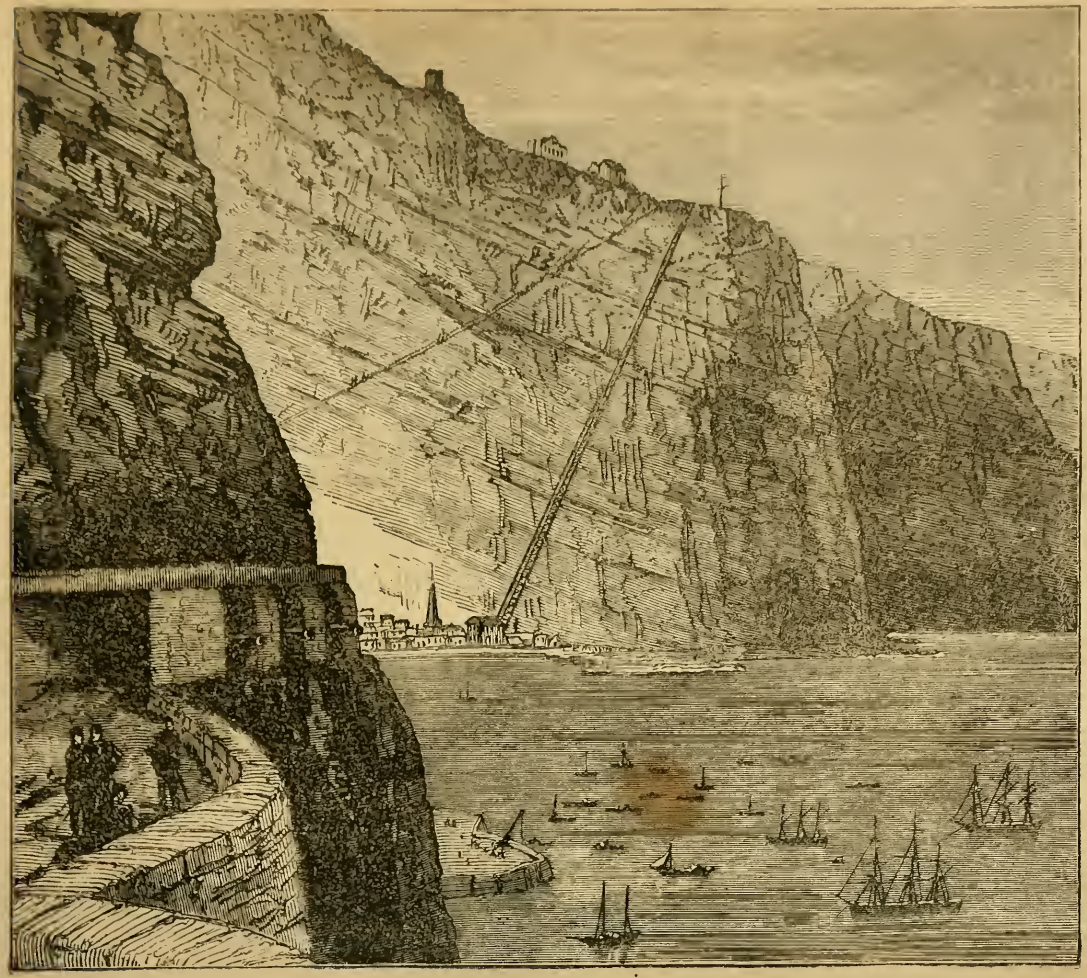
"Well, we rounded the Cape, ran up the Mozambique, and made Delagoa Bay, where was the factory to which we were consigned. A few days before making the land, we laid our slave deck, rigged the irons, and fixed up the cooking apparatus. The officers were now at the masthead continually, keeping a lookout for sails, as men-of-war are often cruising in those latitudes. We made Delagoa Bay without an accident, ran up the river, which here empties its waters into the sea, and anchored. It took two days and nights to get the negroes on board, when word being brought by a lookout stationed in the offing, that the coast was clear, we spread every sail to the breeze, and soon left the coast behind us. We had now some disagreeable work to do. Eight hundred slaves were to be taken care of, and watched, and all our force was needed to do the work thoroughly. Two men, well armed, kept guard night and day, at each hatchway, which we were obliged to keep open, to prevent the miserable creatures in the hold from being entirely suffocated. The slaves were fed once a day, some of the most quiet of them being cast loose at such times, and employed to serve out the miserable pittance of boiled rice, or beans, and water, on which they subsisted. Twice daily, small portions of them were brought upon deck, to get a swallow of the fresh air, being carefully guarded meanwhile. But the hold, boys, oh, it was horrible. The stench was enough to knock one down. And the constant moaning, and the pitiful looks of the poor wretches, as they reclined, one on the top of the other's legs (so closely they were stowed), haunted me for many a day afterward.

"We had rounded the Cape once more, and were nearly abreast of St. Helena, when one morning the second mate, at the masthead, sung out *sail-ho!* We had, some days before this, lashed our topsail-sheets to the yard-arms, and racked the topsail halyards, to prevent the possibility of shortening sail, should we want to, and now clapped on every additional rag that could help along the least, as just here was the most dangerous spot in all the passage, being a portion of the Atlantic very much frequented by English cruisers.

"The sail we had sighted had evidently also seen us and altered his course for us, as, although we had hauled upon a wind as soon as we saw him, he still continued in sight, and, in fact, rather gained upon us. The captain walked the deck uneasily, every few minutes hailing the masthead, to know if there was any alteration in his appearance.

"'He holds a better breeze than we do, and we'll have to try him upon another tack.'

"We did try him upon every tack—now going straight before the wind, now with it abeam, and again close-hauled. Still he gained upon us slowly, but surely, and by dark his topsails were visible off deck. A thorough trial had convinced the captain, that with the wind about two points free was our best chance, and accordingly we swept along under a terrible press of canvas, the very best helmsmen only being allowed to take the wheel, and the captain continually looking into the compass, to see that she was kept straight. The wind was fresh, and the little craft staggered like a drunken man, under the crowd of sail which was forcing her along.



VIEW OF ST. HELENA.

Everything was new and good, and now, if ever, was the time to try what virtue there was in hemp. Therefore, 'what she can't carry let her drag,' was the word.

"All night we flew on, the wind roaring fiercely through the rigging, while the timbers groaned in melancholy cadence. We made good headway, and strong hopes were entertained that by daylight we should have left the foe behind. Hopes which were, however, to be disappointed, for as soon as the sun rose above the horizon, we saw the same topsails, no nearer, but no farther off either. All day, all night, and all next day, this tedious chase continued, we straining every nerve to escape, but seeming bound to the accursed vessel astern, whose position we could not change the least. The captain had been getting more and more impatient at being thrown so far out of his direct track, and had we been thoroughly armed, would, no doubt, have turned upon our pursuer, and then and there decided the fate of the vessel, by force of arms.

"As it was, a bright idea struck him. We had sighted, on the last evening, two other vessels, probably whale ships, from their rigs, sailing leisurely along under short canvas. The presence of these it was determined to bring in to our advantage. A large cask was fitted with some iron in the bottom, and a mast secured in the top head. To the head of this mast was made fast a large lantern, with reflectors, which would throw out a bright light, visible at a great distance. The night proved exceedingly dark, which was favorable to the success of our plan. About ten o'clock, every light in the ship was carefully extinguished, even the binnacle light, which illuminates the face of the compass, being shaded. The

lantern being then lighted, and securely closed, to keep the water from it, the cask and mast were carefully lowered over the side, when it nicely balanced. Having watched it a while to see that it was perfectly safe, we quickly dowsed all the light sails, securing them, however, only temporarily, ready to be cast loose at a moment's warning, then double-reefed the topsails, whaler fashion, and putting her about, on the other tack, steered boldly down upon our pursuer.

"Sailing toward him, it took us but a short time to reach him. He was coming at a fearful rate; every stitch of canvas set, and the water rushing and roaring about his bows like a young Niagara. As she pitched, the great waves would make a clean breach over her head, and we could hear them, as we got closer, sweeping fore and aft, and pouring out at the stern ports. She was one of the little ten-gun brigs, of which Britishers are so fond, and which they have expressively named 'bathing machines,' on account of their wetness.

"As the two vessels neared each other, all hands were ordered to keep perfect silence and to stow themselves away out of sight, but ready for any emergency. It was an anxious time, boys, as we lay under the guns of our enemy, nearing her, until she was not more than half pistol-shot off. The brig had yawed a little off her regular course as we approached her, with the evident intention of speaking us. We favored the movement by making two or three broad sheers toward her. Our skipper leaned carelessly against the mainshrouds, speaking-trumpet in hand, ready to answer his hail. The hatches had been carefully closed over the poor darkies, in order that no chance cry or groan should awaken the suspicions

of the enemy. On, on, we came, until just as the bows of the two ships were in line.

"'Ship a-hoy!' was hailed from the brig. It was so dark that they could not distinguish even the rig of our vessel.

"'Hillo!'

"'Did you pass a vessel in the early part of the night, going along under a press of canvas?'

"'Ya-as!' was answered, with an unmistakable Yankee drawl, by our skipper. 'Yonder's her light, a little on your starboard bow, I reckon,' added he.

"'Yes, I know, we've been in chase of her for three days, and, blast her, we're too much for her—we're gaining on her rapidly—she's a slaver.'

"'Du tell—a slaver! well, captain, she's an almighty small craft. Reckon you'll have to look sharp to catch her.'

"By this time she was already beyond speaking-distance, the last words we heard being, 'infernal lazy Yankee,' in answer, probably, to our skipper's last speech, and under the supposition that ours was one of the Yankee whale ships.

"All this passed much quicker, boys, than I can tell it to you. When we could no longer hear the rush of her bows through the water, we let our craft go a good rapful, and standing on for half an hour longer, silently set every stitch of canvas she could possibly bear, and putting her square before it, let her rip for the Brazils.

"Our scheme succeeded to admiration. When the sun rose, the British brig was nowhere to be seen, and I needn't say, that if carrying on sail would keep us clear of him, that was not wanting.

You talk about packet ships, lads, but if you want your hair to stand on end, take a slaver in a chase, or when she has just escaped one. The little craft was fairly driven through the waves. There was no living forward. Every sea she took came bodily over the bows, and went out at the stern ports. She quivered like an aspen under the pressure of her enormous topsails, and the tall masts leaned away to leeward, as though every minute ready to go over the side.

"Already before we sighted the Britisher, our cargo had begun to die off, and now every morning watch we were obliged to go below, and, unlinking the dead from the living, drag the emaciated corpses upon deck, and toss them over to leeward. It's horrid work, this burying dead by the wholesale. Not all the money in the world would hire me to take another turn at it.

"As we neared the Brazilian coast, a sharper lookout than common was kept by the officers, who took regular turns at the masthead. Two days before we made the land, a sail hove in sight. We stood toward it, and soon made it out to be a little schooner-boat, sent out to warn us of danger, and direct us to a part of the coast that was clear. Taking on board one of the owners, who had come out in this boat, we altered our course a little, and on the second morning thereafter made the land, and ran safely into a little inlet a few miles south of Porto Seguro. Dropping anchor close in shore, we were directly surrounded by boats, and in five hours after coming in had landed six hundred and eighty-five negroes, all that were left out of eight hundred and two, one hundred and seventeen having died on the passage. No sooner was the last slave out of the brig than we were called

SCENE OF PLANTATION IN BRAZIL.

aft, paid off, and the choice given us to have our passage paid to Rio, or to be paid two dollars and a half per day, to take the vessel around there, as soon as the slave gear was taken out of her.

"For my part, I had had enough of slaving, and went ashore, with one thousand three hundred and seventy dollars, in doubloons, in my belt, determined never to be caught in a vessel out of Havana again."

Seven bells struck as old Anton finished his yarn, and we started aft to pump ship, which being done, and eight bells struck, we were glad to turn into our warm bunks.

CHAPTER VI.

A gale off Cape Clear—Nearly ashore—Liverpool—What a sailor sees of it.

WE had a tedious passage, and were already forty-eight days out, when we sighted Cape Clear. It had been blowing quite heavily for several days, but the wind being only a little forward of the beam, we had made good progress, even under the short canvas we dared to show to it. For a cotton-loaded ship is generally crank, and will not bear much carrying on sail.

Our bark was stiffer than common, on account of having an unusual quantity of ballast in, under the cotton. And to this fortunate circumstance we, in all probability, now owed our lives and the safety of the ship.

We had been going along all day under close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail, but as the wind freshened toward night, and as, besides, the old man had not had an observation for some days, it was judged advisable to take in the foretopsail and foresail, and lie to all night. Before doing so, we got a cast of the deep sea lead, and found bottom in about one hundred fathoms, which the skipper thought would give us a good offing.

The foresail was furled first, and we were just coming down

off the foretopsail yard after having snugly stowed that sail, when, casting a look around at the scud flying wildly past at the mercy of the gale, one of the seamen, an unusually sharp-sighted fellow, descried a light upon the lee bow.

The mate was aloft instantly, to convince himself that we were not deceived. Sure enough, there was the light, Cape Clear Light, as we all knew it to be, plainly visible, at a distance of not more than twelve or thirteen miles, dead under our lee, too.

We had now the choice before us, either to turn about before the wind, and run around the southern point of Ireland, with a prospect of having to beat all the way back again, perhaps a two weeks' piece of work, or to carry on sail, and force her past the point, when we would have a fair wind into Liverpool, and be safely moored in the docks in thirty-six hours.

The captain and mate consulted for a few minutes, when orders were given to loose the foretopsail and turn a reef out, shake a reef out of the maintopsail, set the reefed mainsail, and foresail, and the storm mizzen.

"She *must* weather that light, boys," said the old man, coming forward to give us a pull at the foretopsail sheets, "she must weather it, if we give her whole topsails."

We put the sail on her, and as she filled, and gathered headway through the sea, it seemed as though every stick must go out of her, so heavily did everything appear strained. The vessel lay fairly over on her side, and the gale scarcely allowed her to lift her head at all. Her motion was that of a continual sending plunge, as though going deeper and deeper all the time.

The vast billows rolled under her, and as she slid down into the trough of the seas, it seemed sometimes as though she were never to stop.

The light, when we made it, was about four points on the lee bow—that is to say, it bore from us in a direction about forty-five degrees from the course the vessel was lying. It was, at the same time, full twelve miles off, and it was certain, that with the drift we would inevitably make, in so crank a vessel, if we weathered it at all, it would be rather close sailing.

The best helmsman was sent to the wheel, and all hands remained upon deck during the dogwatch, keeping the bearings of the light, and endeavoring to see if we altered its place any. Our progress, owing to the exceedingly heavy sea, was but slow, and seemed nearly as much to leeward as ahead. After an hour's sailing the light was a little farther aft, perhaps a point, but it was also much nearer, showing that we were drifting very fast down upon it.

At eight bells we turned a reef out of the foresail, and out of the foretopsail, and under the additional impetus given her by this increase of sail, she trembled in every beam and timber, and in the forecastle the groaning and creeking of the poor hull, as she was tossed from sea to sea, made an unearthly din, which rendered sleeping, and even talking, out of the question. It seemed as though the good ship knew her danger and feared it.

No one thought of turning in. The excitement was too great — and even had it not been so, the ship was thrown about so violently as to make lying down in a bunk almost

a matter of impossibility. We who had the watch below laid down on the chests, to leeward, and talked over the chances, occasionally hearing from the deck how matters were going on.

At ten o'clock the light was still two points before the beam, and now its glare seemed fearfully plain, almost casting a shadow upon our deck. The gale seemed increasing in fury, the scud flew wildly across the moon, now obscuring, now revealing her disk; and the storm-wind shrieked through the strained cordage, while ever, as the vessel rose upon a billow, the light looked down upon us, cold and clear, a silent monitor of the danger which darkness hid from our sight.

Eleven o'clock came, and the light, which looked as though it was suspended over our heads, seeming occasionally to be almost within reach, as a passing cloud reflected its glare, was still forward of the beam.

Even the captain and mate now seemed doubtful of the result; and we of the forecastle silently went down and lashed up our chests, ready to go ashore. It was curious to observe the various ways in which our position affected different individuals of the crew. Two or three, before lashing up their chests, took out and put on their best clothing, looking strangely out of place, in their white shirts and gay blue jackets, amid so wild a scene. One old tar went about the forecastle, picking up pots and pans and other articles, which had been thrown down by the violent motion of the ship, placing everything snugly in the lockers, and making our rough home tidy — perhaps preparing thus for the long Sabbath which seemed about to dawn, thought I. Some looked themselves out pieces

of heavy plank, to which they might lash themselves, to encounter the coming struggle with the breakers; while one or two sat apart, communing with themselves or with their God.

Twelve o'clock came. The light was now almost abeam, but we seemed to be drifting upon it too fast for escape.

"Unless the wind favors us, lads, another half hour will find us in the breakers," said the skipper, who had come forward, perhaps, to take a last look at his crew.

"Well, sir, we've done all that in us lay—and the rest is with God," said an old tar, resignedly. "It's a windy night, and if the old craft once gets into the breakers, a very few minutes will make an end of all."

Now the wind favors us a little.

"Luff! *luff!* LUFF! you may!" shouts the captain, cheerily, as a fresh blast strikes us from abeam.

"There she points her head to windward—full sails—keep full—well, there's two whole points gained, and another half point will clear us."

Hope once more revived in our bosoms. The wind was evidently hauling, being probably influenced by the land, which could not now have been more than half a mile distant.

We could distinguish the dull, deafening roar of the surf as it broke upon the crags, which surround the little islet upon which stands the lighthouse. We could already feel the tremendous sweep of the sea toward the rocks. We were on the edge of the fatal ground-swell, from which, if we once got in it, no power on earth could bring us out again. It was in our utmost need that this unexpected favoring slant occurred.

Twenty minutes more would have carried us into the undertow, and then not all the breezes in the world could have saved our gallant ship or her crew. But

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
That looks out for the life of poor Jack."

The wind continued hauling, and also moderated fast, as we drew more under the land, until by half-past two we were steering our course up channel, with whole topsails set. The sun rose next morning bright and clear, the gale of the preceding night had calmed down to a gentle breeze, the sea had died away, and we were rolling along quietly before the wind, with the "Ould Head of Kinsale" on our larboard bow.*

On the evening of the next day we came to anchor in the Mersey, the river upon which Liverpool lies. The tide runs very rapidly here, and it became necessary to steer our vessel, even as she was lying at anchor, to keep her from sheering about and breaking her ground. And I could truly say that the very worst trick at the wheel I had, the whole of that voyage, was while the old craft was safely moored in the Mersey.

The next morning at high tide we hauled into the docks. These docks, which are the boast of Liverpool, are enormous

* A gale of wind, *on soundings*—that is, near the land, where the water is from twenty to forty fathoms deep—raises very quickly an extremely disagreeable chop-sea, much worse than would have happened on the broad ocean. But, on the other hand, in a very few hours after the gale has moderated, the worst sea on soundings will smooth down, while upon the wide Atlantic the heavy ground-swell remains for days. Any one who has ever smoothed the water in a tub by laying his flat hands upon it, will know how to account for this.

basins, capable, some of them, of holding several hundred vessels, and constructed of solid masonry. As an evidence of the triumph of human skill and enterprise, over the obstacles presented by nature, these massive works cannot be too highly praised. Without them, Liverpool would be a third-rate shipping port. With them, it is one of the principal commercial emporiums of the world.

ON THE LIVERPOOL WHARVES.

The docks are rendered necessary here, by the fact that the extraordinary rise and fall of the tide (twenty-seven feet being the mean height) would make it impossible for vessels to lie at wharves, as they do in all the large American seaports. It becomes necessary, to facilitate the labor of loading and unloading, to secure the vessels in such a manner that the tides shall not affect them. This is done by the docks. These are fitted with immense floodgates, of massive strength, which are opened only at high tide, when the water is at its highest. At this time, all vessels going out haul out, and, next, vessels inward bound haul

in, the gates are closed, and the ships ride securely in a large artificial basin, the surface of which is, at low tide, nearly thirty feet above the surface of the river.

Of course, where a number of vessels are crowded together in a dock from which there can be no exit, except at certain stated intervals, it becomes imperiously necessary to take all proper precautions against accidents by fire. Accordingly, the use of fire or light of any kind is strictly prohibited within the dock walls. Officers, who search the ship thoroughly, take into their temporary possession all matches and other inflammable material. It is a finable offence to be caught smoking on board ship, and to do away with the necessity of cooking, all hands are boarded ashore at the expense of the vessel.

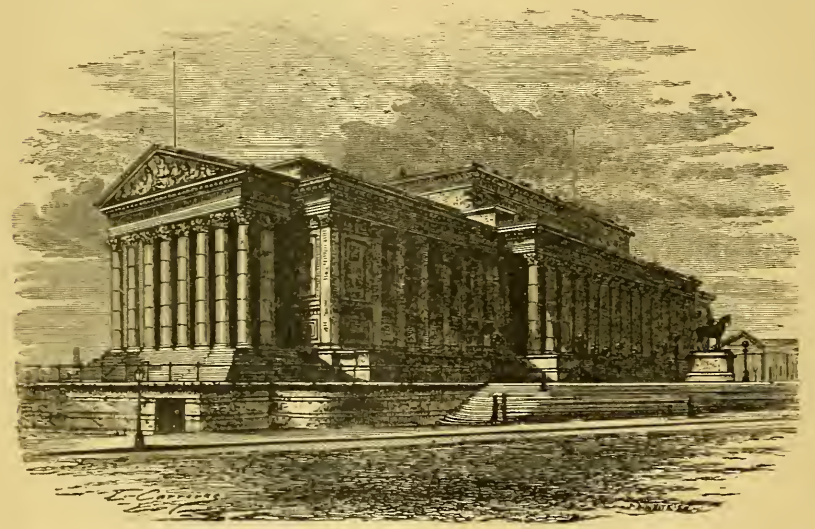
Watchmen are at all times, day and night, prowling about to detect any breaches of the rules regarding fire or light, and a heavy fine to the ship, and imprisonment to the individual, is the consequence of detection.

The day after our arrival, a gang of stevedores came on board to unload the cotton. To show how tightly it had been screwed in at Mobile Bay, it is only necessary to say that it took fifteen men and two tackles an entire hour to break out six bales in the tier next the main hatchway.

While the cotton was going out, we, the crew, were engaged in painting the vessel outside, and refitting sundry portions of her rigging, which required it.

I do not know what impressions Liverpool may make upon the landsman traveller. A sailor, in describing it, would most probably say that the places most worthy of a visit, or

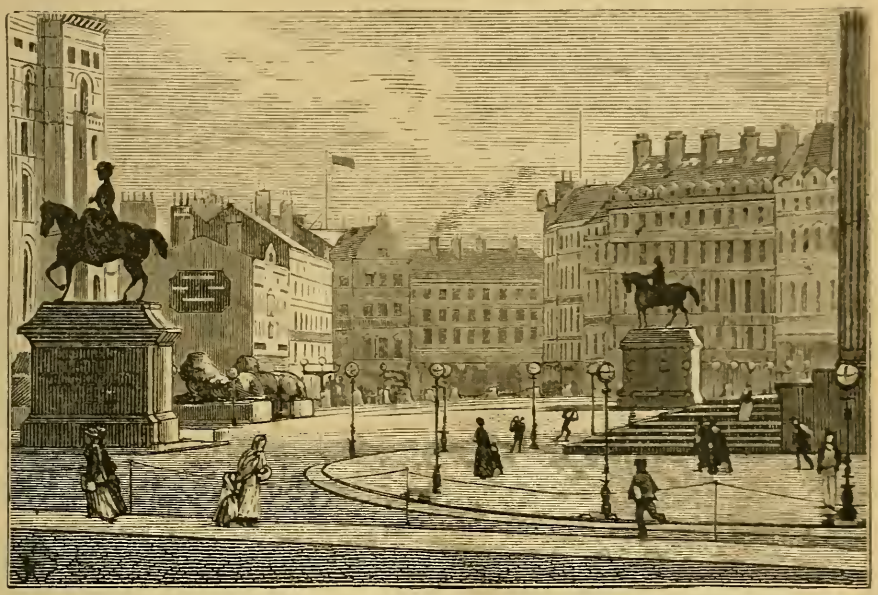
the lions, are the docks, Nelson's Monument, the Royal Exchange, and the New Sailors' Home—that its chief places of amusement are the singing-houses and the donkey races, and that the great bulk of the inhabitants is about equally divided into three classes, policemen, tailors, and fishwomen.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

This is, of course, what might be styled rather a salt-water view of England's great commercial emporium—yet, what but a one-sided view does the common sailor get of any strange place he may visit. He has no opportunity for seeing anything more than just that portion of the *out*side which happens to be turned toward him.

Jack works hard all day, and after supper goes to a singing-house, where he may sit at one of a number of tables, with a shipmate or two, smoke his penn'orth of 'backy, drink his pot of 'alf-and-alf, and listen to some good, bad, and indifferent singing. These free concert rooms, as they are called,



ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

are the principal charms of Liverpool to sailors. Here they congregate during the long winter evenings, enjoying themselves, quietly, soberly, and at but little expense.

The tailors' shops are the places of resort next in importance to singing-houses. No sooner has your ship entered the dock gates than she is besieged on all sides by an army of

tailors, each anxious to secure the custom of the crew, and willing to propitiate the captain, by the sacrifice of a pea-jacket or overcoat, or, if necessary, of an entire suit.

And, in truth, not a few captains of American merchant vessels find it to their interest to make their tailors the bankers of the crew, thus forcing the men to trade with a certain individual, and to take from him certain amounts of his goods, in order to obtain certain other amounts of cash. Thus, a captain says to his crew who ask him for a little money on Saturday night: "Go to Mr. Snip, I have left your money there."

Off post Tom, Dick, and Harry, to Mr. Snip's establishment, in Church Street, or wherever it may be, where they are informed that Captain —— has left no money for his crew, but simply opened a credit for them, for *clothing—but* if the men want to get a suit of clothes each, Mr. Snip has no objection in the world to putting them into the bill at five dollars more than they will cost, and paying the balance, minus a percentage, over to Tom, Dick, or Harry.

And so Jack Tar is chiselled, and earns himself the name of spendthrift, by paying for an *accommodation*, while the gentlemanly captain, by simply keeping his hands in his pockets, has made a suit of clothes. This is part of a sea-side view of Liverpool.

"Well, but," says the landsman, "I would take neither clothes nor money, rather than be cheated so barefacedly." This is all very good, and resolutions to that effect are made by nearly every American ship's crew that goes into Liver-

pool docks; and broken as often as made. One must have money in Liverpool, and the number of sailors who take money there or, in fact, anywhere else, with them, is very small. And one must have clothes. And Liverpool, with all the cheat and cabbage of captain and tailor, is a place where seamen's clothing can be obtained at fair rates, and of excellent quality. So that Jack, after working himself up to a state of most desperate stubbornness, and swearing fearful oaths that he *will not be cheated*, quietly walks up, and allows himself to be made cabbage of in the most approved style. And then he is called a spendthrift and a vagabond fellow, and the tailor, who pocketed a percentage on his hard-earned five dollars on Saturday night, on Sabbath morning points him out to his children as an object of disgust and contempt. This it is to be a sailor.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Liverpool—Passengers—Their mode of life on board ship—Philadelphia—Ship for London—Seamen's protection.

GOING ON BOARD.

AMERICAN vessels generally carry away from Liverpool, as return cargo, railroad iron, cotton prints, crockery, soda, etc., and passengers. This was our cargo. No sooner was our cotton and ballast out, than we began to take in our return cargo of railroad iron and crates of crockery ware. With this, and a great number of water-casks, to supply the passengers with drinking water, the lower hold was filled. The between decks, or steerage, was then fitted up with two rows of hastily constructed berths, and we were ready to take our departure.

We were to take one hundred and fifty passengers, who

came on board the morning on which we went out of dock. They were all Irish, and a tolerably rough-looking set, but withal having about them that thoroughgoing Irish characteristic of being ready to lend a helping hand wherever there was work going on.

We lay over night in the river, as the wind was dead ahead to go out. Next morning, when we were about to weigh anchor, the windlass was manned for us by a party of passengers, who made but one demand—viz., to *sing* for them some sailor songs. Accordingly our *chanty*-man was called for.

Said he, "Now, just wait, I'll set all the men and women crying before you know it."

He struck up, to a rather slow and plaintive tune, an old capstan song, which begins as follows:

"We're going away from friends and home,
Chorus—Oh sailors, where are you bound to?
We're going away to hunt for gold,
Chorus—Across the briny ocean.
Father and mother say good-by,
Chorus—Sailors, where are you bound to?
Oh sisters, brothers, don't you cry,
Chorus—Across the briny ocean."

They had come up on deck laughing and talking, but the first two stanzas of this plaintive old song had not been sung, when all the women had their aprons to their eyes, and the men were not long in following suit, the fellows who had manned the windlass dropping the brakes, and sobbing like children. It

was rather cruel sport, I thought, yet I would scarcely have believed that they would have been so easily affected.

We had to pay for our fun by heaving the anchor up ourselves, and were glad to start up a more cheerful tune, to win Paddy back to his usual bright spirits.

For the first week out, it being late in the fall, we experienced rough weather, and our passengers suffered dreadfully with sea-sickness. Living in a crowded and miserably dirty hole, the stench arising from which was enough to make any one sick, half frightened out of their wits at what they supposed to be the imminently dangerous situation of the vessel, it was a wonder that many of them did not die.

For eight or ten days they showed themselves but little on deck, but lay in their berths day and night, muttering prayers for a safe deliverance from the dangers of the sea. But little cooking was done by them, and their meagre allowance was mostly wasted or thrown away. And upon a return of fine weather, men who, when we left port, were stout and hearty, came up, looking as though just arisen from a long sick-bed.

Once cured of their sickness, they grew ravenously hungry, and besieged their scantily furnished cooking range night and day, to get a chance to make themselves a warm mess. Poor souls, many of them lived on hard bread and raw meat the greater part of the passage, and paid dearly enough in the misery they suffered for the riches which they all expected to gain on this side the Atlantic.

The greater portion of them entertained the wildest con-

ceptions of the country they were about to make their home. Few of them had any definite ideas of the relative situations of different States. Some thought the United States to be the name of a very large city in *Ameriky*, and asked if it was as large as Liverpool or London. Others had come on board firmly convinced that our passage could not possibly last more than ten or twelve days. Several asked if, of a truth, there was in *Ameriky* a *Gold Street;* and judging from the ignorance they displayed, there is no good reason to doubt the truth of the story told of a newly arrived Irishman, who, going up the wharf, saw a silver dollar lying in his path, but, spurning it contemptuously with his foot, refused to pick it up, saying, "I'll wait till I get to Gold Street, and pick up none but the yellow boys."

The accommodation for deck passengers, even on the best packet ships, are of the poorest kind. There are no rooms or divisions, the entire steerage being in one large apartment. There can, therefore, be no privacy at all. The bunks, or berths, are made very large, and from six to ten persons sleep in each, men, women, and children pigging in together.

As accommodations for cooking purposes for one hundred and fifty persons, we had two ranges, capable each of holding not over four small kettles. Many, therefore, never had a mouthful of warm victuals from day to day. All other accommodations are on the same scale.

Low as is the passage price, many find it beyond their means, and scarcely a vessel leaves Liverpool for the United States that has not on board some *stowaways*. Careful search is always made when about to sail, but there are many hiding-

places where they cannot be readily found. With us, one man, who had only means sufficient to pay his own passage, but had his wife to take along, actually put her into a large chest, in which she was brought on board, remaining in this concealment till we were fairly out at sea.

Then the implicit confidence with which these people venture upon a strange land, without means or friends, always seemed to me a matter for surprise. There were some among our passengers that had not actually enough cash to support them the first week after their landing. I overlooked one day five men, two of whom were married, counting over their means, and among the entire party they could muster but twenty-six English shillings, a little over six dollars. But enough of passengers.

We arrived at Philadelphia, after a tedious passage of fifty-four days. The snow was on the ground, and we found the weather bitter cold coming up the Delaware. This was the first time for more than three years that I had seen snow or felt cold like this, and I speedily determined that an India-man would be my ship, could one be found in Philadelphia.

As soon as the ship was made fast to the wharf we left her. I was the only one of the crew who came out in her from Boston, and found myself now feeling quite sorrowful at leaving the old craft, in which I had spent nine months, on the whole very pleasantly. Yet, thus goes the sailor's life. He cannot even centre his affections upon a vessel. A vagabond upon the face of the earth, he is continually breaking off all ties which threaten to bind him down to steadier habits.

So, even while I experienced most strongly the feeling of reluctance at leaving the good old craft which had been so long my home, and the officers, whom long acquaintance and brotherhood in many trials and dangers had given a strong hold on my regards, the pressing offer which I received to "stay, and go on another voyage," was unhesitatingly refused by me. It would not be seamanlike, I thought.

We, the crew, having been now some six months together, felt unwilling to part just here, and had agreed therefore to take the same boarding-house. For a few days we enjoyed a degree of comfort to which we had long been strangers. Then came the search for ships, the pressing need, accompanied by a dread of the sufferings which are the inevitable portion of poor Jack, when he gets caught on the American coast, in winter.

Now not a few wished that they could stay ashore, to escape the frozen fingers and toes, the ice and snow, and the keen north-westers, which chill the very marrow in one's bones, on a winter passage, that most terrible ordeal the sailor passes through. But there is no escape. Ship you must, for they are already beginning to sing:

> "So get up, Jack, let John sit down,
> For you know you're outward bound—
> You know you're outward bound."

Coming in one day to dinner, I found that a shipmate of mine had engaged in a little brigantine, bound to London.

"Come, boys," said he; "she wants two more hands; go down and take a look at her, and then sign the articles."

"I wouldn't go into the British Channel in winter for all the gold in California," said an old tar at the head of the table.

"She's a little craft, and you'll not have to keep the blue pigeon going."

"Don't you believe it; you'll cast the lead every bit of the way from the Downs to Gravesend, and perhaps clear to London."

"Well, who cares, it's all in a voyage; and at any rate she's a snug little craft, and her crew will be able to handle her like a top."

Now, I had often heard of the sufferings incidental to a winter passage across the Atlantic, and knew the British Channel to be one of the most trying and uncomfortable spots, for winter navigation, that is to be found within the temperate zone. There was, therefore, adventure in the voyage, some new experiences to make—and as to sufferings, I consoled myself with the reflection that if my shipmates could stand them, I could do as well. I therefore determined within my own mind, if the vessel looked likely or comfortable, at once to ship in her.

Going down to the wharf, I found her to be a diminutive brigantine, of not above one hundred and sixty tons burden, a strange-looking vessel wherein to hazard a winter voyage to Europe. She was to carry four hands before the mast, the captain, mate, and cook—seven, all told. The mate was shovelling snow off the decks as I went on board. Said I to him, "Do you think, sir, she'll ever get to London?"

"I am going there in her, my lad," was the laconic answer; and saying to my shipmate that I would also, I got my Protection, went to the shipping office and signed the articles of the brigantine Belize, "bound from Philadelphia to London, and such port or ports up the Mediterranean as the captain may determine on, and back to a port of discharge, in the United States."

An American vessel bound to a foreign port is obliged to carry a certain proportion (two thirds) of American seamen. Every American seaman, in order to be entitled to the rights and privileges peculiar to that class, must be furnished with a *Protection*, an instrument obtainable at any of the United States Custom Houses, upon bringing forward substantial evidence that the individual is an American, either born or naturalized. Here is the form of a Protection:

The United States of America.

No. ——

I ——, Collector of the District and Port of ——, do hereby certify that —— —— an American seaman, aged — years, or thereabouts, of the height of — feet — inches, —— complexion, —— hair, —— eyes, born in ——, has this day produced to me proof in the manner directed by the Act entitled "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen," and pursuant to said Act, I do hereby certify that the said —— is a citizen of the United States of America.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, at —— this — day of ——.

———, Collector.

This Protection, for which the charge of twenty-five cents is made at the Custom House, is placed in the captain's possession, on signing the articles, as he is obliged to exhibit a certain number of them at the Custom House before he can get his clearance. Protections are very often manufactured, much as American citizens are said to be made to order on the eve of an election, and some shipping officers keep quite an assortment on hand, in order that a ship may not be detained for the want of *American* seamen. Thus, in emergencies, they are able to ship men of any nation, merely obliging them to take the names which are on the Protections they happen to have on hand.

An American Protection is of little value to the seaman, except in cases where he is wrecked, or left sick or destitute in a foreign port, when it gives him a claim on the American Consul, who is obliged to provide for him, and send him home if he desires it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ship for London—The vessel—A winter passage across the Atlantic—Its hardships—The English Channel.

WHEN I announced to my shipmates that I was going in the little brigantine, they looked at me with dismay. It then for the first time leaked out that there was a general impression among them that she never would reach London; that being so small, and old, as well as deeply laden, she was likely to founder in the tremendous gales which sweep the Atlantic in the months of January and February.

This was not pleasant news for me, but, like much ill-tidings, it came *too late*. I had signed the articles, and a seaman's pride would have forbidden me to back out from the danger now, even though she were sure to go down. I took occasion, however, on my next visit to the brig, to mention to her imperturbable mate what was said of the vessel.

Said he, "Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I have a wife and three little ones, down on the Cape, and *I* am going to London in the Belize."

There was no answering a clincher like that, and I was content to take what comfort I could out of the reflection that my loss would be *my* loss alone.

The second of January was appointed for our sailing day. It was an intensely cold morning when I put my chest and hammock into a wagon, to be taken to the ship, and taking a last lingering look at the cosey fire, walked down to the wharf, accompanied by several old shipmates, whom regard prompted to see me off. It was my first voyage as seaman. I had shipped the previous voyage as boy, but had been allowed seaman's wages by the captain for part of the time, and, what gratified me far more than the additional salary, had received from the mate, on leaving, a hearty written recommendation as able seaman. As we walked down, I received some good advice from one of my old shipmates, concluding with:

"Now, Charley, this is your first voyage as seaman, and you must not let any one go before you. Wherever there's duty, there's likely to be danger, boy, and wherever there's danger, there do you be first."

A tight grasp of the hand, and a hearty "God bless you and keep you, boy," from my shipmates, and I leaped on board the vessel, she was cast off, and we slowly wound down the river, before a light breeze.

I do not remember ever to have felt it so terribly cold as it was that morning. The Delaware was rapidly freezing over, and we drifted down with the tide, through cakes of ice every moment getting harder and more impenetrable. When a few miles below the city, the breeze freshened, and as the little craft danced over the waves, every wave increased the mass of ice that was gathering about her head. The spray, which flew freely in over the bows, froze hard before it reached the deck, and we who were

securing the anchors for sea were soon incased in ice, yet without being wet through, as we should have been had it been less cold.

It was utterly impossible to keep any part of the body even moderately warm, and feet and hands were shortly quite numb and sensationless. It is always colder on fresh water than on salt, and as we neared the bay, and got into the sea tide, there was a slight although quite perceptible change in the temperature.

As we approached the ocean, the breeze freshened to a gale, and we took occasion, on running in behind the breakwater, to land the pilot, to single reef our stiff and all new cotton foretopsail, and also reef the foresail and mainsail. For the latter sail, however, we had but little use thereafter, as the gale, which blew from west-north-west, was very nearly aft, and the foretopsail and foresail were the only sails we could carry under such circumstances.

While aloft, reefing, we looked with sinking hearts upon the mountain billows whose white heads were wildly breaking upon the beach outside, and the sullen roar of the sea seemed to warn us not to tempt its power.

The pilot landed (oh, how I envied him), the sails reefed and hoisted, and everything double secured about decks, we wore round and stood out past Cape Henlopen. As we rounded the point of the breakwater, which had protected us, a huge wave struck the vessel, and came crashing over the bows, deluging the deck, and sweeping all before it, until it found its way out at the stern.

With that wave went the last vestige of *dryness*, the only kind of comfort there is on board ship in cold weather, for the entire passage. From that time, for thirty days and nights, not one of the crew had on a dry stitch of clothing.

I had heard before of bathing-tubs, had been told of making an entire passage under water, but looked upon such yarns as rather tough—somewhat highly colored. But the experience of this passage left us no longer room to doubt the possibility of a vessel making her way through and under the water. From the time the first wave struck till we entered the English Channel a continual succession of seas swept our decks, one following upon top of the other, until we have actually seen waves come on board in a solid body over ten feet high, sweep across the deck like a vast sea-green avalanche, and roll out over the bow.

Fortunately our rail, or bulwark, was very low, and the water had as free egress as ingress, else would all the stanchions have been swept away by the force of the body of water which was continually washing from one side to the other of the deck as she rolled.

It was just at one o'clock of the second day after leaving Philadelphia, that we took this launch into the stormy Atlantic. Judging that we should experience some rough weather, everything about decks, such as boat, water-casks, and galley, had been doubly and even trebly fastened. With the same view to security, we had bent new sails, with new robands, had doubly clinched the tackles, sheets, buntlines, and clewlines, that no piece of gear might get adrift perhaps at the very time

we should need it most. We had furled the topgallantsail and gafftopsail, and wound each sail about with gaskets enough to make fast a seventy-four's topsail. We had even lashed the chain cable, a portion of which was stowed upon deck.

But what can stand before the fury of such a blast as that before which we were driving—what resist the impetuous force of the mountains of water which rolled, and tumbled, and broke over our decks continually?

On the very first night out, in the mid-watch, while I was at the helm, a sea crashed on deck, just forward of the main rigging, and falling upon the large boat which lay, bottom up, upon the main hatchway, crushed her as completely as though men with axes had stove her to pieces.

In the morning watch, our foresail split and blew from the yard, not a sign of it being left, even the reef, which was fast to the yard, gradually going, strip by strip.

On the second morning, we found our topgallantsail blown out of the gaskets. On the next night an unusually large sea boarded us, tore two large water-casks from their lashings, and carried them clear over the rail.

We had, ere this, made our little galley fast to every bolt, stanchion, mast, and rigging, that could possibly be connected with it by a rope, and this multiplied precaution was the only means of saving it. But with this exception, and two water-casks lashed aft near the taffrail, where the seas did not come on board with such fury, there was not left, when we were three days out, a single movable object about decks, and everything that could be blown away aloft was likewise gone.

No one who has not seen and felt it can imagine the searching power of the wind in a gale like this. It no longer gives way, but carries all before it with resistless sway. It becomes something tangible, a force which you feel, as though a heavy body struck you. It is even impossible to draw a breath when looking to windward, and to make progress against it along decks, it is necessary to draw one's self along by the bulwark, or life lines.

Of course the forecastle and cabin hatchways were kept closed, as the least carelessness in that particular might have filled these places with a sea, drowning the inmates in their berths. When the watch came on deck they were obliged to look out for a comparatively smooth interval, and then darting quickly out of the little scuttle, shut and bolt it down. Before they got aft a sea would overwhelm them, out of which they would emerge, gasping for breath, half drowned, and dripping. Not unfrequently we were obliged to make ourselves fast to ropes stretched along from aft to the forecastle, and let those abaft pull us along through the water.

The natural heat of the system drying on us the salt water incased our bodies in a crust of salt, which rubbed and chafed, and eat into the tender skin, making us all over sores. The waves continually dashing into our faces half blinded us, and the salt drying on around the eyelids made painful swellings about those susceptible parts.

To add to our troubles, already sufficiently great, on the second night out our vessel sprung a leak, and from that time till we anchored in the Downs *we never left the pumps*. The

brig steered badly, and steering a vessel under such circumstances is at best a most disagreeable labor, since the lives of all on board, and the safety of the vessel, depend in a great measure on the watchful vigilance of the helmsman. A turn of the helm the wrong way, or the neglect to meet her quickly, as some vast wave swings the little craft half round, and she broaches to the wind, and to broach-to in such a gale at sea is certain destruction.

Almost every minute a wave bounces over the rail and dashes the poor helmsman forcibly against the wheel, to which he clings for dear life, until the green mass of water passes and leaves him half drowned, to twist at the stubborn helm, and keep the vessel in her course. So severe was the toil of steering, that I have many a time stood, on the cold January nights, in my shirt-sleeves, dripping with the sea water, and yet with the perspiration breaking out on my face and arms, and all the upper part of my body in a glow of heat.

Our hands, with the continual grasping of wheel, or pump-break, or rope, and the constant wetness, were raw inside and out, and left their marks in blood on everything they touched. Then, when the two hours' trick at the wheel was over, the worn-out helmsman must go to the pump, where, lashing himself to the mainmast to keep from being borne overboard by the seas, he pumps another weary two hours, occasionally spelled, or relieved, by the captain or mate.

But it was in our feet we suffered most. Arms and body, though sore and suffering, received a sufficiency of violent exercise to keep up a healthy circulation of the blood, while our

feet were moved but little, and after being for four hours immersed in the ice-cold water, were entirely sensationless, mere appendages, without the power of motion, and feeling as though tightly cased in ice.

Many times have I on going below seen my solitary watch-mate (for there were only two in each watch) pulling off his boots in full confidence that he would find his feet enveloped in ice. And often was I myself certain that this time my poor feet must be solidly frozen.

This was our life on deck. Below it was but little better, although we were glad enough to get to a shelter from the sharp winds, which was the only way in which the forecastle was of any benefit to us. Notwithstanding our most ingenious devices to keep out the water, in order that we might have at least one little dry spot left, it poured in at every seam of the upper deck. On the floor the water stood (or rather rolled, for nothing stood) at least six inches deep continually. Our bunks were half afloat, blankets were wrung out every watch, and mattresses were mere mouldy masses of wet and rotting straw.

Sitting in a little shower-bath upon our chests, we would first pull off very carefully and gingerly the boots and stockings from our frozen feet. The operation of gradually stripping off the stockings used to seem to me like peeling off the skin, so tender were the benumbed limbs. Stockings, wrung out, were hung upon a nail in readiness to be resumed at the end of the four hours. Trousers and shirts were now submitted to a similar process of wringing out and hanging up, and then each

turned naked into his berth to get warm and doze off to sleep.

But the getting a little warm was a torture. As the blood returned to the long-feelingless feet, it would seem as though small veins or streams of hot lead were being poured over various portions of the limbs. Amid groans of pain, the sufferer puts his hands down to ascertain whether the returning circulation has not *bursted open* his foot, so acute are the sensations consequent upon a renewal of feeling.

After a succession of attempts to make all snug, the exhausted body at last sinks into a slumber, from which it is awakened at the expiration of the watch, and called to turn out of the now warm and at last comfortable steaming bedplace, and relieve his shipmates at steering and pumping.

On getting up we would be steaming, literally, the warmth of our bodies turning the moisture of the bedding into vapor. The cold, wet clothing pulled off and wrung out at the commencement of the watch was now resumed, the wet stockings were once more put inside of the wetter boots, the *sow-wester* securely fastened under the chin, and, shivering and miserable, we crawled up the ladder to wait for a favorable moment when to issue on deck and run aft.

To add still to our troubles, when it blew the hardest it was found impossible to keep the vessel free by means of constant pumping, and I yet recall the sinking of despair with which, on some of the very worst days and nights of the trip, we were wakened up long before the expiration of our watch below, to aid in pumping, and try to keep the water under. For three

long days and nights, at one time, she was gradually sinking under us, our most strenuous efforts at the pumps to the contrary notwithstanding.

On sounding the pump-well, at the expiration of a watch, we would find that, in spite of our efforts, the water had gained upon us several inches. We fought it inch by inch, hoping for more moderate weather, which was the only thing that could save us. Yet our labor was performed not with the energy of persons working for something they would like to save. It was more as a matter of duty to the vessel and her owners. For so much had we suffered with wet and cold, that we had begun to look upon our now probable fate as, at any rate, a relief from misery too great to be borne much longer. Any change was welcome.

Strange feelings come over one at such times. In our dozing down below (for to sleep had become impossible, and one simply dozed off into a state of semi-unconsciousness), we used to dream of home and of the old times long past when we were children there. Retiring to our wet berths, unknowing whether we should ever rise from them again, we would return to full consciousness at the calling of the watch, half surprised, half sorry that the final catastrophe was not yet—that another four hours of the battle must be waged before we finally succumbed.

We began to think it would be as well, and much more comfortable, to remain in our berths and await the sure fate. It would but hasten it a little. But duty forbade. And there is, after all, a faint, lingering spark of hope, which seems never to leave man, or, at any rate, the sailor, until he is totally overwhelmed; and this, too, urged us to the pumps.

EAST INDIA DOCKS, LONDON.

Yet we grew careless of the event. Day by day we went to our berths, not knowing but we were closing our eyes for the last time—sleeping to wake no more. Watch after watch we went on deck expecting each four hours to be the last, until, erelong, we had grown used to the feeling, and suffered silently on, thinking as little as might be of that to which all had now resigned themselves.

Cooking, for a great part of the passage, was out of the question. A pot of hot coffee was a luxury not attainable every day, and as for preparing anything else, it was vain to think of it. So, the cook took his turn at the pumps with the rest, and nursed his cold toes the balance of the time.

The water stood three feet deep in the hold, and was still slowly gaining on us, when at last the weather moderated a little, and the wind gradually dying down, gave us nearly an entire day (a Sabbath) of calm. But although the gale had gone down, the sea was rolling mountains high, and with the exception of being able, by pumping hard all day, to free the vessel of water, we were but little better off than before.

"We shall pay for it before forty-eight hours," said the mate, as we were congratulating ourselves on the favorable change.

And sure enough, before the night was over we had seen the wildest weather of all the passage.

About two in the afternoon an intensely black cloud began to rise in the west, slowly spreading until it covered all the western horizon, from north to south, with a pall of inky darkness. It did not move—there seemed no life in it. But it grew

almost imperceptibly larger, until, at sunset, the entire firmament was one impenetrable black mass, and the darkness seemed fairly tangible.

We had taken in the sails, loosed during the day (having taken advantage of the calm to bend another foresail), and were now, at dark, lying under a single-reefed foretopsail waiting for the storm which we knew was suspended overhead.

The wind had entirely died away before dark, not a breath of air being perceptible, and except the dull roar of the sea and the heavy sug of our vessel as she pitched into it, all was still. Every man was on deck, for we felt there would soon be work enough for us to do.

In the pitchy darkness we could not see a rope, or distinguish each other, although touching. The captain had brought a large lantern on deck, and was standing on the chain cable, near the helmsman, ready to light us, should it be necessary to get a pull at anything.

Now there is a low sigh of wind over the water.

"Put your helm hard to starboard," says the captain, "and try to get her before it."

Now a louder blast, succeeded by one yet fiercer, and then with an intensely brilliant flash of lightning and a burst of thunder as though the heavens were rent in twain, the gale was upon us.

"Clew down your foretopsail, let go the halyards," shouted the captain.

But too late. The bellying sail would not come down, and the brig fairly stood upon end for a moment as the whole

THE THAMES.

impetus of the gale struck her, then burying her bows clear to the foremast, in an immense sea, she forged ahead, staggering like an animal that has been struck a heavy blow upon the head. The wind shrieked wildly as it rushed by us, the hail drove down upon us in torrents, leaving its marks wherever it struck upon our persons. While pulling at the foretopsail clewline, a hailstone struck me on the hand and tore off a piece of skin as large as half a dollar. Several were wounded in the same way.

The captain called to all to come aft. Suddenly we noticed upon the masthead and at each yard-arm small blue flames, dancing like evil spirits hither and thither upon the wind. It was the "corposant," so called by seamen, often the precursor, sometimes the accompaniment of a violent storm, an electrical appearance, generally attaching itself to the irons on the extremities of the masts and yards, the pale and ghastly light darting about fitfully as the breeze catches it.

There is a superstitious belief among seamen, that he upon whom a corposant has shone will die before the expiration of the voyage.

A still stranger phenomenon drew our attention from the appearances upon the yards. Our brig had double mainstays, two large ropes running from the mainmasthead to the deck at the foot of the foremast. Down between these stays, which were some six inches apart, now rolled what appeared to us a ball of liquid fire, somewhat resembling a red-hot sixty-eight-pound shot. When yet some ten feet from the deck, the chain cable, stretched along under the stay, seemed to attract it; it fell upon it, and with a sharp, hissing noise flew into hundreds

of pieces, the greater portion running aft along the line of chain.

The captain, who was standing with one foot upon this cable, was struck by the electric current and transfixed, immovable for a few minutes. Every pane of glass in the large lantern he held in his hand was broken. The man at the wheel was rendered entirely helpless for some time, having to be carried from his post. Whether, as some of the crew asserted, this appearance was accompanied by a loud clap of thunder or not, I would not dare to say, for so much was I taken up with the meteoric fire-ball, that had the heavens burst with thunder I should not have known it.

The violent hail, which lasted perhaps three quarters of an hour, had the effect of beating down the sea, so that even at the height of the squall we were sailing through comparatively smooth water.

The first blast over, and our old gale returned, with the same rolling, the same continual shipping of seas, the same tiresome labor at the pumps. We still ran before it, although we overtook large ships hove-to. Our captain would not heave-to — partly as he was actually afraid when the gale was at its height to bring so small a vessel to the wind, and partly because he was anxious to get across.

On the twentieth night out, she broached-to with us. This is a most dangerous accident, and not unfrequently occasions the loss of a vessel. Fortunately we had but a rag of canvas, the close-reefed foretopsail, set, and in the moment of her coming violently to the wind the braces were let go by the

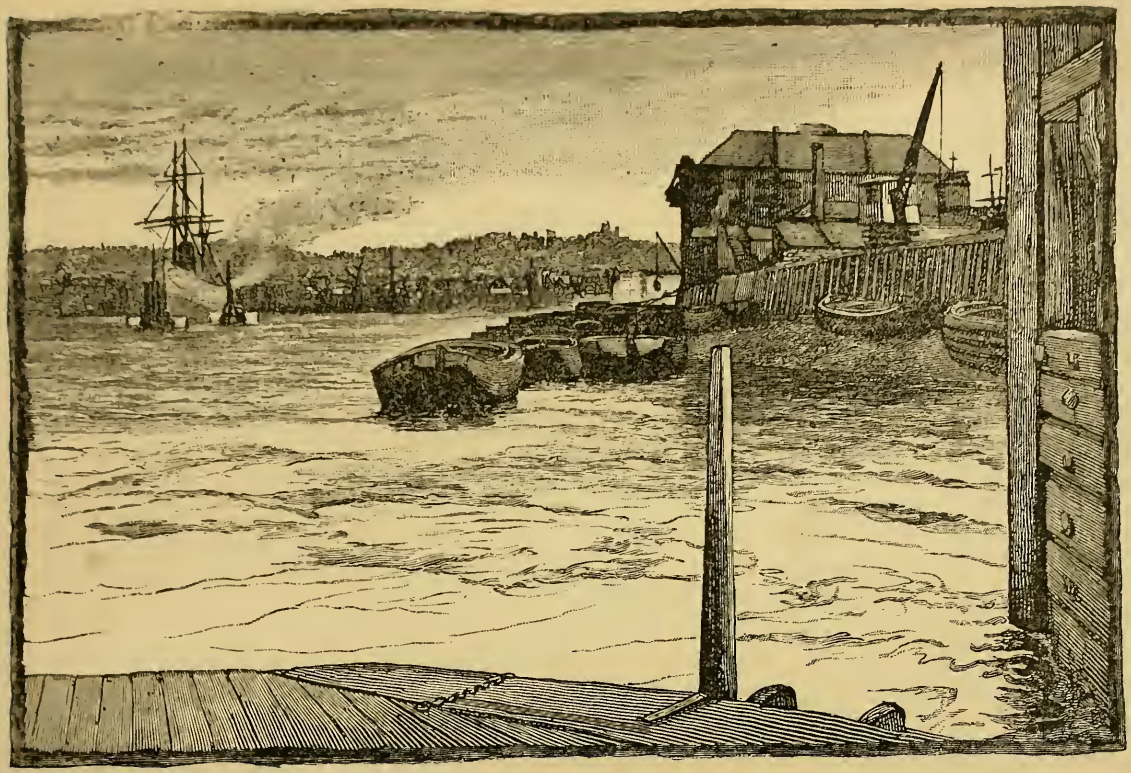
LONDON DOCKS.

mate, so that the yards swung, and did not allow the sail to get aback. (By broaching-to is meant the act of a vessel which has been going before the wind turning violently about, and bringing the sails aback. Many a good ship, running under a press of canvas, has been sent down stern foremost by broaching-to.) As our vessel lay in the trough of the sea for a few minutes, the decks, fore and aft, were entirely covered with an enormous wave, which boarded her in a body, and threatened to send us all to the bottom. Here our low rail was again useful, the brig being able to clear herself much quicker of the body of water than had she had higher bulwarks. Yet it was for some minutes green all around and over us, and we began to think we were going under. The helm had been put down in the moment of her broaching-to, and she had sufficient headway to mind it, and gradually came up to the wind, lying across the trough of the sea, and clearing her decks in a great measure of the water. Having her once hove-to, it was exceedingly dangerous to keep off before it again, until it should moderate, as we would once more be exposed to the danger of being boarded by some mountain wave, and perhaps having our decks swept. It was therefore determined to lie-to under a close-reefed fore-spencer.

The topsail was clewed up, and after an hour's hard tugging at it we succeeded in furling it. We were now relieved from the toil of steering, as the helm is lashed down, and had consequently double force at the pumps. But our troubles were soon to recommence. We had just gone below to get some breakfast, after having been up nearly all night getting

her snug, when the fore-spencer blew away. As it was necessary to have some sail on her, we set the storm foretopmast staysail and a little corner of the mainsail. Before an hour the foretopmast staysail flew away, and the force of the mainsail suddenly brought to bear on the stern brought her head to the wind and sea. An immense billow lifted up her bow, and for a moment she stood upon her stern, all hands thinking she would go down stern foremost — in the next she seemed to slide off the mountain of water, and we lay-to on the other tack, having been thrown by the sea from one tack to the other. We quickly hauled down the mainsail, and set a small tarpaulin in the main rigging, and under this lay-to securely until the gale had abated somewhat.

Yet ten days of pumping and steering, and the numerous vessels coming in view, as well as the the dense fogs, proclaimed the vicinity of land. As we entered the mouth of the British Channel the gale decreased, but the weather was much more uncomfortable, on account of its dampness; and as we kept watch at night in our salt-water-soaked clothing, I felt sometimes as though the marrow was congealing in my bones. With a fair breeze on the next day after entering the Channel we got up to Beachy Head, where we lay becalmed for an afternoon, anxiously peering through the fog for a pilot-boat. While lying here, a steamer passed us on her way up. It seemed hard to us, as she paddled past, to think that she would be in London probably that night yet, while we might, should we take a head-wind, beat about there for a week, and, after all, go ashore on some of the English cliffs. I never before so



THE THAMES.

badly wished myself out of any scrape, and determined, as indeed did all the crew, that if we once got the crazy old brig safely to London, incontinently to leave her there.

That night we got a little farther ahead, and in the mid-watch fortunately got a Dungeness or *deep-sea* pilot, as these are called, in contradistinction to the river men, who are known as mud pilots. This was an immense relief to us, as our captain, who had never before made a foreign voyage, was totally unacquainted with the Channel, and had, for the last two days, been chasing every vessel that hove in sight, to find out our whereabouts, the constant fogs preventing him from getting an observation.

We ran into the Downs, and there anchored until the tide should serve, as, when the breeze arose, it was dead ahead, giving us a prospect of beating all the way up to Gravesend, the real entrance to the river Thames, and the port of the city of London.

The deep-sea pilots in the English Channel are a peculiar set. More thoroughgoing seamen, in all that pertains to the management of a vessel, or more competent and trustworthy men in their profession, are probably nowhere to be found. They are under the control of a naval board, called the Trinity Chapter, who appear to have under their charge the entire British Channel, or at least all in and about the English side of it, that pertains to the safety of shipping.

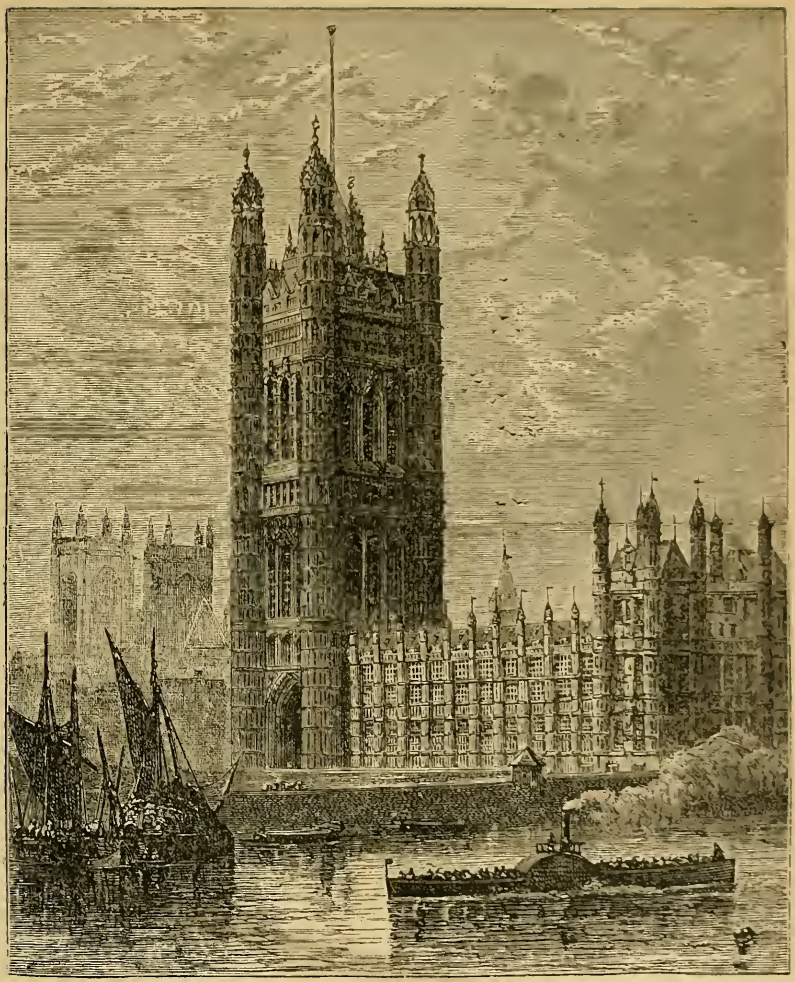
Very strict rules are laid down for the pilots, in regard to the management of the vessels placed under their charge, such as placing a single reef in the topsails every time a

vessel comes to anchor, during the winter season, paying out a certain amount of cable, keeping anchor-watch, and various other matters. As vessels work tide work in beating up channel — that is, get under weigh with every favoring tide, and come to anchor when it turns, this occasions no small addition to the labor, already sufficiently great, of making short tacks keeping the lead constantly going, and the frequent weighing anchor.

With our dull-sailing and deep-loaded craft, we were three days and nights beating up to Gravesend, a time during which we got but little sleep, and although perhaps, on the whole, less uncomfortable than during the previous portions of our passage, were almost continually on deck, exposed to the damp air, and handling wet ropes, heaving the lead when the line froze as we hauled it in, and working with muddy chains and anchors.

Passing the buoy at the Nore, whose miserable fate has been so comically lamented by Hood, and which marks the scene of the great mutiny, when England's wooden walls had nearly been turned against her, we finally reached Gravesend. Having brought us to anchor here, our pilot's office ceased, and he went ashore.

The brig was now thoroughly searched by custom-house officers, one of whom remained on board until the cargo was out. We had been hailed times without number, on our passage up, by tow-boats desirous to take us up to London, which would have relieved the crew of an immense deal of severe labor, besides materially expediting our progress; but our



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

stingy Yankee skipper took counsel with his pocket, and "having the men to feed and pay at any rate," as he said, to the pilot's infinite disgust, preferred to beat up.

We had now, however, arrived at the head of all such navigation as that. The Thames, from Gravesend to London, outdoes even the Mississippi in the number and acuteness of its turns, or reaches, as they are called, and but one class of vessels pretend to sail up from here. These are the colliers, the Jordies, who, in their dirty-looking brigs (the *brig* is the favorite and only rig of a true Jordie collier-man) work up slowly from reach to reach, taking perhaps a week to make the distance from Gravesend to the city.

These collier men are a peculiar set. Familiar from childhood with all the intricacies of channel navigation, they work their way with singular dexterity through the immense fleet of shipping of all nations that at all times congregates here, often nearly blocking up the upper portion of the channel. They hold all manner of foreign vessels, or "south Spainers," in supreme contempt. Understanding perfectly their rights, and obstinately maintaining them, woe betide the unfortunate craft that misses stays, and, hanging in irons, remains an unmanageable impediment in Jordie's lawful track. He will unhesitatingly poke his short, stout jibboom through your foresail, or into your cabin windows, and "out of the way, you brass-bottomed booger,"* is all the apology you get.

* In allusion to the copper on the bottoms of all foreign sailing vessels, but which is never seen on a collier.

Without the collier men, London's river would be bereft of half its life, and all its fun, for in return for his crabbed spitefulness, everybody has a fling at Jordie; and happy he who does not come out second best, for either at billingsgate or fisticuffs he is hard to beat.

Being finally persuaded of the utter impossibility of beating up to London, our captain had to engage a steam-tug, which brought us up to our berth, in the herring tier, on the Surry side, in a very short time. Here we were hauled under an immense crane, and the hatches being opened, ten tierces of beef were hoisted out at once, the entire cargo being landed in little more than half a day.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival in London—The docks—Sailors—The California ship—Singular instance of affection in a serpent—What sailors see of London—Sail for Boston.

WITH the next tide we hauled into the St. Katherine's dock, where we were to take in our return cargo. The docks of London are altogether differently arranged from those in Liverpool. Here we were allowed to cook on board, but a light after eight o'clock at night was strictly forbidden. The gates close at seven P.M., and open at seven A.M., and every one going out is strictly searched by the gate-keepers, not only to prevent the introduction of contraband articles, but also to prevent thieving on the part of the dock laborers and persons frequenting the shipping. No bundle of any kind is allowed to be carried out without a written permit from some person in authority.

These strict regulations are rendered necessary on account of the vast quantities of merchandise of all kinds stored up here. All around the docks are spacious warehouses from three to six stories high, where is deposited a portion of the goods brought here by shipping from all parts of the world. There can be no more interesting sight in London than would be obtained by a walk through these warehouses. He who has

not visited them has no idea of the vast amount of wealth, from all parts of the world, which is constantly accumulating here. The most precious commodities, which at home we see dribbled out by half ounces and drachms, are there found by the bale, and hogshead, and warehouseful. Here in two vast buildings is stored tea. In these vaults, extending for squares underground, are wines. On this broad quay are piled immense tierces of tallow from icy Archangel, and by their side lies a vessel fragrant with all the spices of Araby the blest. Here is a four-story building, filled to overflowing with bales of cinnamon and sacks of nutmegs. The next seems the depository of all the indigo in the world. Here is hemp, and there is cotton; yonder, bales of costly silks, and farther on, iron. There is no end to either the variety or quantity of goods. All possible and impossible things seem here brought in conjunction.

But let us take a look at the shipping. No nation that has a ship is unrepresented here — no part of the earth that has a seaport but may be visited from here at short notice. Archangel or the Cape of Good Hope, New York or Calcutta, China or California, St. Petersburg or the Guinea Coast, Valparaiso or Constantinople, whither will you go? Here are ships for all and many more. And this is only one of the smallest of her docks. Truly, he who visits London and does not see her docks, misses one of the most interesting and instructive of her many sights.

In a few days after entering the docks, we began to take in cargo for Boston. We had determined to leave the vessel,

WHARF AT SAN FRANCISCO.

survey of those who in the last few hours had sent their officers to their last accounts.

"I'll do it—I must—I *will*," said Chips. He went to his tool-chest standing on the half-deck, and took thence a large, sharp, glittering broad-axe. One after another, with this axe, he cut off ten heads, not stopping till the last headless trunk was struggling before him, and he was left the sole living person on board.

Now he in turn cleared away, dragging the bodies to the gangway, and there threw them overboard—a tedious task. This done, and the blood-stained deck once more washed off, and he had time to think. He was alone on board a large vessel—no one but he to steer, to make or take in sail, or perform the multifarious duties incident to the sea, such as trimming the sails to the breeze, etc. His determination was soon taken. He let the topsails run down on the caps, clewed up, and furled as well as he was able the topgallantsails and royals, and then lashing the helm amidships, so trimmed the forward and after sails, the jibs and spanker, as to make her move along without yawing too much. He had previously altered her course for the coast of Peru, and as the craft was in the track of vessels bound to the southward, and at but small distance from the Peruvian shore, he felt confident that the ship would be fallen in with by some strange vessel, or he would be able himself to take the ship into Callao, and there deliver her into the hands of the British Consul.

What may have been his feelings when he found himself the sole occupant of the vessel, with every particular of the

late tragedy fresh before him, the very blood-stains not yet off the decks, it would be useless to attempt to imagine.

On the fifth morning after the mutiny, the ship was spoken by a British vessel just out of Callao, the captain of which sent on board two men to assist in working the craft, giving the carpenter likewise the course and distance to the harbor. In two days more he had the satisfaction of bringing the vessel safely to anchor in Lorenzo Bay, where she was immediately placed in charge of the British Consul.

The carpenter went home to England as passenger in another vessel, and was probably amply rewarded by the owners for his faithful services. The ship was sent to London by the consul, and arrived there, as before said, while we lay in the docks.

We witnessed on board her a most singular instance of affection in two snakes toward their master. An American, who had been connected with some of the menageries travelling through Chili and Peru, and had afterward owned a collection of animals himself, in Lima, found the business not to pay, and determining to leave the country, had engaged a cabin passage in the British ship.

He had sold out his animals, all but two large anacondas, one thirteen, the other seventeen feet long. For these the British captain had agreed to give him a cabin passage to London, and one hundred dollars, cash, on their arrival there, provided the snakes were then alive. They arrived safe and sound, and were duly taken ashore by the captain. When their former owner, however, asked for the hundred dollars, he

STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO.

was refused it, under various pretences, and it became evident that the captain, having the snakes in his possession, intended to keep our countryman out of the money justly due him.

The American was much distressed at this turn in his affairs, as he had depended on this sum of money to bear his expenses in getting back to the United States. He consulted our officers about the matter, but they could not show him any way to help himself out of his difficulties.

This matter had been pendent nearly a week after the ship entered the dock, when one morning the British captain was heard very anxiously inquiring as to the whereabouts of Mr. Reynolds, his late passenger. It appeared that the snakes would not eat, and showed other symptoms of being ill at ease under his care, and he entertained fears that they would die before he could dispose of them. He therefore came in quest of their former owner, to ask his advice and assistance in setting them right again.

It now for the first time occurred to the latter that the animals had never been fed, or handled even, to any extent, by any one but him, and that they might therefore be shy of strangers. At our advice, he took advantage of this state of affairs to secure for himself the payment of the sum due him, making it the condition of inducting the captain into the manner of taking care of the snakes.

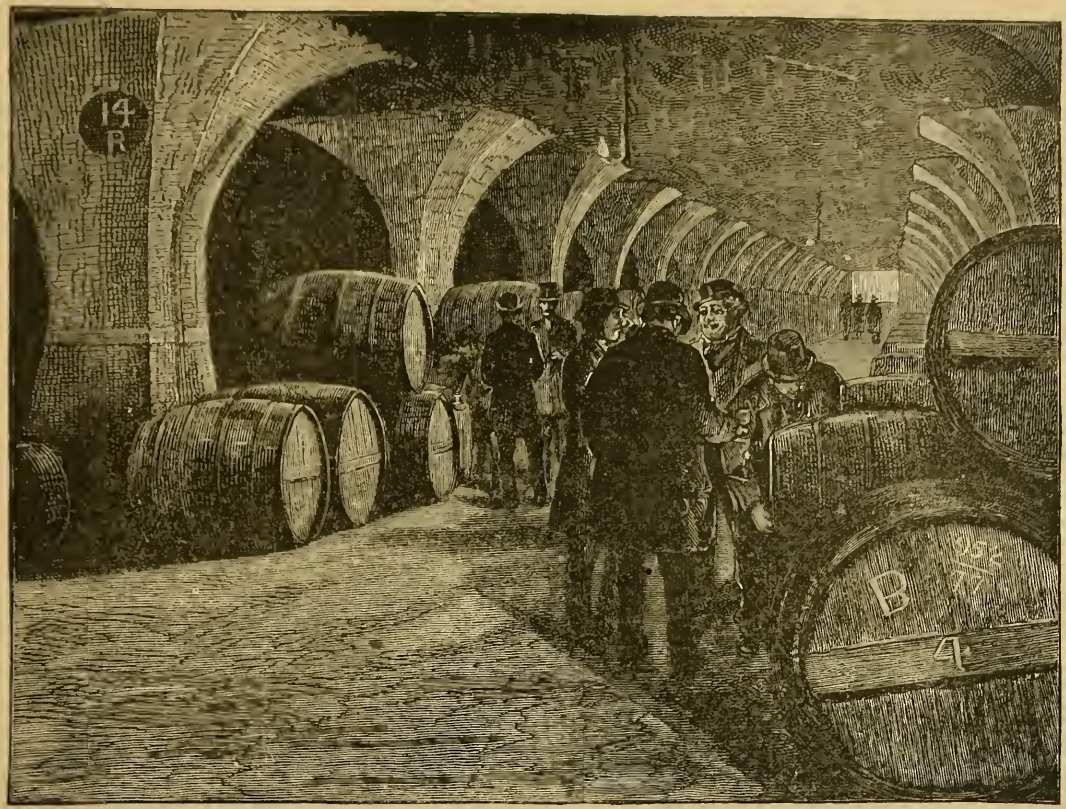
At his suggestion, the chest in which they were kept was again brought on board the vessel, and there, in her cabin, in the presence of part of our crew and a number of other persons, the chest was opened, he remaining on deck. The animals lay

motionless in their coils, moving their heads sluggishly once in a while, but making no effort to raise themselves up, and exhibiting but few signs of aetive life.

Mr. Reynolds now eame down. Hardly had he gotten to the side of the ehest when the snakes darted up, and in a moment were hanging their huge folds about his neck, and twisting in all imaginable ways about him, testifying, as plainly as snakes eould, their great joy at seeing once more their old master. Before he left them, they had swallowed a chicken each, and seemed as lively as it was in their nature to be.

The American told us, by way of aceounting for their strange affeetion, that he had eaught them when quite young in the jungle in Ceylon, whither he had gone to procure some animals, and they had ever since been under his exclusive care, a part of his daily business in Lima being to exhibit them. He agreed with the eaptain, in consideration of being paid his hundred dollars, to remain with them a suffieient length of time to àecustom them to their new owner, and this was done. This was a remarkable proof of the faet that serpents have, although in a minor degree, the feelings of affeetion eommon to animals of a higher range in ereation.

The reader will perhaps desire to know what we, the sailors, saw of London. As the doek-gates elose at seven, it is impossible to be out at evening without remaining all night, whieh involved a serious expense for our limited means. Then too after working hard all day, among casks, bales, and boxes, we did not feel in the mood for sight-seeing when evening eame. So that our only opportunities of viewing the eity were



VAULT AT INDIA DOCKS.

but found many sailors ready to take our places, and anxious for the chance even to work their passage, without pay, and therefore wisely concluded to hang on even to a sinking ship, as better than none at all.

In the winter season sailors have hard times in London. Shipping is dull and men plenty, and very frequently large premiums are paid for chances to ship. Woe to the poor sailor who then finds himself ashore, without money or friends! The landlord turns him out to starve or beg, and he sleeps on the street, or, worse yet, in the *straw-house* provided for indigent sailors, where they may be seen, on cold winter evenings, cowering under the wretched litter, trying to forget their hunger and misery in sleep. And at meal-times gaunt, wasted forms hover about the forecastle, casting wistful glances at the plenteous meal of the crew, or begging for pity's sake for a morsel of bread and meat.

Such scenes are but too frequent in the large ports of England, when commerce is not very brisk. We therefore gladly retained our places on board, hoping for better weather on the homeward passage.

While we lay in the docks, a British vessel hauled in and lay alongside of us, to which a singular story of crime attached, which was at that time dinned into every one's ears in London by the ballad-mongers, who found its horrors a fruitful source of pennies. The story, as I obtained it from her mate, was this:

She had left San Francisco, bound for London, with no cargo, intending to procure a load of copper on the coast of

Chili, but with nearly seventy-five thousand dollars, in gold dust and bars, in the lazerrete, under the cabin. The crew, unfortunately, knew of the presence of this treasure on board, and from this arose the subsequent catastrophe.

On the vessel's first arrival at San Francisco, all her own crew had left her, and when again about to sail, the captain was obliged to take such hands as he could get, principally coast-rangers, desperate characters, who perhaps did not ship in her without a purpose.

All went on quietly until the vessel had reached the line, and was distant only some two or three days' sail from the Gallapagos Islands. At this time the carpenter, who was the only man of the crew who understood the art of navigating the vessel, was approached by one of the hands, with proposals to mutiny, kill the officers, take possession of the vessel and her treasure, and, scuttling the former when they got near land, leaving her for the coast of Peru, there to enjoy in peace their ill-gotten booty.

It appeared that they had doubted the carpenter, and had left him out of their counsels while the arrangement of the matter was pending. They now, only at the last moment previous to the execution of their project, took him into their confidence, and presented to him the alternative to partake of the fate of the officers, or join them in good faith. Overcome by surprise and terror, he reluctantly submitted to become one of them. But they did not trust him out of their sight again, and that very night, in the mid-watch, while the ship was sailing along with a gentle breeze, their fell purpose was carried into effect.

VIEW IN ONE OF THE GALLAPAGOS GROUP.

It was the mate's watch on deck, and as he leaned drowsily against the mizzenmast, he was approached from behind by one of the mutineers, who buried an axe in his head and left him for dead.

They now proceeded to get the captain out of his cabin. Throwing a large coil of rigging forcibly down on the poop deck was the means resorted to to gain their purpose. It succeeded, for scarce a minute had elapsed before the captain's head appeared above the companion slide, as he asked what was meant by such noise. He had hardly uttered the question, when a blow upon the head with an iron belaying pin silenced him forever. The second mate was in like manner enticed on deck and murdered.

The mutineers had now possession of the vessel. They made haste to pitch overboard the bodies of the murdered officers and clear away the gore which stained the deck, and then consulted as to what was next to be done. They concluded to alter their original plan, sail for the Gallapagos, and land there on one of the uninhabited islands, setting the ship on fire before they left her, and thus more securely destroy all trace of their crime. They would then divide their booty, and burying it, go in their boat to some one of the inhabited isles, in the guise of shipwrecked seamen, thus quieting all suspicions.

This plan decided upon, the carpenter, who had been strictly guarded in the forecastle while the scene of murder was being acted, was called for. On approaching, he was sent to the wheel, with instructions to keep the vessel for the Gallapagos, and a threat of instant death in case of disobedience.

The crew, consisting of ten hands, now proceeded into the cabin to hunt up the gold, which, found, was placed in convenient sacks for carrying off. By this time daylight began to appear, and as the first excitement wore off, their breasts filled with remorse at what they had done.

"Liquor, liquor, boys," said one; "let's drink and be merry; there's no one to forbid." The captain's rum was produced, and ere noon, after a scene of uproarious jollity, the mutineers lay upon the decks in drunken stupor.

All this time, it must be remembered, the poor carpenter was steering the vessel. He had several times shouted to one or other his desire to be relieved, but in vain; and when the drunken orgies began, he was not sorry to be at the helm, as this was sufficient excuse for not joining with them.

The ten wretched men, after much drunken revelry, lay asleep upon the deck. *Chips* was alone on board, so far as the possession of his powers was concerned. And now a dreadful thought of vengeance for the fate of the basely assassinated captain filled his soul. The mutineers were at his mercy—should he not in turn make way with them? There was not a little fear that, arriving at their destination, and having no longer a necessity for him, they would make way with him, to prevent one who had been an unwilling and inactive looker-on in the fray from bringing the affair before the world. A proper regard for his own safety, therefore, also prompted the carpenter to take justice in his own hands.

His mind was soon made up. Lashing the wheel in such manner that she would for some time guide herself, he took a

FLEET STREET.

the Sundays and the solitary "liberty day" which was granted us. On these occasions we saw St. Paul's, ascended the London monument (whence we saw nothing but smoke), and Hyde Park, with a few of the squares, and passed several times through the tunnel. When I took in consideration the vast number of noteworthy objects of which I saw no more than though I had not been in London at all, I was almost sorry that I had come, and had certainly to admit to myself that I had gone a very hard voyage to very little purpose, so far as sight-seeing was concerned.

When we found that we should have to make the return passage in our brig, we asked the captain to have her bottom caulked before taking in cargo, that she might not leak when she got to sea. This he refused to do, because, in the first place, it would cost money, and next, it would take time, and he had neither to spare.

"Besides," said he, "we shall have nothing in the lower part of the hold that will damage." In his selfishness he gave no thought to the wearisome hours that his men would have to spend at the pumps, to keep the crazy old wreck afloat.

We could have had a survey called upon her, in which case, should the surveyors decide her to need repairs, the captain would have been forced to make them. But in such cases the crew always labor under a serious disadvantage. If the survey is called for by them, and it should be decided that no repairs are actually needed, the whole expense falls upon them, making a far too heavy draft upon purses by no means plethoric. And as a captain's word and influence generally go pretty far with

the surveyors, all the chances are against the sailors. We therefore chose rather to risk another laborious passage than venture to call a survey.

We sailed from London on the second of March, and arrived in Boston on the second of April, our voyage lasting just three months. I had seen sufficient of cold weather, had gratified a desire I had long entertained, to make, myself, the experience of a winter trip across the Atlantic, and now firmly determined that my future life at sea should be passed as much as possible in warm weather.

TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

CHAPTER X.

Ship for Calcutta—My new ship—Preparations for an India voyage—Sail from Boston—Points of difference between Indiamen and other ships—Discipline—Work—Our crew—A character.

REMAINING in Boston two weeks, I sailed in a large, comfortable ship, the Akbar, for Calcutta. The wages were twelve dollars per month. We carried seventeen hands before the mast, with a carpenter and sail-maker in the steerage, besides chief, second, and third mates.

We had a splendid ship — neat, clean, and plentifully supplied with stores of all kinds. Our forecastle, like those of most Indiamen, was on deck — what is called a topgallant-forecastle — airy, and tolerable roomy, although, for the matter of room, all the forward deck was before us, to eat, sleep, or play upon. It was understood that she was to be a watch-and-watch ship, and we expected to have a pleasant voyage — an expectation in which we were not disappointed.

In preparation for the warm weather in which I was to live for the next year or two, I provided myself with an abundance of blue dungaree, gave my ditty-box a thorough replenishing — laying in a large supply of needles, thread, tape, buttons, etc., and procuring, in addition, duplicates of pretty much

all articles that a sailor needs on board ship, such as knife, palm, sail-hook, marlin-spike, etc.

We sailed from Boston on a beautiful spring morning with all sail, even to the diminutive skysail, set — the admiration of a crowd of tars who had congregated on the wharf to bid good-by to their shipmates.

I found an Indiaman to differ in many things from the class of vessels in which I had been sailing since leaving the Service. Neatness and cleanliness, as regarded both vessel and crew, were much more looked after. The decks were nicely painted, and no stain of tar or grease was allowed to disfigure them. The rigging was fitted with greater care than common, and abundance of turk's-heads and fancy seizings and lashings bore witness to the sailorship of the mates and crew who last had it under their charge. No clumsy patchwork was to be seen on any of the sails — nothing but cloths neatly set in, to replace old ones.

The mates, too, were dressed much more tastefully than is usual with officers of merchant-ships, and the captain kept up a certain state in the cabin — having a boy to wait upon him, and only showing himself upon deck at seven bells, to take the sun or to get an observation, but never interfering directly with the working of the ship. In fact, he appeared so much of a dandy that we were somewhat inclined to doubt his seamanship, until, in the first gale we experienced, he showed himself under entirely different colors, and casting off the rather effeminate air common to him, took charge of the deck, and worked the vessel to the admiration of all hands.

PORT OF CALCUTTA.

The helmsman was expected to appear in neat and clean clothing, and had half an hour in his watch on deck allowed him wherein to change his suit, and prepare himself for his trick at the wheel.

As the voyage was to last much longer than a mere short trip to Europe, the discipline was somewhat stricter. Several weeks elapsed before all was arranged for the long passage to Calcutta, all port-gear, such as hawsers, fenders, boat's awnings, etc., duly repaired, refitted, and stowed away below, and all the necessary chafing-gear put on. By this time the capabilities of the crew had been pretty well ascertained, and henceforth each one was employed in the department for which he was best qualified.

I was chosen by the mate, in whose watch I was, as one of the sail-maker's gang, and my daily work was laid out for me, on the quarter-deck, repairing old sails and awnings, and making new ones. A facility in handling a palm and needle, and working about sails, is one of the best recommendations a seaman can have to the good graces of a mate. And as sewing on sails is the cleanest and easiest work done on board ship, fortunate is he who, when bound on a long voyage, is taken into the sail-maker's gang. He is exempt from all tarring and slushing, except on those general occasions when all hands tar down the rigging. While others are working in the broiling sun, on deck, or perched aloft, hanging on by their eyelids, he sits, in his clean white frock, under the quarter-deck awning, and quietly plies his needle. If he is, besides, a good helmsman, and a reliable man in a gale, he is likely to be a general

favorite, and to lead a very pleasant sort of existence — for a sailor.

Every ship, bound on a voyage of any length, carries at least three complete suits of sails — one a heavy suit, to be donned when approaching the higher latitudes, where rough winds prevail; a second, good, but lighter than the former, which to carry when running down the trades, or sailing in latitudes where the breezes blow steadily; and, lastly, an old suit, of little worth, which is bent on approaching the line, the region of calms and light winds, where sails are more quickly worn out by slatting against masts and rigging, and the continual hauling up and down in working ship, than in twice the time sailing in steady breezes.

Such a multitude of canvas requires endless repairing, altering, and sewing over. New sails are to be middle-stitched —that is, sewed down the middle of each seam—which materially adds to their strength and durability. Old ones need new cloths, or, perhaps, are ripped to pieces, and sewed together anew. Some are cut up, and transformed into awnings or lighter sails—and, altogether, there is sufficient work of the kind to keep a gang of four or five busy the entire voyage.

As to the rigging, that needs never-ceasing attention to keep it in the perfect order required on board a fancy East Indiaman. A large part of our outward passage was consumed in making spun yarn and marline, for which purpose a neat little iron winch had been provided, much better than the rude wooden contrivance fastened to a bit-head and turned with a rope's end, which is usually seen on board ship. Then the

spun yarn was to be made up into sword-mats and paunch-mats, suitable for various parts of the rigging, where the yards are likely to chafe. What with this, and refitting and setting up various parts of the rigging, our crew found plenty of work to their hands, and had no idle time when on deck.

In our watch below, there were clothes to make, in preparation for the warm weather of the Indies, and books to read, of which our crew fortunately had a good supply—rather better, in regard to quality, too, than are generally found in a forecastle. And when tired of this, there was an infinity of fancy work, such as beckets for chests, hammock lashings and clews, and various other contrivances, more for show than use, on which to employ our spare time, and exert our skill at the numberless knots and curious plaits in which your true East India sailor takes so much delight.

Busied thus, on deck and below, with a stanch ship under us, kind officers, and good living, we were a tolerably happy set. We were not either without matter for amusement. An occasional game at checkers or backgammon, or a general gathering in the last dog-watch to play "Priest of the Parish," served to enliven the time. Some of our shipmates, too, were characters—queer fellows—and of course were duly studied and commented on. Not the least among these oddities, who are to be found in almost every vessel, was an old English sailor, whose growling and fault-finding spirit made us dislike him at first, until we found what a kind and genial heart was hidden beneath the rough exterior.

The British sailor is a grumbler by nature. Place him

where you will—or even where he himself most desires to be—give him all that the heart can wish for, and he will grumble. In fact, the only way to make him happy is to give him plenty to eat and drink, plenty of hard work, and an unlimited privilege of growling. This is his chief happiness, and he is never so well pleased as when he has made every one about him uncomfortable. Withal, there is, it must be said, no better seaman to be found; he delights to be first in every place of duty; there is no more trustworthy fellow than he in a gale — no better helmsman, nor more practised leadsman, than Johnny Bull.

Allow him only his darling privilege of growling at you, and he will do all that mortal man can to serve you. Cursing you for a worthless, shiftless fellow, he gladly divides with you the last rag of his scanty wardrobe. Ask him for a needleful of thread, and he fretfully flings a whole skein at you, with an air under which not the most practised physiognomist could detect the pleasure which it really gives him to be of any assistance.

So, too, on deck; let him have the very best of the work, and he will growl; and should he—a most improbable thing—have no fault to find on his own account, he straightway takes up the cause of some one else, and expends his powers on the imaginary grievance of a shipmate. This petulant spirit is not liked in American ships, and many captains will not have British sailors at all. In fact, there is no reason in their grumbling. Half starved and badly treated in their own ships, they gladly avail themselves of any chance to leave them, and enter on board a "Yankee." But no sooner are they here than they grumble at the very privileges they enjoy, and

AN INDIAN PAGODA.

are ceaseless in their regrets at having left their own flag. To such an extent is this carried, that "To growl like a *Lime-juicer*,"* has become a proverb among American sailors.

The owners of the vessel, who had themselves made choice of the crew, had used especial care to ship no Englishmen; but one had slipped himself in among us, unknown to them, and we were not long out when his constitutional infirmity broke out. A kinder-hearted or more crabbed fellow than George never lived. No one could have been readier to confer a favor, and, truly, no one could have done it with a worse grace.

The first head wind was a fit occasion for him to give vent to the accumulated spleen of several weeks. Coming on deck and finding the yards braced sharp up, he solemnly shook his fist to the windward, and apostrophized the breeze somewhat as follows:

"Ay! I knew it; a head wind, and here we'll be beating about for the next six months, without getting as far as the line — as though you couldn't blow from anywheres else but the south'ard, just because we want to steer that way. But it's just my luck; it serves me right for coming on board a bloody Yankee."

It was not three days afterward when, on the return of a fair wind, and a consequent setting of studding-sails, George was heard to declare that he never saw such a ship for fair winds in his life, and he made a solemn vow — forgotten the

* "*Lime-juicers*," British sailors are called, from the fact that, on board English vessels, the law requires that the crews be furnished with a weekly allowance of the extract of limes or lemons, as a preventive of scurvy.

next moment — that if she carried him once to Calcutta, she might have fair winds forever, for him — he'd leave her.

So it was with everything. Now he would lose his twine in the folds of the sail upon which he was working, and would grumble at it for ten minutes after finding it, giving it an impatient kick with his foot at the close of the harangue, which sent it flying to the other side of the deck, furnishing him occasion for another growl in getting up to get it. Again, he could not find at hand some little article for which he had looked in his chest, and he fretfully declared it was "like a Neapolitan box, everything atop, and nothing at hand."

The lobscouse, which formed our morning meal, was always either underdone or burnt up, for George; the coffee was either too hot, or cold as dishwater; the pork all fat, and the beef all lean — in short, he had a singular and, to me, somewhat comic way of looking continually at the dark side of life.

Our crew, who could not, or would not, look beneath the shell of ill-nature with which he thus covered himself, took his mutterings as the real sentiments of the man, and soon grew to dislike him to some extent, although his known qualities as a stanch seaman secured him their respect; and many disagreeable altercations occurred in consequence. To me he was a study, and, as serving to relieve the monotony of our everyday life, a very interesting one.

Such being the case, we soon became friends and chums, much to the surprise of our shipmates, who were at a loss to know what Charley could fancy in that "growling old Limejuicer." As his particular friend, I of course came in for an

extra share of his petulancy. He was by many years my senior, and took upon himself to regulate all my conduct. He perseveringly found fault with all I did and did not, and was continually endeavoring to convince me that I was a mere boy —a know-nothing, so far as sailor-craft was concerned. Yet let any one else presume to speak slightingly of me, and George would turn upon him with a snarl, productive of speedy silence.

He was the oldest seaman on board, and had many, to me highly interesting, experiences to relate of his roving life. He had passed many years in the East Indies, sailing out of Calcutta and Bombay, in the "country ships," and in the company's service. In common with most East India sailors, he had been engaged in the opium traffic, having been several times nearly captured by the *Mandarin boats*, which act as river police on Canton River. Like most of his class, he entertained a supreme contempt for John Chinaman, believing him to be constitutionally a swindler and a cheat, for whom there was no redemption.

It was on a starlight mid-watch, as we were pacing the deck together, that I became the repository of a story of opium smuggling, which I will here transcribe, although not exactly in his own words.

I must premise that my chum had been in that business previous to the British war in China. At that time the Chinese revenue officers were much more strict than they have dared to be since. Then they attacked the vessels which brought the opium to the coast, while now they confine their vigilance solely to the wretched Chinese who smuggle the contraband article from the depot ship to the shore.

CHAPTER XI.

A yarn of opium smuggling—The vessel—The captain—Meet Mandarin boats—The fight—The cook's scalding water—The breeze springs up—The repulse.

"I HAD just returned," said George, "from a voyage to Cochin, on the Malabar coast, after cocoa-nut oil, when a shipmate put it into my head to take another trip in an opium-trader. There was just then lying in the river one of the prettiest little craft that was ever in that business, and you know they are all clippers. She was called the A——, and had only come out from Boston about six months before. With her low black hull, tall rakish masts, and square yards, she was a regular beauty, just such a vessel as it does an old tar's heart good to set eyes on—though for the matter of comfort, keep me out of them, for what with their scrubbing and scouring in port, and their carrying on sail at sea, to make a good passage, and half drowning the crew, there's very little peace on board of them. After all," said George, abating a little of his usual snarl, "it takes you Yankees to turn out the clippers. Why, I never saw any Scotch clipper that could begin to look up to that craft.

"We went aboard to take a look at the beauty, and before we left her had shipped for the voyage. The captain

A CITY OF INDIA.

was a lank West Indian, a nervous creature, who looked as though he never was quiet a moment, even in his sleep — and we afterward found he didn't belie his looks.

"After taking a cruise around Calcutta for a couple of days, we went on board, bag and hammock (for no chests were allowed in the forecastle). Our pay was to be eighty rupees per month, with half a month's advance. The vessel was well armed, having two guns on a side, beside a long Tom amidships. Boarding pikes were arranged in great plenty on the rack around the mainmast, and the large arm-chest on the quarter-deck was well supplied with pistols and cutlasses. We were fully prepared for a brush with the rascally Chinese, and determined not to be put out of our course by one or two Mandarin boats.

"We sailed up the river some miles, to take in our chests of opium, and having them safely stowed under hatches, proceeded to sea. With a steady wind we were soon outside of the Sand-Heads, the pilot left us, and we crowded on all sail, with favoring breezes, for the Straits of Malacca. If ever a vessel had canvas piled on her, it was the A——. Our topsails were fully large enough for a vessel of double her tonnage. We carried about all the flying-kites that a vessel of her rig has room for. Skysails, royal-studdingsails, jibejib, staysails alow and aloft, and even watersails, and save-alls, to fit beneath the foot of the topsails. Altogether, we were prepared to show a clean pair of heels to any craft that sailed those waters.

"She steered like a top, but our nervous skipper, who was not for a moment, day nor night, at rest, but ever driving the

vessel, had one of those compasses in the binnacle, the bottom of which being out, shows in the cabin just how the vessel's head is at any moment. Under this compass, on the transom, the old man used to lay himself down, when he pretended to sleep (for we never believed that he really slept a wink); and the vessel could not deviate a quarter of a point of her course, or, while we were on the wind, the royals could not lift in the least, before he was upon the helmsman, cursing and swearing like a trooper, and making as much fuss as though she had yawed a point each way.

"It was the season of the south-west monsoon, and of course we had nearly a head wind down through the Malacca Strait. But our little craft could go to windward, making a long tack and a short one, nearly as fast as many an old cotton tub can go before the wind.

"Our crew consisted of seventeen men—all stout, able fellows. There were no boys to handle the light sails, and it was sometimes neckbreaking work to shin up the tall royal mast when skysails were to be furled, or royal-studd'nsail-gear rove. We had but little to do on board. To mend a few sails and steer the vessel was the sum total of our duty, and as we had plenty of good books to read, those who were inclined that way had fine times. The rest spent their time playing at backgammon and cards, in the forecastle. On board these vessels the men are wanted mainly to work ship expeditiously, when necessary, and, in those days, to defend her against the attacks of the Chinese officers, whose duty, but ill-fulfilled, it was to prevent the smuggling of opium into the country.

"Once past Singapore, and fairly in the China Sea, we had a fair wind, and, with all studdingsails set, made a straight wake for the mouth of Canton River. As we neared the Chinese coast, preparations were made for repelling any possible attacks. Cutlasses were placed on the quarter-deck, ready for use, pistols loaded, and boarding-nettings rigged, to trice up between the rigging some ten feet above the rail, thus materially obstructing any attempts to board the vessel when they were triced up. While not in use these nettings were of course lowered down, out of the way of the sails.

"It did not take our little clipper many days to cross the China Sea. We had passed the Ass's Ears, the first land-fall for China-bound vessels, approaching the coast by this way, and were just among the Ladrone Islands, a little group lying in front of Canton Bay, and which is the great stronghold of the Chinese pirates, when we beheld, starting out from under the land, two of the long Mandarin boats. They appeared to know our craft, or to suspect her business, for they steered straight toward us.

"With the immense force they have at the oars, it did not take them long to get within gun-shot range, which was no sooner the case than our skipper, taking good aim, let fly a shot from Long Tom in their midst. This evidence of our readiness for them took them all aback, and after consulting together for a little, they showed themselves to be possessed of the better part of valor—prudence—by retreating to their lurking-place, behind the land.

"Our skipper heartily hated a Chinaman, and considered it

no more crime to shoot one than to kill a mad dog. He therefore had no compunctions of conscience about firing into them whenever they showed themselves inclined to molest him. He was an old cruiser in those waters, having passed the greater part of his life in the Indies, and knew that nothing was so apt to beat off the cowardly Mandarins as a show of resolute resistance, and a full state of preparation. We knew, therefore, that so long as we were in clear water and had a good breeze, there was but little to be feared from them. The only danger was in case we should be becalmed when we got under the lee of the land, as they would be keeping a constant watch upon us, and in such a case would no doubt make a desperate rush upon us, and perhaps capture us by mere superiority of numbers.

"'But you all know the penalty, boys, and it's better to die at your guns than be squeezed to death by those fellows,' said the captain.

"As may be imagined, we were all determined to defend ourselves to the last; even the black cook kept his largest boiler constantly on the galley stove, filled with boiling water, wherewith to give the rascals a warm salute, should they endeavor to board.

"Nowadays, since the Chinese war, the opium is in most cases transferred from the smuggling vessels to large ships which lie at the mouth of the river, principally near Lintin Island, as depot vessels, whence again it is smuggled on shore by the Chinese opium boats, whose crews run the greatest risk of all, as the Mandarin boats are at all times on watch for them.

They are a desperate set, and have frequent encounters with the Mandarins, when no mercy is shown on either side, the smugglers, however, generally gaining the day.

"In the days of which I am telling you, however, there were no depot ships, and every captain had to get rid of his own cargo as best he could. Those were the times in which opium smugglers scarcely expected to land a cargo without a skirmish of some kind.

"What we had feared shortly came to pass. In less than two hours after we had seen the boats, we lay becalmed under the land. The little vessel was perfectly unmanageable, drifting at the mercy of the current. Had we been far enough in shore, we should have anchored. As it was, we could neither anchor nor could we manage the vessel, to turn her broadside toward an enemy, should such appear. Luckily, Long Tom could be turned any way, and with his aid we thought to keep off our assailants.

"It was not long before these made their appearance. They had in the mean time obtained re-enforcements, and four large boats, containing from sixty to a hundred men each, now shot out from under the land, and came toward us with rapid sweeps. We did not wait for them to come to close quarters, but sent some shots at them from Long Tom. These, however, did not deter them. The calm had given them courage, and after discharging their swivels at us, with the hope of crippling the vessel, by hitting some of our tophamper—an expectation in which they were disappointed—they rushed to the onslaught.

"We now rapidly triced up our boarding nettings, and lying

down under shelter of the low rail awaited the attack. The boarding nets they were evidently unprepared for, as at sight of them they made a short halt. This the old man took advantage of, and taking good aim, let drive Long Tom at them, and luckily this time with good effect, knocking a hole in one of the boats, and evidently wounding some of her crew. Taking this as a signal to advance, and leaving the disabled boat to shift for itself, the remaining three now rapidly advanced to board. The wise scoundrels, taking advantage of the unmanageableness of our vessel, came down immediately ahead, to board us over the bow, a position where, they well knew, they were secure from the shot of our two light guns, which could only be fired from the broadside. Cocking our pistols, and laying the boarding pikes down at our sides, ready for instant use, we waited for them.

"Directly, twenty or thirty leaped upon the low bowsprit, some rushing to the nettings with knives to cut an entrance. We took deliberate aim and fired, about a dozen falling back into the boats as the result of our first and only shot. Dropping the firearms, we now took to the pikes, and rushed to the bow. Here the battle was for some minutes pretty fierce, and a rent having been made in the boarding net, the Chinamen rushed to it like tigers. But as fast as they came in they were piked and driven back.

"Meantime, one of the boats had silently dropped alongside, and ere we were aware of it, her crew were about boarding us in the rear. But here the Doctor (the pet name for the cook) was prepared for them, and the first that showed

their heads above the rail received half a bucketful of scalding water in their faces, which sent them back to their boat, howling with pain.

"'That's it, Doctor, give it to them,' shouted the old man, who seemed to be quite in his element. And he rushed down off the poop, whither he had gone for a moment to survey the contest, and taking a bucketful of the boiling water forward, threw it in among the Chinamen who were there yet obstinately contesting the possession of the bow. With a howl of mixed pain and surprise, they retreated, and we succeeded in fairly driving them back into the boats.

"A portion of us had before this gone to the assistance of the cook at the side, and had succeeded in keeping them at bay there. To tell the truth, the hot water frightened them more than anything else, and the boat's crew alongside required all the urging of their Mandarin officer to make them charge at all.

"Luckily, at this moment a squall, which had been for some time rising, broke upon us, and the brig began to forge ahead through the water. A more fortunate thing could not have occurred. With a shout of victory, we made a final rush at our assailants, and drove them back to their boats, which cutting adrift, and giving the one alongside a parting salute of half a dozen shot in her bottom, thrown in by hand, we left them. Our captain now strongly desired to turn aggressor, and at least run down one or two of them, but prudential considerations prevented him from committing the rather wanton destruction of life which this would have involved. For there was danger that the breeze would again subside, and we be

exposed to a second attack of the Chinamen, which was far from desirable. We therefore made the best of our way from the scene of action, steering toward Lintin Bay, where we were so fortunate as to meet a little fleet of opium boats, which quickly relieved us of our cargo, and we were no farther molested by the Mandarins, who had probably gotten a surfeit of fighting, an amusement they are not very fond of.

"But the old man vowed that the next time he was attacked he would have no mercy; a threat which he fulfilled on his very next voyage, when he sailed into Macao Roads with a Chinaman hanging at each yard-arm, after having run down two Mandarin boats and destroyed them, probably drowning most of the crew."

"But what arms did the Chinamen use to attack you?" asked I of George.

"Principally long knives, with which they cut right and left; but not the least effective of their weapons were large stones, of which their boats seemed to have an almost inexhaustible supply, and which were handed up to those who had obtained a footing upon the bowsprit, and thence hurled in our midst. Several of our men received severe bruises from these missiles. By keeping them from close fighting by means of our pikes, we prevented them from doing much execution with their knives. We had no less than seven men wounded in the encounter, but fortunately no one was dangerously hurt. We freely awarded the credit of our victory to the cook, whose hot water did more to discourage our assailants than either our firearms or pikes.

HINDOO DANCERS.

"As soon as we discharged our cargo, we proceeded on our return passage to Calcutta. It was on this trip that we were dismasted in a typhoon, in the China Sea. Of this I will tell you some other time, for it's nearly eight bells, and we'll heave the log directly and turn in."

We had again sailed through the pleasant south-east trades, again rounded the Cape, encountering there the usual storm, and were well on our way to Calcutta when the above yarn was spun. I must say that I enjoyed this trip much more than the one I had previously made through these waters in a vessel of war. A seventy-four-gun ship is much too large to be made a home of. One lives too much in public, as it were, and there are so many hands that one never gets intimately acquainted with all. On board the Akbar we were by this time all perfectly at home with one another, and were indeed like a band of brothers.

Then, the merchant vessel, with her smaller crew, has many conveniences and comforts which the man-of-war sailor is forced to do without. And the very work which he is obliged to perform, the being constantly busy when upon decks, makes the luxury of a free watch below all the more welcome.

While beating up the south-east trades, we all used to sleep on deck. From six till eight, the last dog-watch, was generally devoted to singing and yarning, and after that all hands brought out their pea-jackets, mats, and rugs, and, gathering in a little knot, lay down and talked themselves to sleep. Secure that the wind would neither increase nor decrease, nor change, we slept soundly all night, only roused by the mates, who were

not unfrequently obliged to wake up all hands, in order to find out whose wheel it was. Happy he who had no trick at the wheel all night. He could rest securely as though in his bed at home. The landsman who has been all his life accustomed to his undisturbed night's rest after the day's duties and fatigues can form no idea of the feeling of luxurious abandon with which a sailor closes his eyes on such an occasion, when an uninterrupted sleep of six or eight hours is almost a certainty, and his mind is bereft of all fear of being called out to tack ship or reef topsails.

CHAPTER XII.

The merchant seaman's Sunday—Growling George and I become chums—Catching fish—Porpoise meat—A storm off the Cape—The Sand Heads—The Hoogly—George and I determine to leave the ship—The pilots—Calcutta.

TO the merchant sailor, Sunday is a day of peculiar enjoyment. After six days of unintermitted labor, working, too, among tar and slush, and all manner of dirt, having no time for shaving or washing, and no chance to keep on clean clothes, the Sabbath comes in as a day of rest, when the mind and body are both relieved, and the human machine rests for a period. On this day all hands may luxuriate safely in clean shirts and trousers, and the entire forenoon is generally devoted to shaving, washing, and renovating in various ways the outer man.

On Saturday afternoons, the forecastle receives a thorough scrubbing at the hands of the boys, and for that and the next day every one is expected to take special pains not to make any litter on the white floor or decks. Sunday morning the decks are scrubbed, and those who have the morning watch have afterward time to make their toilet before breakfast. After breakfast, the other watch go through this duty, and then all hands may be seen lying about decks, some with books, others

re-reading old letters, while others yet take what is called, *par excellence*, "sailor's pleasure," in overhauling their chests, bringing their best clothing on deck to air, and counting over their stock of tobacco and pipes.

As during the week all on deck are kept constantly at work, and the watch below are expected to confine themselves to the limits of the forecastle, that they may not interfere with the labors of those on deck, it seems quite a privilege, on Sabbath, to roam at will about the ship, without fear of being set to work.

On board a vessel of war, where every day in the week is a Sunday, so far as exemption from work is concerned, the Sabbath itself is looked forward to with dread and dislike, because of the mustering and inspecting set apart for that day. But in the merchant service the Sabbath is a much-needed and welcome day of rest.

It may be asked, what manner of books are found in the forecastle? To that I must answer, all kinds. From the most abstruse metaphysical speculations to the merest sixpenny ballad, or the trashiest yellow cover, I have seen lying on the lockers of a ship's forecastle. Of course tales of the sea, such as Cooper's and Maryatt's novels, are found in greatest abundance, but it is not at all rare to find among the tarry frocks and trousers, in the sea-chest of an old sailor, such books as Shakespeare and Milton, the *Spectator*, Washington Irving, Goldsmith, and other standard authors. I have often found a gray-beard old seaman as familiar with the choicest authors in the English language as the veriest man of books and leisure

ashore. And I have heard shrewd criticisms passed on books and authors, in a dingy forecastle, which would not have done dishonor to some occupants of chairs professorial.

The reason for this is obvious. The sailor, if on board a good ship, has much spare time in his watches below, which he must while away in some manner; and books are not only the most natural, but the most satisfactory resort to relieve the monotony of a tedious passage. But there is very little intellectual aliment in the yellow-cover literature of the day, and the mind naturally flies to something more solid. Aside from this, it is impossible that a man should travel all over the world, visit most of the principal seaports, if nothing more, east, west, north, and south, and not pick up in his peregrinations very many items of information, to which, had he lived on shore, he would have remained a stranger, and which give to his mind an inquiring turn. And thus it happens that there are few more interesting talkers than an intelligent old seaman.

In nothing does a merchant vessel differ more from a man-of-war than in the bond of unity which exists between the crew. Where six or seven hundred men are crowded together in one vessel, it is natural that there should spring up cliques and parties, creating walls of separation between different members of the body. The reverse of this is the case in the merchantman, where the forecastle, in general, is as one man, not only in sentiment, but also to a very great extent in worldly possessions. Thus, while each individual makes it a point of duty to provide himself to the best of his ability

with everything necessary to him, whatever one has is always at the service of the rest, and such a thing as bringing aboard any delicacies from the shore, and not voluntarily dividing them in the forecastle, is never seen. The individual who would do so would be looked down upon as mean and selfish in the highest degree. A complete community of goods prevails, and what one has not, others are always ready to help him out in.

Besides this general brotherhood, a still closer bond of friendship generally obtains in a forecastle, between individuals who are drawn together by congeniality of disposition, long acquaintance, or other cause. Thus, two men will hold their entire property together, owning everything in common, looking out for one another's interests, aiding each other in difficulties, and laying out together their plans for the future. Such a connection is known as *chummyship*, and to have a good chum is one of the pleasantest parts of a voyage.

I had parted from my chum in Philadelphia, on my return from Liverpool, and had not since then found any one with whose ways and qualities I was sufficiently pleased to form a new connection of the kind. The crew of the Akbar were all strangers to me when we came on board in Boston, but most of them had been together before, and fell therefore naturally into little parties. How it first came about I could not tell, but it so turned out that growling George and I were gradually drawn together, and before we were a month out, he and I had agreed to be chums. He was the oldest, while I was the youngest seaman in the ship; he therefore claimed and exercised, in virtue of his experience and my youth, a

general oversight over me, which I was very willing to allow, inasmuch as it evinced that he felt an interest in my welfare, and also as in such an oversight I could profit by his superior experience, while I in return was glad to do for him any little services that lay in my power.

I saw and felt too, what many of our fellows could not perceive, that under a rough and unattractive outside, old George hid a kind heart, and that his growling was simply a matter of habit, and not the result of malice. We two had been very gradually becoming more and more intimate for some time, neither, however, making any more than very general advances toward each other, until on one rainy night I was about to go on deck without an oil-jacket, having mislaid mine. George, who was in the other watch at this time, called me back, and growling at me for a careless fellow, threw his over my shoulders, and bade me go on deck.

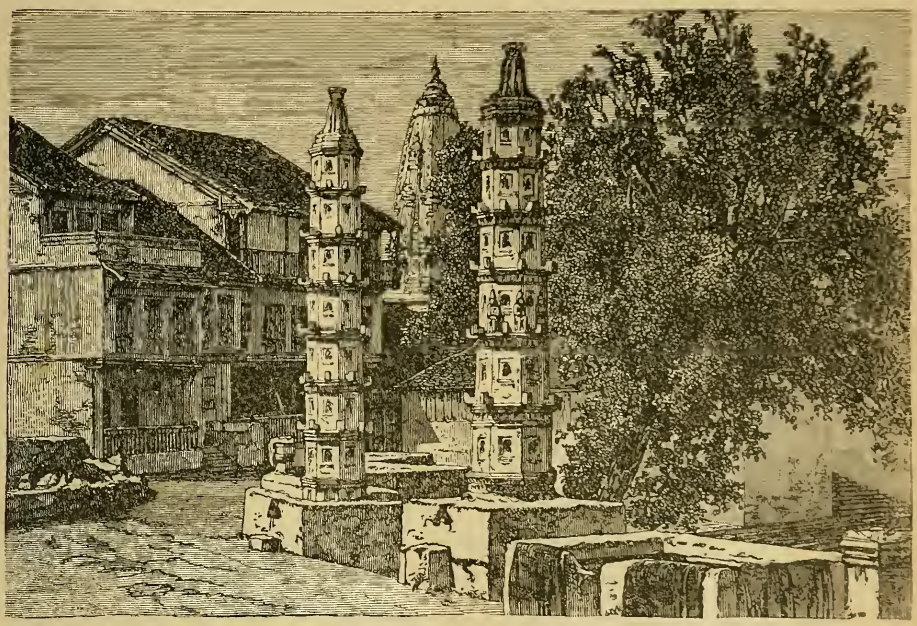
Now, if there is one thing that is never lent or borrowed in a forecastle, it is an oil-jacket. Pea-jackets, sea-boots, shirts, and even trousers, are freely offered and accepted, but an oil suit never, and he who has none of his own considers himself in honor bound to do without. It may be imagined, therefore, that not only I, but all who saw the action, considered it a great favor, and between George and myself the matter was at once and tacitly understood as an offer and acceptance of chummyship. Henceforth he took a more lively interest in me, and when, shortly after, I was overhauling my chest, he very good-naturedly sat down to aid me in arranging it to a little better advantage. Looking over my clothes, he showed me

where various improvements might be made in them, commended me for neatness, and read me a lecture on having a place for everything, where it could be found at a moment's notice, in allusion to my having before mislaid my oil-jacket.

Shortly after, his thread, needles, and thimble found their way into my ditty-box, and when once I desired to borrow a sail needle, of which he had a good supply, he told me to go to his chest and help myself. Thus, by almost imperceptible degrees we became closer friends, and shortly we held our property in common, and it was plainly understood, not only by our two selves, but by all hands, that we two were chums. Still not a word of such an arrangement had ever been spoken between us. It was well enough understood without. Henceforth I came in for a special share of his grumbling and fault-finding, which, however, I knew how to take, generally laughing him out of his ill-humor.

I found George's friendship valuable to me in many respects. Considerable deference is paid on board ship to age, and it was considered not more than right that I, who was the youngest, should be instructed in many things by my old chum. And a better instructor I could not have had. In his long life at sea he had gathered sea-lore wherever he went, and uniting the knowledge of the sailors of several nations, was at home in anything that could be done with a ship. He was standard authority both in the forecastle and aft, in all that pertained to rigging or managing a vessel, and his suggestions as to alterations in the rig were always listened to with deference by the mates, grumblingly as they were uttered.

If a new purchase was to be rove, a fancy knot to be tied, or any labor-saving tackle studied out, George was the mate's right-hand man, and to him the work was consigned, with the knowledge that in his hands it would be well done. To me his hints on steering, setting studdingsails, and



HINDOO PAGODA.

many other of the more laborious duties of the sailor were invaluable, enabling me to bring skill to the aid of strength, and perform my work better and with less exertion than otherwise I should have been able to do.

While beating through the south-east trades, making our

way toward the Cape, we frequently caught fish out of the schools that constantly surrounded the ship, affording an agreeable variety to our salt provisions. Here again the merchant sailor is favored far above the man-of-war's man. The latter has no access to the galley, and though he may catch fish all day, would not be able to get them cooked, there being no room for preparing anything but the regular ship's allowance. But in the merchant service, the cook is glad to have something to provide, for a change, and, as our lines hung constantly to the jib-guys, we had fresh fish, whenever we desired it, for a long time.

When off the Cape, we one day harpooned a porpoise, and I now for the first time ate of this fish. The porpoise is a fish of the whale kind, from six to ten feet long, and having a pointed nose or bill, giving the head some little resemblance to a bird's. The meat resembles somewhat coarse beef, but is much darker—almost black. The liver, which is the choicest part, and is considered quite a delicacy, is hardly to be distinguished, when cooked, from the liver of a hog.

Before we fairly doubled the Cape, we experienced the usual gale of wind, without which it seems almost impossible to get into the Indian Ocean, and although the wind was fair, we were compelled to shorten sail.

"Ay, reef her down," growled my chum, "just as though you wanted her to lay here like an old hulk."

"But, George," said one, "you would not want to steer her to-night, with whole topsails?"

"Let him put topgallantsails on her, and I'll steer her

COTTON MERCHANTS OF INDIA.

with one hand. Who wants to wallow about here just like some old Dutch drogher? I want to get to Calcutta."

Nevertheless, with all his grumbling, George was the first man on the topsailyard, and took occasion, while he and I were securing the lee-earing, to prophesy that we would be at least six months on our passage, "shortening sail for every cap-ful of wind." In his heart the old fellow was glad of the comfortable night's rest which our taking in sail secured to all hands, but his growl was as earnest and persistent, as though he had been really an ill-used man.

We were but a few days off the Cape, and with a fair wind soon regained a warmer latitude. With the aid of favoring breezes we made a quick run to the Sand Heads, where receiving a pilot from one of the pilot brigs which have there their cruising ground, we were soon in the Hoogly.

The Sand Heads are shoals formed by the deposits of the Hoogly. They extend to some distance beyond the mouth of the river, and their navigation is difficult and often dangerous. None but the smaller country vessels venture upon the intricate channels without the aid of a pilot. Sauger Point is the first land made by vessels approaching the mouth of the Hoogly.

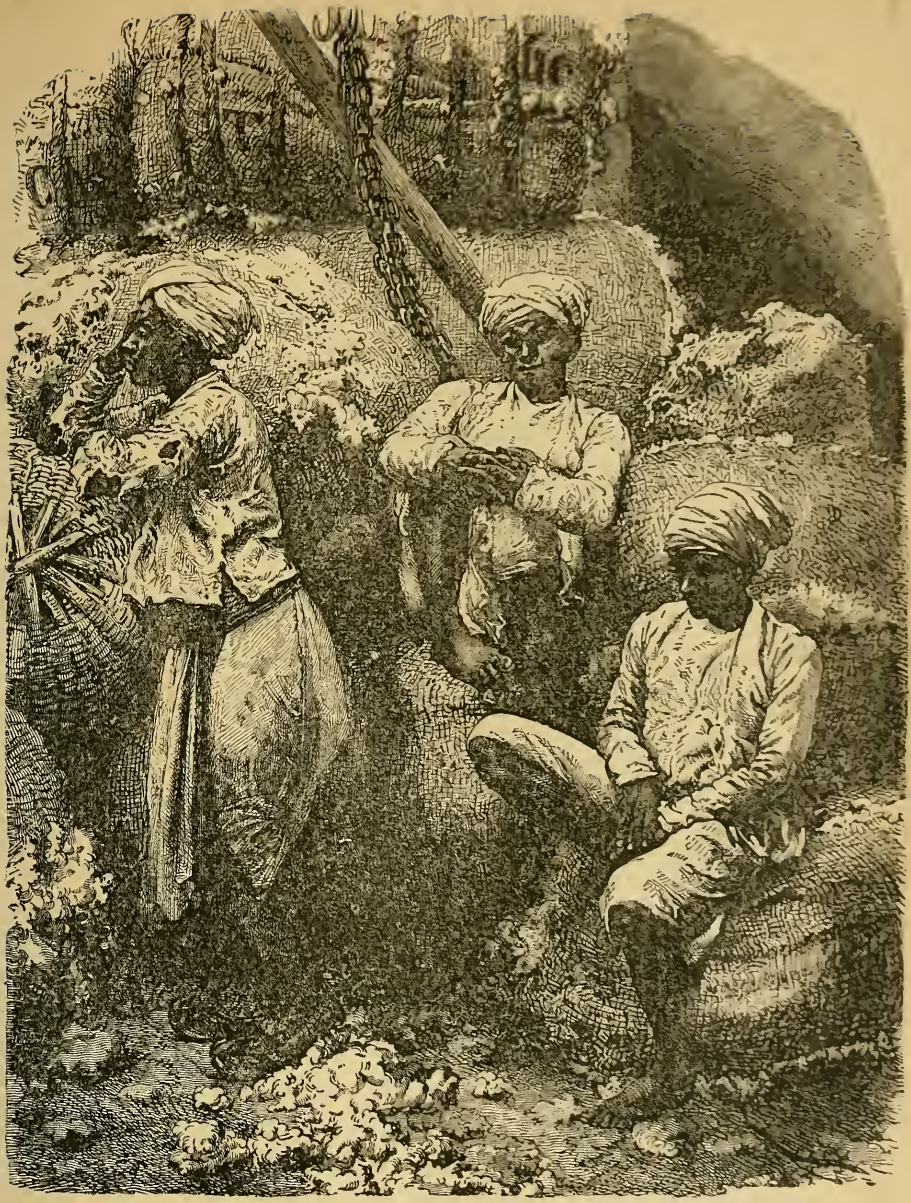
No sooner were we in the river than everything at once assumed an East India air. The officers donned jackets and trousers of dazzling white, the crew wore their lightest clothing, the awnings were spread, and as we sailed up the broad stream leading to Calcutta, its shores studded with vegetation in all the exuberance of a tropical climate, I could almost fancy that

we had all been metamorphosed into East Indians, so complete was the change in appearance of the vessel and her crew.

The city of Calcutta lies about one hundred miles from the junction of the Hoogly with the sea. The river banks, for a portion of the way, are low and marshy, forming a dense jungle, with here and there a native hut peeping out from the mass of green foliage. Above Fort Diamond, however, about half way up, European and native residences begin to abound on the river bank, and as these are laid out with all the magnificence that art and money can produce, they make up a most enchanting scene.

My chum, George, who was a real vagabond, had already wearied of the monotony of life on board the Akbar, and longed for a change. He had determined not to go home in the ship, but to take a chance in a lime-juicer, or a country ship, where he could make a short trip to some other East Indian port, and again try a new vessel. He of course confided his wish to me, and urged me to go with him. I readily entered into his project, as it chimed well with my own desire to see somewhat more of the East Indies than I should be likely to, did I remain in the Akbar. We had, therefore, already before we made the land, picked out such of our joint stock of clothes as we considered it best to take along, when we should leave, and determined to avail ourselves of the first suitable chance that offered, after our arrival at Calcutta.

The pilots on the Hoogly are perhaps the greatest gentlemen to be found in all their fraternity. Although sterling sailors,



INDIAN LABORERS.

and masters of their business (and their duty on the river is of the most arduous kind), they bear about them none of the rough looks or manners of the sailor. They are mostly men of education, not a few of them dabbling in literature, and some of the most creditable prose and poetry in the Oriental magazines is dated from the pilot brigs "off the Sand Heads."

The slender and rather effeminate gentleman who was assisted up our gangway, and took charge of the vessel, with his jewelled fingers, and dainty tread, smacked more of the parlor or the counting-house than of the ship. But he was not ten minutes on board before we knew that we had a seaman to deal with.

He brought on board with him a leadsman and a private servant, two swarthy Hindoos, and sufficient baggage to last him, so we thought, for a voyage round the world. Navigation on the Hoogly is of the most difficult, as the channel is almost constantly shifting, and the tides and currents are extremely rapid. It is necessary, therefore, to keep the lead constantly going, and the line used by the pilot's leadsman, a man of no little experience himself, is marked at every three inches, instead of every six feet, as is the common lead line.

We had sailed but little ways up the river when we were hailed by a steam-tug, and as our captain was anxious to get up to the city, she was called alongside, and took us in tow. This greatly lightened our labors, and by the time we reached the anchorage abreast of Calcutta, we had the topgallant and royal yards sent down, the lighter sails unbent, and the ship all ready for a long stay in port.

Most vessels coming to Calcutta are moored in tiers in the river, opposite the city, and at but little distance from the shore, where they discharge and take in cargo. Great care is taken to preserve the health of the crew, as the city is noted as a sickly place in the summer season. Gangs of Hindoos are employed to labor in the hold, at discharging or stowing cargo, the ship's company being employed in fitting up the rigging, working under awnings spread fore and aft over the upper deck. These awnings are kept up night as well as day and under them the men sleep at night, secure from the noxious influences of the heavy dews.

The manner of working of the Hindoo stevedores afforded me much amusement. It is necessary, in the first place, to have double the number of them that would be required of Europeans (as all whites are called in the Indies). The gang is under the command of a *serang*, whose orders are implicitly obeyed, and who is amenable to the captain for the good conduct of his men. They make much noise, singing and shouting, but work very slowly. Besides the tools for working, which they bring aboard, and their cooking utensils, each gang is the possessor of a large pipe, with a long flexible tube, called a hookah, and by the sailors denominated a hubble-bubble, on account, I suppose, of the peculiar bubbling made by the water in the lower bowl, through which the smoke is drawn into the tube. The hubble-bubble is lit early in the morning, and does not again go out during the day, the gang relieving each other regularly at it, one being always smoking. This is considered a matter of course, and no surprise is felt to see a man break

A RIVER OF INDIA.

off in the middle of a severe lift, to relieve his companion at the pipe.

They have their own cook, their own galley, their own utensils and provisions, and even have assigned to them a special water-cask, from which none of the Europeans are allowed to use. The law of caste enforces this upon them, and although they are the very lowest of the population, they have the utmost abhorrence to eating anything which a white man has touched. The sailors are strictly forbidden from playing tricks upon them, as they would be too likely to do otherwise, practical jokes being something that Jack is exceedingly fond of.

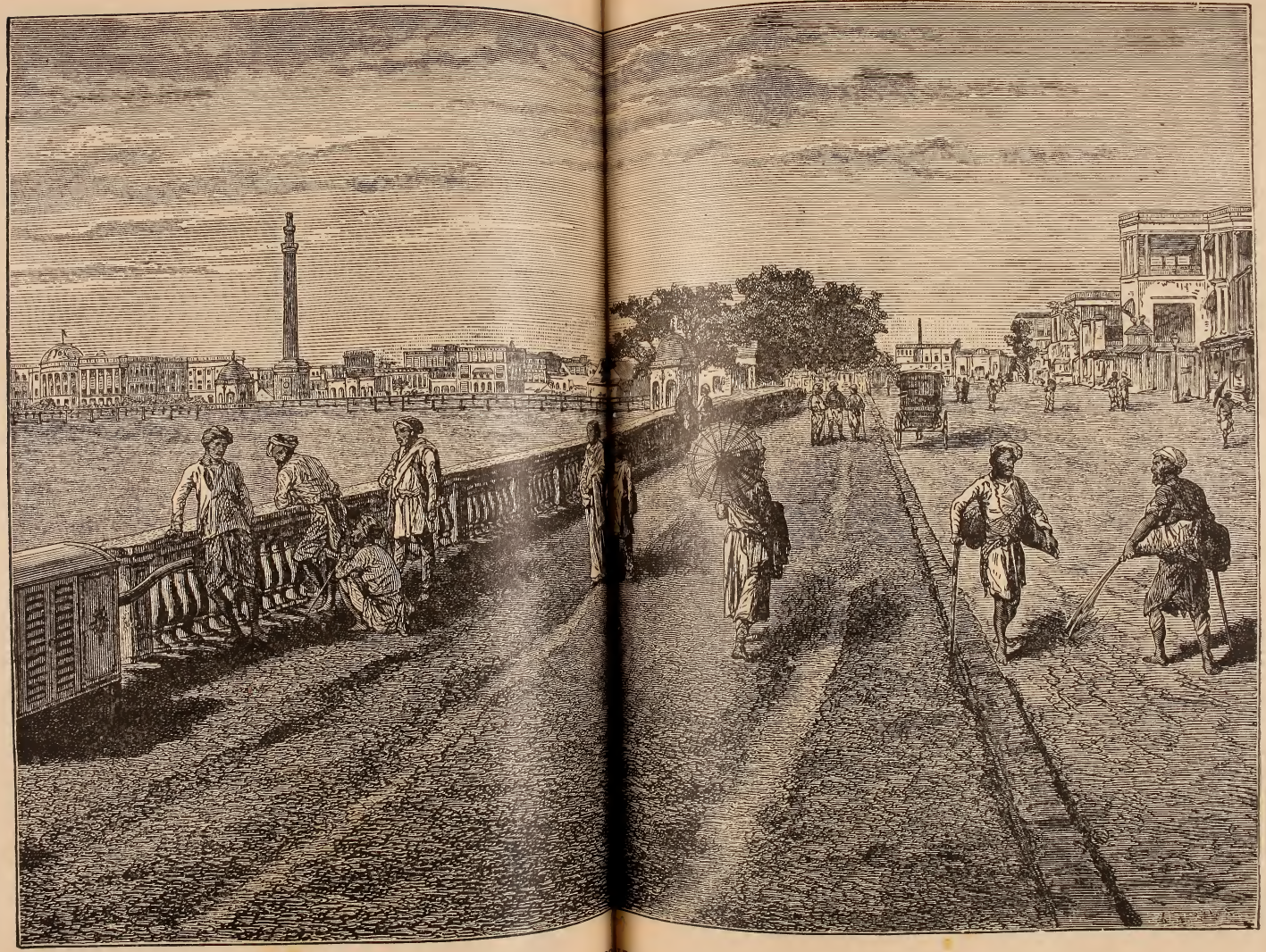
To facilitate communication with the shore, the ships have native boatmen hired, who, for a certain sum, are always, day and night, at hand to transport persons to or from shore. These are called *dingy wallahs*, *wallah* being a term signifying merchant or trader, and of universal application to all manner of occupations.

Every kind of tropical fruit is to be had in abundance in Calcutta. All the conveniences and comforts which heart can desire are here at hand. Clothing is cheap and of good quality. Every kind of food is also very cheap. The natives work for the merest trifle, and one no sooner sets his foot on shore than he is besieged by numbers of them, asking for a job, offering to procure him a palankin, volunteering to show him about the town, begging from him, or endeavoring, by the performance of various juggling feats, to draw a little money out of your pocket.

With sailors, Calcutta is a favorite port. There are few

places even in India where their money will hold out so well, and fewer still where they find united so many of the concomitants which go to make up a good spree.

I was ashore but twice, both times in the evening after the day's work was finished, but I saw that Jack carries it there with a high hand. Rupees fly about as though they grew on trees in the next jungle, and India Jack, in his white suit, orders his servants about with the air of a lord.



ON THE COURSE, CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER XIII.

Leave the Akbar—An English vessel—Sail for Madras—Some of the peculiarities of British ships—Arrive at Madras—The port—Manner of taking in cargo—How I got into the sailmaker's gang—The surf boats—A storm and its consequences.

WE had been but a few days in port, and I had only been twice on shore in the evening, of course seeing but little of the town or the inhabitants, when my chum came on board late one night and communicated to me the fact that an English vessel about to sail for Madras was in want of hands, and that the captain had offered him and me a chance. I demurred somewhat at leaving Calcutta, before I had taken a daylight look at it, but was silenced by George saying that when we came back we could stay a month ashore if we desired. I therefore agreed to go with him, and it was arranged that the next night we would go on board the bark, as she was to sail early the succeeding morning.

That night we arranged into suitable bundles the effects we intended to take with us, and the next evening, bidding good-by to a few of our shipmates, but without communicating to them our destination, we called the *dingy wallah* and were set ashore. We walked down the side of the river until we

came abreast of the English bark, and on hailing were quickly taken on board, in her own boat.

Here we found all things ready for sea, an anchor watch already set, windlass brakes shipped, and topsails hanging by the bunt gaskets. Early next morning we got underweigh, and sailed down the river with a fair wind and tide.

When the topsails were sheeted home and hoisted up, George, who had evidently not considered his escape as made good until then, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, cheerfully:

"Now, boy, you're on board a lime-juicer; look aft and see the red cross waving over your head."

It had not occurred to me before, but as I glanced in that direction and saw the blood-red ensign of England fluttering in the spot where until now I had been used to see only the Stars and Stripes, I for the first time realized that I was a stranger. For the moment I felt my heart sink, and longed to be back in my old ship, with the *gridiron* overhead. But regrets were now useless, and the reflection that at any rate I was about to see something new, to make myself acquainted with another phase of sea life, made me contented with my position. And with that never-failing comforter of the sailor, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?" I drove away all feelings of regret, and went cheerfully to my work.

The passage to Madras, although lasting but a few days, was sufficient to give me quite an insight into many of the peculiar points of difference between English and American ships and sailors. British ships partake largely of that solidity which is a peculiar characteristic of John Bull. A spirit of utilita-

rianism pervades all. Strength and durability are qualities much more looked after than beauty. And while everything is neat and seaman-like, there is none of that light, airy grace which is noticeable in the Yankee.

The American sports an extravagant length of spars, and seeks to give his vessel a rakish look, even if she is the dullest of cotton boxes. The *Briton* — so John Bull delights to be called when away from his native isle — the Briton saws off every superfluous inch of timber, scarcely leaving enough to keep his rigging safely on the masthead. The American paints his masts and often his yards white, aiming to give to heavy spars a light and graceful appearance. The Briton scrapes his mastheads and blacks his yards, imparting to both an appearance of massive strength and solidity. The American decorates the hull of his ship with a shining coat of paint, making her old and worn planks look as though just from the builder's hands. The Briton coal-tars his vessel's bends, that the water may not penetrate to and injure the wood. The American uses Manilla running rigging and patent sheaves, because they run better and save labor. The Briton persists in stiff hemp ropes and old-fashioned blocks with sheaves that make a revolution perhaps once a voyage, because both last longer. So the parallel might be carried out *ad infinitum*, but it would scarce interest any one except a sailor.

In point of speed there may be but little difference between American and English vessels; so far as durability is concerned, the Briton has undoubtedly the advantage—if advantage it may be called in these days of progress in all arts, to construct

vessels which will last until their models have been eclipsed, and they are only noticeable as dull sailing remnants of other days.

But where grace and fancy are concerned, and, more particularly still, as regards devices for saving the heavy labor in working ship, the Briton is at least a dozen years behind the Yankee. Scarce an American vessel sails that has not patent blocks, light, soft running rigging, winches, cleats, and fifty other contrivances for facilitating work, while all such things are extremely rare in British vessels, and the British sailor relies yet upon the old-fashioned *handy-billy tackle*, and works ahead by "main strength and stupidness," as they say at sea. The consequence is, that American vessels carry usually about one third less hands than British, and get along equally as well, if not better.

British seamen are, in everything, part and parcel of their ships. The American seaman is quick and lively. The Briton is slow and sedate. The Yankee endeavors to look at the pleasant side of life; the lime-juicer's only pleasure is to growl. The former is careless and light-hearted; the latter gets drunk with the same sedate and dogged perseverance with which he combats and overcomes the elements. The one regards life from a business point of view, the other does his duty—and growls.

In point of thorough, old-fashioned seamanship the Briton is ahead of the Yankee. He dips deep, while the American skims over the surface. But the day has gone by when this old-fashioned seamanship was a necessary qualification. And the

proof of this lies in the fact that American ships and officers, with half the preparation and one quarter the sailorcraft, makes as fortunate if not luckier voyages than British vessels.

During my stay in the Indies, I had often occasion to wonder at the entire lack of preparation displayed on board of American vessels, trading there from port to port. A British Indiaman does not start on her voyage without an ample supply of spare spars—almost sufficient to re-spar her fore and aft. She carries out at least four heavy anchors and cables, besides a number of stream anchors and kedges. And her captain and mates would be thought little of were they not able to re-rig her from deck to truck, should she be dismasted.

The Yankee sets sail on his long voyage with a couple of spare topmasts, two anchors, and a kedge, and a boundless trust in Providence and his own management for the rest. The officers are good navigators, and as to replacing a broken spar, they are prepared to study it out when it is needed. But of the two, the Yankee mostly comes out ahead.

I found the discipline on board my new ship much different from that I had been used to. The men were ordered about less gently, and did their work more sullenly. The line of separation between fore and aft was more strictly drawn. Each man was expected to know his duty as a seaman, and do it, and woe to him who in any particular fell short.

The British sailor—poor fellow—has rights. His importance to the national welfare has had the effect of hedging him about with a barrier of preventives, to such an extent that he cannot

turn around but what he steps on one of the very laws enacted to secure him against the imposition of his superiors. The law prescribes that he shall have a certain allowance of provisions—barely enough for a man of moderate appetite—and if it rained victuals he could not get any more. The law provides that he shall be allowed his forenoon watch below, and therefore the captain takes care that he shall be kept on deck all the afternoon. The law specifies certain duties, which the seaman must be able to perform; and however unnecessary or uncalled for some of these may be, unless he is entirely *au fait* of them, the captain considerately docks his wages. The law provides that the owner shall pay off his men within a certain number of days after the arrival of the ship at her port of discharge, and the captain and owner take care not to do so a day before. Thus Jack Tar, with his rights securely protected, and the law entirely on his side, finds himself almost altogether helpless, and without a single privilege.

The allowance on our vessel was a pretty hard sample of living. I do not now remember the quantity, including bone, of beef and pork that was weighed out to each man daily, but I have not forgotten that it was generally eaten up at dinner, and we were left for breakfast and supper to subsist on dry bread and tea, or coffee.

Lobscouse, that savory mess, the almost invariable breakfast dish in an American ship, is only traditionally known in a lime-juicer, the law not reaching to that. I remember yet, with a feeling of inward shame, the greedy eyes which used to watch the kid of thin pea soup, to see that no one got more than his law-

ful pint. And so diminutive was the duff* that a facetious fellow desired to "toss up for who should have it all."

"Good luck to you, Charley, and may you never see a banyan day," was the last wish of an old shipmate, as he bade me good-by, on T wharf at Boston.

As I laughed at the whimsical wish, I did not think how soon I should experience all the barrenness of banyan. The American sailor sees no banyan day. The British sailor has one provided for him by law. I do not know where the expression originated, but it is reputed very old. The sailor's bill of fare offers but three changes — beans or peas, rice and duff. These are alternated, so that each occurs twice a week. Of course, in this arrangement, one day, Saturday, is left unprovided for. This, in American merchant vessels, is devoted to codfish and potatoes; in men-of-war, beans supply the vacancy. In most British ships it is left unsupplied, and this makes a *banyan day*, of which I saw not a few while sailing under the meteor flag.

Madras on the Coromandel coast is one of the most important seaports in the British possessions in the East. Those who first laid out the city must have had singular ideas as to what makes an advantageous position for a seaport. There is no harbor or bay to make safe anchorage for shipping—scarcely an indentation in the land. Vessels come to anchor at a distance of from a mile to two miles from the shore, with the broad bay of Bengal on one side and the surf-bound beach on the other. There is no shelter from storms, and the only way when

* *Duff* is a mess composed of flour, water, and fat, mixed in proper proportions to make it indigestible, put in a little bag, and boiled for an hour or two before dinner.

one comes on is to weigh anchor, or, in case of emergency, slip the cable, and endeavor to make an offing, returning when the weather moderates.

So strongly does the surf break on the shore, that it is entirely unapproachable to ship's boats, and all communication with the city is held by means of surf boats, manned by naked half-savage Hindoo fellows, who seem to delight in their rough business. These boats discharge cargo, and bring alongside freight from shore. In them, passengers are taken ashore through the surf, thinking themselves fortunate if they get safely to land without a thorough drenching. It is only in fine weather that even the surf boats can work, and on the least sign of the breeze setting on shore all communication is entirely cut off. With all these disadvantages, Madras is a place of much business, and the anchorage, or Roadstead, as it is styled by courtesy, is always studded with shipping.

In the season of the regular Monsoons, the shipping lie safe enough, as the wind may then be relied upon, both as to strength and direction. But during the two or three months each year, between the changes of the Monsoons, when the wind has thrown off its bonds, and is so to say at liberty, Madras is a hazardous port.

In these times, every precaution is taken to prevent being caught in one of the prevailing gales. The topsails are furled with a double reef in them, topgallantmasts are sent down on deck, the anchor is securely buoyed, that the cable may be slipped without danger of losing it, and everything is kept well secured about decks, ready at any moment to run out to sea. The crew

MADRAS.

are kept at regular sea watches, and by the rules of the port no one but the captain is permitted to leave the vessel, and even he, I believe, is supposed to return on board every evening. The anchorage is at no time very quiet, and even with a slight breeze vessels ride bows under, pitching, rolling, and tossing about, much more than if under sail.

We remained in the Roads about two weeks, merely long enough to take in part of a cargo of rice, with which we were bound to Sydney, New South Wales. The rice was brought alongside in surf boats of course, and from them hoisted in and stowed in the hold by the crew. A surf boat load is not a great deal, and as on the most favorable days we did not receive more than five or six boat loads, we were not fully occupied in receiving and stowing cargo, and spent the intermediate time in working on sails.

If a knowledge of sailmaking is a good thing on board an American vessel, it is thrice more valuable in a lime-juicer, and I found on board my new ship that a facility in handling the palm and needle was the most valuable recommendation I could have brought with me. My chum, George, and I were almost from the first received into the mate's favor and spent the greater part of our voyage in the vessel, under the quarter-deck awning, making and mending sails. George being an old man was at once taken into the sailmaker's gang, on his saying that he understood the work; but I, who was quite a stripling, and looked even more boyish than my age warranted, was subjected to a severe trial before I fairly won my way to the same place.

In British vessels, age is considered a necessary qualification for a seaman, and the principle seems to be, the older man the better sailor. A boy remains a boy, and must do a boy's duty, no matter what his strength or knowledge of sailor-craft may be. Woe to the unlucky fellow who presumes to ship as seaman before he is able to show a respectable beard. He is viewed by his fortunate older shipmates with a large degree of jealousy, and is likely to have all his seamanship put to the test by the mate.

Besides my unlucky deficiency in years and whiskers, I had the additional disadvantage of being a Yankee, and I found very shortly after we left Calcutta that the mate had determined to see if there was no flaw in me, while the crew, though sufficiently friendly, watched me with jealous eyes, determined to hold aloof from any close communion of friendship, before I had proved myself "as good a man as I had shipped for." All this was not very agreeable, but I determined that the Yankee name should not suffer in my person, and with the aid of a little neatness in workmanship, which is easier acquired in a man-of-war than anywhere else, I left even the mate no cause for fault-finding.

On board an American merchant vessel, the fact that a man is not familiar with some piece of work on rigging is not counted against him as a disgrace, provided he is otherwise a good hand, one whose pull on a rope can be felt, and who is not behindhand in a gale of wind. But with British sailors, this matter is entirely different. One may be able as possible, if there is found any flaw, however slight, in his seamanship,

SCENE IN NEW GUINEA.

if he is so unfortunate as to get hold of work which he cannot do, or if he appeals to a shipmate for information on any point of duty, he is directly looked down upon as "no sailor." Thus to have made a trip in a British vessel is considered no bad test of an American sailor's merits, and to have "weathered a voyage in a lime-juicer," is something to be mentioned with proper pride in the forecastle.

I was by this time tolerably *au fait* of most of the work to be done on a vessel's rigging; could send down or receive a topgallantmast, turn in a dead-eye, or crown a hawser, in a seaman-like manner, and was conscious of but one deficiency in my knowledge of sailorcraft. I did not know how to splice a hawser, a difficult piece of work, requiring great neatness in execution, and a job which is not often necessary to be done on board ship. I was not without a theoretical knowledge of this, even, growling George having taken great pains to post me up thoroughly in everything of the kind, but I had never seen it done, and feared that something of the kind would now be put in my hands, and I should fail to acquit myself creditably. So much did this trouble me, that I dreamed once of the mate having given me two pieces of hawser, as large as the mainmast, to splice, and when I was done, and just cutting off the ends, it seemed that these ends were the mate's toes. As I clipped the first one, he uttered a dreadful howl, and he and the hawser somehow got mixed up and changed into an enormous serpent, which, with rage in every feature, was darting toward me, when I awoke, only to find that the watch had been called, and it was high time to turn out.

My fears were however needless; nothing of the kind was found necessary, and I passed safely the ordeal the mate had set for me. The consequences were that I was much more thought of by the crew, and that one morning at Madras, when dividing out work, the mate said to me:

"Here, my lad, bring your sail bag aft, and I'll give you something to do." And for the balance of the cruise I was of the sailmaker's gang.

Ten days were sufficient for us to take in all the rice we were to obtain, and we then lost no time in getting away from Madras. The surf-boats, which, as before mentioned, bring out cargo, are pulled out and back, between shore and ship, by means of ropes stretched along in all parts of the Roadstead, communicating with the landing-place on shore. These ropes are buoyed in various parts of the Roads, and the first thing necessary to be done, after coming to anchor, is to pick up the nearest one of the buoys, and secure to the bows the bight of rope attached. The surf broke on shore with great force, and we could see the boatmen as they cautiously approached its bounds, and waited for a large wave, rising on which, and exerting all their power to keep their boat straight, they were shot on shore, where a number of men were always in readiness to run the boat up high and dry, beyond the reach of the next sea. They are large, broad, heavily-built boats, sharp at each end, and capable, if the water was smooth, of carrying a large load, but on account of the surf they are in general but lightly loaded. The boatmen, whom long experience has taught every peculiarity of the weather here, can

A KATAMARAN IN SURF.

tell the approach of a gale, it is said, even before the barometer gives notice of it, and at such times refuse to venture out to the shipping.

One of our men, who had been in Madras Roads a year before, related to us his experience of a storm. They had sent ashore about half their cargo, and received on board a quantity of rice—for the boat that takes ashore goods from the ship brings back the return freight, it being important to keep enough cargo in the ship at all times to enable her to stand up before a gale—when the Semaphore on shore displayed the signals signifying the approach of a storm. Everything was at once secured, in the hold and on deck, and preparations made to get up anchor and run out to sea.

Before, however, they could do this, so heavy a sea had set in that it was found impossible to bring the ship up to her anchor, and as the weather looked very threatening, they buoyed the chain, took the bearings of their anchor buoy, and slipped and ran out to sea, under double-reefed topsails, with the hope of making an offing.

"We knew," said Peters, the man who gave us this narrative, "by the gray scud flying across all day, and the sea, which was getting every moment higher, that before night we would probably feel the full force of the storm. And accordingly we made the best of our way out to sea, thinking ourselves safe could we only secure an offing. But before such a storm as we this time saw, nothing could stand. It gradually freshened until sunset, when we took in all sail but a close-reefed maintopsail, reefed foresail, storm forestaysail, and storm mizzen.

We were obliged to keep this on her, in order, if possible, to hold our own, off shore. As the sun sank yellow and fiery beneath the waves, it became evident that there was a fresh hand at the bellows, for the squalls were getting harder and harder, until the wind fairly screamed as it rushed through the tightened rigging.

"The watch had just come on deck, at eight bells, eight o'clock, when with a burst of thunder, seeming to break from all quarters at once, and a continual blaze of lightning, the real storm, of which the squalls had only been the precursors, was upon us. The old ship lay over to it, and the stout topmasts buckled like whip-handles, as we wallowed deeply through the mountain seas. The thunder was so incessant that we could not hear one another speak, and the gale increased, puff after puff, until it seemed as though nothing would be able to stand before it.

"'I wish we had the topsail and foresail in now,' said the captain, 'it would save us some trouble.' But it was blowing too hard to take in any sail, without having it blown to pieces, and it was better to let it fly away out of the bolt-ropes, than slat to pieces in clewing up.

"The sea had increased so that the ship was nearly unmanageable, and as it occasionally broke over the bow, all hands had been summoned aft, to be within call, and in a safe place.

"We knew that if the wind did not suddenly change, as is the way with these gales, we could weather it well enough, for even if the topsail was blown away, it would only be the

trouble to bend another, when the gale moderated. But the worst of these storms lies in the fact that when the gale is at its height, the wind usually chops around suddenly, and blows as hard from the opposite quarter, as from that in which it began. These sudden alterations not only make the sea much worse, but place the ship between wind and sea, making it impossible to trim her close to either one.

"Axes had been brought on deck early in the evening, and placed near the wheel, for use, in case we should want to cut away anything. The gale steadily increased until twelve o'clock, when it seemed to be at its height. Now came a little lull, and then with a crash of thunder louder than any before, the wind was upon us from the opposite quarter. All hands were on deck, awaiting the shift, but it came so suddenly and violently that we could not do anything with the braces. The topsail and foresail were caught aback, and the vessel lay down on her beam-ends, until we feared she would not right again.

"'Cut away the mainmast and mizzenmast,' shouted the captain, through his speaking trumpet.

"Some of us were let down to leeward with ropes made fast about the middle, to prevent our being swept overboard, while we cut away the lanyards of the lee rigging, and this done the mate and second mate touched their knives to the weather lanyards. It required but a touch, and the overstrained ropes gave way, and with a crash the mast swept over the side. All this was of course the work of a minute, and did not last so long as I take in telling it.

"Relieved of the weight of her two masts, she righted a

little, but the foresail and foremast, upon which we had counted to pay her head off from the wind, seemed only to have the effect of bearing her down in the water. She was gathering stern-way, when the captain motioned to the foremast, and scrambling and climbing forward, along the now almost perpendicular deck, we also cut that away. This eased her, and she gradually righted to an even keel.

"As it was necessary to have something set to keep her to the wind, we spread a hatch tarpaulin from the stump of the mizzenmast to a spar fastened at the break of the poop, and with the aid of this little rag, about six feet long by four wide, we managed to keep our hulk out of the trough of the sea. No longer under the steadying power of the masts, she rolled and pitched and tossed about, as I never thought a vessel could. It was like being shaken about in a box. All hands had to fasten themselves to the rail, to prevent being literally thrown overboard, in her sudden rolls.

"The gale continued until next morning. About eight o'clock it began to moderate, and by twelve there was but a gentle breeze, the sea being yet, however, quite rough. That evening we began our preparations for rigging jury fore and main masts, and after two days of incessant and severe labor were able to set two topgallantsails on our new masts, by the aid of which we slowly made our way toward Calcutta, to which port it was now necessary to go, in order to have the vessel refitted, as Madras Roads present no facilities for such work.

"We were thirty-five days beating and drifting up to Sauger Point, and there we had to take a steamer up to the city, as

we had neither anchor nor cable to hold us, should it fall calm. In Calcutta we were obliged to have put in heavy teak masts, which made the old craft so crank that she would hardly stand up when full loaded."

CHAPTER XIV.

Sail for Sydney—Sydney coves, or colonials—Their peculiarities—Jim's yarn—Life among the savages of New Guinea.

WE escaped from Madras without being caught in a gale. It being a stormy season, none of us got ashore to have a look at the place. This was of a piece with my usual luck, and I began to think that even in the merchant service it was impossible to obtain more than a distant glimpse at the strange places one visits. I determined, however, if we got to Sydney, that I would see as much of that place as appeared desirable, and not allow myself to be disappointed there.

We set sail from Madras with a fair wind, glad to be rid of a place which presented to us all the evils of harbor life on board ship, without any of its reliefs. A part of our crew were on this occasion in as high spirits as British tars allow themselves to display on any account. They were what is called "Sydney coves," or "colonials"—that is, old hands in the colony of New South Wales, who had sailed from there some years. These all looked upon Sydney as the only place in the world worth sailing from, or living in.

These colonials are as rough a set of vagabonds as one meets with even in a forecastle, but first-rate seamen, and

orderly, quiet fellows withal, if they are well treated. They take especial pride in saying but little, and some of them rival in taciturnity all that is related of the American Indians. A loud talker gains but little credit with them, as they act upon the principle that talking and doing are not only different, but entirely incompatible things. They are generally good boxers, masters of the art of self-defence, and bear about them not a few scars, reminiscences of past conflicts. They are very much disliked by officers of vessels, because, although as good men as ever steered a trick or passed an earing, they are quick to take offence, and obstinate as mules, when once their ire is roused, and they imagine themselves badly used.

In the forecastle they are very quiet; I have known one of them to be a week without saying a word to any one on board. But woe to the unfortunate who gives them offence. Then it is "a word and a blow, and the blow comes first."

Their silent habit is a peculiarity not caused by a lack of something to say, for he who can succeed in drawing out an old colonial will be amply rewarded by some as interesting yarns as ever were spun. Those with us had followed, besides sea life, the business of sheep and cattle tending. I rarely knew a colonial seaman who had not dipped into this business occasionally, for a change, and often wondered whether it was not in the utter loneliness of the wild wastes of Australia that their singular taciturnity was first contracted. Whatever may have been the original moving cause, it is now a peculiar feature of this class, and a lively colonial would be as great a singularity as an even moderately quiet Frenchman.

The samples we had among our crew were, to a man, thoroughgoing seamen, and although the class bears rather an ill name, I found them very agreeable companions, after we had gotten pretty well acquainted. I do not know what was the reason, possibly because I myself am somewhat of a silent person, but they all took a fancy to me, and I received, before we reached Sydney, more than one offer to take me into their fraternity, and make me acquainted with Sydney and colonial life. These flattering proposals I did not by any means slight, for I must confess that their wandering, vagabond mode of life, having about it much more of freedom than there is found in general at sea, chimed well with the spirit of adventure which had induced me to become a sailor. And had it not been that my fighting qualities were immensely below par, and likely ever to remain so, I might have been to this day a "Sydney cove."

"Pity that that little Yankee don't know how to use his maulers—that's all he needs to make a tip-top chum of him," I overheard one of them saying one day.

They take great pride in interlarding their language with various phrases of a slang peculiar to the Australian dependency of Great Britain. A round assertion is generally backed by "My bloody colonial oath on that, mate," as a sign that its truth is entirely beyond question.

By dint of a good deal of management, and a persistent exercise of that Yankee faculty, asking questions, I got out of two of my shipmates, before we reached Sydney, some of their singular experiences. One of these had been from the first an

SYDNEY HARBOR.

object of great curiosity to me. His back and breast, as well as the back of his neck, and his arms and legs, were entirely covered with a mass of circles and other odd figures, pricked in with India ink, or some other blue pigment. To see various figures on a sailor's arms, or even on other portions of his body, is too common to occasion remark. But this was plainly not the work of any sailor artist, but bore traces of savage workmanship. We were but a few days aboard when I learned incidentally that Jim had been for five years a prisoner among the savages on the Island of Papua or New Guinea. He was much more silent than any of his comrades, and it was only after most persistent and repeated questioning that he at last told me the story of his adventures there.

He had been cast away, or wrecked, upon the island, while in one of the little schooners which sail from Sydney for the purpose of collecting sandal-wood and tortoise-shell, in search of which they visit all the unfrequented isles in the vast Archipelago surrounding the island of New Holland. According to his story, which I have no doubt was substantially true, as he bore about him many corroborating marks, the little craft in which he sailed went ashore on a small isle near the main coast of New Guinea, in one of the gales which often suddenly spring up in those latitudes without giving the mariner any notice of their approach.

They had made some excellent bargains of sandal-wood, with the natives on various isles they had visited, and had collected sufficient tortoise-shell to make them a good voyage: consequently were nearly homeward bound, when their schooner

was driven ashore, and all hands fell into the power of the natives.

These natives belonged to the main island, New Guinea, having only paid a chance visit in their canoes to this part of the Aroo group. After the gale subsided, and they had gathered what few things were washed ashore from the wreck of the schooner, they returned with the crew, now their prisoners, to what may be called the mainland. Here my friend and his shipmates were divided out among different parties, and he had reason to believe that most of his companions were eaten when they were sufficiently fattened to be suitable for that purpose.

Such was also the fate in preparation for him, from which a mere accident saved him. He had belonged some years before to the armorer's gang on board a British man-of-war, and had there learned considerable of the blacksmith's handicraft. Now, iron is the only precious metal of the natives of the South Sea Islands—for it they will part with anything they have, and will even peril life and limb to obtain sufficient for a spear-head, or a spike for one of their immense clubs. Quite a quantity had been gathered from the wrecked vessel, and the party to whose lot Jim had fallen, had as their share several large pieces, a chain plate, and a few spikes. This they immediately set about getting into such shapes as they desired. But with their lack of tools and ignorance of the best way to work it, they made but poor headway.

Jim was one day looking on while the chief was vainly attempting to break in two the chain plate, when the idea

VIEW IN A FOREST, NEW GUINEA.

struck him that he could be of material aid to them, and thus perhaps save himself from the fate which lay before him. He explained to his owners that fire was necessary in order to effect their purpose with the bar of iron. They acted upon his suggestion, and rubbing two sticks of wood rapidly together, soon had a bright blaze. By means of this, Jim quickly brought the iron to a red heat, and then cut it in two with a chisel which happened to be among the spikes in the possession of the natives.

This at once proclaimed him a valuable man to his captors, and after a counsel held, it was resolved to adopt him into the tribe, provided he could bear the pain of being tattooed in like manner with themselves. No time was lost in submitting him to the operation, and he, who knew well enough that to exhibit anything but the most stoical indifference to the torture would seal his fate, took care not to give vent to a murmur, although the pain must have been excruciating. Practised with fine needles, in the hand of a skilful manipulator, the tattooing is sufficiently painful—how much more so must it be when the instruments used are naught but scraps of shells, sharpened, when necessary, by being broken off afresh. With these and the liquor obtained from the cuttlefish, or rock squid, as it is called by sailors, my friend was covered from head to foot with a solid mass of fanciful figures. The entire operation lasted some six months, as one part was necessarily allowed to heal before another was commenced.

During this time his party had moved a considerable distance inland, stopping from time to time to hunt the kangaroo,

upon which, and a species of bread-fruit, with such fish as they could catch when on the sea-coast, they subsisted. During all this time he was kept busy at his iron work. Using a stone for an anvil, and a piece of iron for sledge-hammer, he forged several arrow and spear heads, which gave immense satisfaction, and raised him to an enviable place in the good opinions of his cannibal friends, who appear from henceforth to have given over all ideas of making provender of him. He was shortly initiated formally into their tribe and provided with a wife, which was the only property not held entirely in common in the community. His tribe now wandered about from one portion of the island to the other, never departing far from the sea-coast, for somewhat over a year and a half. By this time he had become quite expert in their manner of throwing the spear, their principal weapon of offence and defence, and for the chase; and being an active man, was equal to any of his masters in all the artifices by which they gain their subsistence from the wild beasts of the forests.

At this time the tribe of which he had become a member got into difficulties with one of the others relative to the ownership of an iron spike, one of the relics of Jim's schooner, and a war was the consequence. In this Jim was, of course, obliged to take part, and he so distinguished himself that, on the death of the old chief, he was unanimously chosen to fill his place.

This accession of dignity necessitated the performance of another small piece of tattooing. A collar, namely, was to be placed upon his neck, and a few circles upon his cheeks. But to one whose entire body was only one mass of scars, such trifles

of torture were as nothing. He entered upon his new office and in two energetic battles brought the war to a close, his tribe remaining in undisputed possession of the iron treasure.

Jim had now arrived at the very pinnacle of greatness. He was master over some hundred naked savages, dignified with a collar, tattooed into his neck, and was entitled to the first mouthful of a mess of wood worms (a dainty dish of these people, as well as of the natives of Australia), and the choicest piece of a roasted prisoner of war. Yet he was far from contented. He longed to return to a state of civilization, and the principal advantage he took of the power placed in his hands was to keep his subjects as near the sea-coast as possible, in the hope that some passing trader would stop to barter, and he would thus be enabled to make his escape from this living tomb.

Being very illiterate, he had long ere this lost all reckoning of time, all days being the same, and there not being sufficient change in the seasons to enable him even to guess at the months. Thus he lived on for five long years, in all which time he saw but two vessels, neither one passing sufficiently near to the land to enable him to attract their notice by signals. These occasions proved to him that his tribe were not disposed to let him go without a struggle, and that they suspected his desire to leave them: for at sight of the ships they quickly hurried him off into the woods.

When he had been about three years and a half upon the island, according to his computation, the iron which was obtained at the wreck had been in great part used up or lost.

and most of his tribe were reduced to the necessity of using sharp shells for heads to their long light spears. Jim now endeavored to stir their avarice (for iron is to these people like gold to their more civilized brethren) by telling them that if they could only speak a vessel, they could get, in exchange for sandal-wood, with which the coast abounds, as much of the precious metal as their hearts could desire. This set them upon the lookout; but no vessel appeared.

Poor Jim was almost in despair, and had nearly given up all hope of ever being so fortunate as to return to the society of white men, when meeting a strange tribe one day, whom a scarcity of kangaroos had driven down to the sea-coast in search of shellfish, he learned incidentally that at a point some two hundred miles from them, as near as he could compute from the story, but certainly *east* of them, two strange vessels touched annually for trading purposes. The crew were not whites, and from the description he judged them to be Arabs or Malays; but there were vessels, and they traded, and this was sufficient evidence that the people were at least less savage than the Papuans. Hope once more glowed in his bosom, and he determined to make his way eastward until the desired haven should be attained.

Making glowing representations to his subjects of the riches they would obtain, could they reach the trading station in time to meet one of the vessels, they were at length induced to turn their tardy steps that way. Fishing and hunting, and remaining for days in one place, when they found an abundance of food, it was yet a year and a half before they at last reached

a little bay, where the glad sight of a Malay proa cheered his breast. The tribe quickly gathered a quantity of sandal-wood on the neighboring hills, and with this they approached the vessel. Here they found the crew fully armed and prepared to defend themselves against any assaults of the treacherous natives. But one boat was allowed to approach the vessel at a time, and but one man from that boat was permitted to come on board. This boat Jim determined should be his—this man would be himself. And paying no heed to some objections urged by his companions, he embarked a portion of sandal-wood in an old canoe which he found upon the shore, and started off for the proa.

Arriving alongside, he clambered on deck with an agility that somewhat surprised the Malays, who saw in the wretched stark naked creature before them only a native. Constant exposure to the sun and weather had turned his skin to nearly the color of the islanders, and the barbarous tattooing with which he was disfigured, sufficiently completed the disguise.

Arrived on board, he was only involved in a new perplexity. How was he to make himself known to the Malays as an Englishman? He could not speak their tongue, and even if they understood a few words of English, they would not believe a statement which his appearance so strongly contradicted. As this thought shot through his mind, poor fellow, his heart sank, and he was nearly giving up all hope. Nevertheless, he determined to try, and hauling his sandal-wood on deck, to attract the attention of the crew, he advanced to the captain and uttered the words, "Me English."

How strange they sounded to his ears—these words of English. The captain looked at him a moment, then burst out in a loud laugh at the idea that one of the savages had somehow gathered up two words of English. Poor Jim repeated his asseveration, with distressed earnestness, "Me English, captain, me English sailor."

Not a shadow of perplexity even darkened the captain's countenance, as he turned to some of his men, and remarked (as Jim afterward learned) upon the singularity of this native having caught up some words of the English language.

Jim was in despair; but now an idea struck him. Eagerly grasping the end of a piece of the coir rigging lying upon deck, he formed upon his hand, and on the standing rigging, several of the knots with which the seamen of all nations are familiar.

At this spectacle a light seemed to dawn upon the captain's face, and he looked inquiringly at him a few moments. The suspense was too great, and Jim, bursting into tears, muttered beseechingly, "Me English, captain, take me to Singapore."

The curiosity of the crew was now thoroughly aroused, and they crowded about him, and examined him more narrowly than they had before done. Lifting up his arms, Jim showed them where two white spots were yet left on him, and they were now speedily satisfied that he was truly an English sailor.

In a few broken words of English, the captain asked him how he came there, and Jim, part in his native tongue, and part by lively pantomime, explained his history to them, and asked them to take him along with them. This was, after consulta-

RESIDENTS OF MALAY GROUP.

tion, agreed to, if Jim could get a load of sandal-wood for them.

Although reluctant to set foot on shore again, he was obliged to acceed to the captain's proposal, and taking some old iron, beads, and looking-glasses ashore, in return for what he had brought on board, he proceeded to the rather arduous task of getting the natives there assembled, several tribes, to gather immediately a quantity of the required wood.

The fact of his having come back to them, apparently voluntarily, lulled to rest any suspicions of his fidelity to them, which they might previously have entertained, and this renewed confidence gave the greater force to his commands. The sight of the articles he had brought off, especially the iron, stirred up also their avarice, and seeing what appeared to them vast riches, within their grasp, they set to heartily, and in two days had sufficient wood gathered to load the proa.

Meantime the crew of the vessel were keeping strict watch on board, to provide against any hostile attempts by the natives. The crews of the vessels, British as well as Arab and Malay, which cruise after sandal-wood, could oftentimes fill up their craft in a short time themselves, were it not that to go ashore for that purpose would be to rush rashly on destruction, as the natives are always ready to attack a vessel which is not fully guarded. The prospect of securing the treasures of iron and other material, to be found in such a prize, would make them brave every danger, if there was the slightest hope of their success in an attack. It is therefore found necessary to barter with the savages, and even then to use every precaution against treachery.

On the third day Jim had the satisfaction to see piled upon the beach a quantity of sandle-wood sufficient to fill the narrow hold of the little proa, and again he went alongside in his canoe, to make the final arrangements respecting its transfer to the vessel, and his deliverance from captivity. It was arranged that for every canoe load of wood brought off, he should take ashore an equivalent in iron, trinkets, and bright-colored cloth; that meanwhile the vessel should be quietly gotten ready for sailing at a moment's notice, and when he was near the end of his wood pile, the little kedge which held the proa was to be quickly weighed, the lug sail hoisted, while he, staving the canoe, should jump aboard, as the vessel stood seaward.

One of the peculiarly favoring circumstances for Jim was, that the party, or tribe of natives to whom this little harbor really belonged, had a few days before the arrival of the Malays, gone, in their fleet of canoes, upon a warlike expedition to another portion of the island, leaving but two or three rickety canoes in the entire neighborhood. Had they all been there, his escape would have been rendered almost hopeless, as in their exasperation the natives would doubtless have attacked the proa, and perhaps overcome her by dint of superior numbers. Supposing, which was not likely, that the Malay captain would under such circumstances have consented to receive him on board.

As the moment drew near which was to decide his fate, and either give him his freedom or consign him to a slavery more hopeless than ever before, it may be imagined that poor Jim's

VIEW IN A MALAY VILLAGE.

heart grew faint with fear that some unthought-of accident might defeat his well-laid scheme. Should the natives conclude to put some one else in the boat, and retain him ashore, or should the wind fail, or, worse yet, the fleet of boats suddenly heave in sight, he knew that his first, perhaps his only, chance for deliverance was gone. But luckily the breeze held, the boats did not make their appearance, and the natives appeared to think of anything else but his escape.

When yet full two canoe loads remained upon the beach, Jim determined that he would venture no more. While alongside, and slowly passing in the wood, the anchor was silently run up to the bows, and, overturning the canoe with his foot, with a shout of exultation my friend jumped aboard, and with hearty swigs pulled up the mainsail, while the captain steered the vessel out of the harbor.

For some moments the savages did not comprehend the drift of the manœuvre, so completely had Jim's actions of the previous day won upon their confidence; but when they saw him pulling lustily at the halyards, and the vessel gathering headway toward the harbor's mouth, they set up a roar of angry disappointment, and rushed wildly up and down the beach, calling upon him to come back.

Having a fair wind, however, they were soon out of hearing and sight of Jim's savage comrades, and next morning no longer saw the land. The Malay captain supplied him with some clothing, the first he had worn since, five years before, his own had been taken from him by the natives; and he began once more to assume the forms of civilization. Twenty

days brought the vessel to Singapore, where he was at length among his countrymen; but so much altered and defaced that he found it difficult to persuade any one of the fact that he was an Englishman.

During his long captivity he had forgotten many words of English, and at first expressed himself very awkwardly; but a voyage in a British vessel to Calcutta made him once more at home among old scenes. Only one thing he never more got accustomed to: this was to wear shoes. His feet, he complained, had gotten tender by long tramping about among rocks and shells, and shoes were a great inconvenience to him. On board ship he never used them, and when ashore the softest pumps were his only wear.

Of the manners of the savages he had but little to tell me. The men wore no clothing whatever. The women wore slight coverings of the large leaves of a species of palm. Being a wandering people, they had no regularly built habitations. In fine weather they slept under shelter of the trees, and even often climbed up into them to secure a more comfortable resting-place. In wet weather, during the periodical rains, they chose a site where to remain during their continuance, and then constructed rude huts of sticks, roofed with leaves, and generally set up on posts, as the earth was too wet to rest upon, and here they hovered in dismal discomfort, till the return of the pleasant season.

Although apparently devoid of energy in most respects, they were passionate, quickly roused to anger, and even jealous. Although destitute to the last degree, they were avaricious for

the possession of such articles as they placed value upon, among which iron was evidently chief. Hence arose frequent wars between different tribes, in which the prisoners were in great part used to satisfy the hunger of their captors. The kangaroo and several smaller animals, and numerous birds, together with such shellfish as they could gather upon the beach, formed their only subsistence, and when game was scarce they often fared poorly enough.

One article of food, besides, Jim mentioned to me—the worms found in decayed wood. A mess of these was considered a great luxury, and he declared, in telling me the story, that after he got used to them, they really tasted very well. They were roasted in large shells over a fire.

Of fruits, there appear to have been but few, compared with the usual plenty of tropical countries, and with these he was not familiar. Of birds, there was a great variety, and they frequently caught parrots and other birds, and used them for food.

Their dead they buried in a shallow hole dug in the ground at some distance from their then abiding place. He spoke highly of their dexterity in throwing their rude spears and of the ingenious artifices used to surprise and capture the kangaroo.

The people he described as of rather short stature, perfectly black, and with curly hair almost like a negro's.* Their

* Jim's hair was black, and curled very closely, a circumstance which in all probability made his recognition as a white man, by the Malay captain, more difficult than it otherwise would have been.

features were thoroughly African, in some cases even exaggeratedly so. Jim seemed to have fallen into the hands of the very lowest class of the natives of New Guinea. He said he was frequently told by natives of tribes they met, of a people occupying the inland portion of the island, who had houses, and cultivated the land, and who, from the rude descriptions given of them, must have attained to a considerable degree of civilization. But his tribe strenuously objected to holding any intercourse with these, fearing that they would be by them made to work, *i. e.* made slaves of. Jim, indeed, was not himself very willing to leave the coast, as there lay his only hope of ever being returned to a civilized land. And he feared, should he once get among the more civilized natives, they would prevent him from returning again to the sea-shore.

So ended his story. Had he been a man of some degree of education, and of an energetic and inquisitive character, the civilized world might have been indebted to him for a most interesting account of a land which is as yet more thoroughly *terra incognita* than the heart of Africa; for nowhere on the entire island have whites penetrated more than a mile or two from shore, and even that only in a few spots, and in hasty incursions, giving no time for observation. As it was, Jim's only object seems to have been to watch for a vessel by which he could make his escape. Said I to him one day:

"If I had been in your place, I should have struck inland, and taken my chance of what might happen."

"But the tribe I was with would not go, even had I been desirous to do so, and what could I do, naked and alone, in

the vast woods, without even having any distinct idea of the course which would lead me to a more civilized place. And then, to turn myself away from the only avenue for escape from a life-long bondage—I could not do it."

It must not be thought that this long story was told me by Jim, just as I have written it. His habitual taciturnity would not have given way so far as to spin such a yarn "right off the reel." It was only by dint of most persistent and adroit questioning, taking him when he was in his best humor, generally in the night watches, when he had just completed his trick at the wheel—a season of good humor generally with sailors—that I obtained it. Here a little and there a little, I picked up all his experience, and had I not, by the practice of various little arts, made myself a favorite with him, I should never have gotten any of it. Although not adhering strictly to the language of the narrator, I have taken care to give the facts just as they were stated to me.

CHAPTER XV.

Sydney—Sailors' amusements—Tired of the shore—Looking for a voyage—Ship—The brig Ocean—Her crew—Description of the vessel—Nearly a quarrel.

OUR passage to Sydney lasted forty-five days. Here, after discharging our cargo, the crew were paid off, and with six pounds sterling received as my wages, and some money brought with me from the United States, I went ashore. On uniting our funds, George and I found ourselves the possessors of eighty dollars, quite a large sum of money for two sailors. We determined to remain on shore till we were heartily tired of it; and to make the cash hold out, I, who was the steadier of the two, was appointed keeper of the purse, with an agreement that only a certain sum per diem should be given out.

First we purchased a few necessary articles of clothing and a chest for our joint use. Your true sailor will generally be found to have a good chest of sea clothing. In this he takes much pride, and let him be as drunken a fellow as may be, to replenish it he spends a large part of the proceeds of every voyage. Experience has taught him that in this matter delay is dangerous, and his first outlay, before he ventures on a spree, is with the tailor or slop-seller. Having filled his chest

A RIVER [illegible]W GUINEA.

with the various flannels, dungarees, oil-cloths, etc., needed, the balance he considers himself at liberty to use as inclination prompts him, leaving any deficiencies in his board bill or grog money to be settled for out of the never-failing *month's advance.*

I had imagined Sydney to be a rather rambling and ill-constructed, dirty colonial town, such as one not unfrequently meets with in the British colonies. I was, therefore, agreeably astonished to find it, with the exception of the more ancient portion of the city, a regularly laid-out and well-built place, the streets and public buildings of which would have been no discredit to an European seaport of its size. There was, too, a finished appearance about it which I had hardly expected to see, and many of the larger buildings had quite an ancient look. Everything about the place was peculiarly English,* and when I got into the quarter in which are located the sailor's boarding-houses, had it not been for the strong dash of colonial recklessness and extravagance everywhere perceptible, I could have easily imagined myself in some seaport of England—London or Liverpool.

The English, particularly of the lower classes, of which almost the entire population of Sydney, rich and poor, at that time was composed, are a people of peculiar habits and manners, which they carry with them, and resolutely introduce wherever they may wander. And I found here all the prominent characteristics of the Englishman fully perhaps a little

* This was before the discovery of gold in the colony of New South Wales. The Sydney of to-day is probably quite a different place.

extravagantly developed. It was just as though a portion of London or Liverpool had been by some magic power removed to this extreme end of the world.

The city is very pleasantly situated, a part on a rising ground, a kind of promontory, and a part in the adjoining valley. It fronts on Sydney Cove, a secure harbor about seven miles from the capes or headlands which form Port Jackson Bay.

One of the principal amusements here for sailors is horse-riding. As my chum, George, was fully intent upon seeing all of "life" that was to be seen, he of course must go horse-riding too, while I wandered about town to get a look at the most noteworthy places. The Parramatta Road is the theatre of Jack's horsemanship, and thither George, in company with some of our late shipmates, proceeded one afternoon on a parcel of as hard-mouthed beasts as even sailors usually get hold of. The party did not return till late at night, when I was already in dreamland, and I saw nothing of George till next morning, when he appeared before my bed with as rueful a face as he could put on, and proposed to go down after breakfast and hunt a ship.

"I want to get out of this confounded place. I rode about yesterday till I'm as sore this morning as though some one had beaten me with a stick, and now those fellows want me to go out again. It's an imposition. They call this a good port, but they don't know what good is," growled he.

I suggested to him that there was no law compelling him to ride on horseback.

"Well, but what is a poor fellow to do? I'm not going to loaf about the town all day. And there's nothing else to see. I'll have to get drunk to pass away the time."

"Let's go cattle-tending, George."

"Mention cattle-tending again, and I'll use a cowhide on you. Do you want to make a live mummy of yourself? Let's go down and ship."

Thus it is with the sailor. He is all eagerness to get ashore, and is hardly there before he is glad to get away again. Having no friends, and debarred by his calling and his dress, if not by lack of education, from intercourse with any but those of his own class, a few days suffice to tire him of the stupid amusements into which he is dragged, often against his will; he becomes thoroughly wearied, and is almost forced, if he can't get a ship, to get drunk, as my old chum proposed to do, in mere self-defence.

To me, too, the time would soon have begun to grow tedious. A few days sufficed to let me see all that was accessible to me, a sailor. To take a trip into the country, which I would have much liked, I lacked means, and also friends to expedite me on my way. I therefore agreed to George's proposal, putting off the execution of it, however, to next day. For that day we hired a carriage, and made the driver take us through every street in the city accessible to a four-wheeled vehicle, and then out into the country, on the road leading to Botany Bay, returning in time to get our supper.

Next morning we proceeded to seek for a ship. I wished much to make a voyage in one of the sandal-wood hunters

which sail from here—the kind of vessel in which my friend Jim had been wrecked—but there were just then none in port, and I was compelled to give up my project, mentally determining to put it in execution at some future time. Sailors were in demand just at that time in Sydney, and we did not lack offers of voyages. But I was determined to be suited before I shipped, and did not therefore allow George to engage himself till we had taken a good look around.

We settled at length upon a colonial brig, which was about to proceed to Lombok, there to take in a cargo of rice, to carry to Macao or Whampoa. It promised to be a novel voyage, and the brig was a likely vessel. The crew—she was to carry ten hands before the mast—were good-looking men, and the officers had a good name. Above all, we were promised our discharge when we got to China, and with this additional inducement George and I were satisfied to put our names to the *articles* of the good brig Ocean, of Sydney, at three pounds per month, *and small stores*. By this latter clause is meant that the vessel would furnish us with tea and sugar, it being the practice, with many English owners and captains, to make their men furnish these essentials, and such other luxuries as come properly under the denomination of small stores, paying them in such cases a slight increase on their regular wages.

The brig was to sail in a few days, but her crew was wanted on board immediately, a circumstance at which I heartily rejoiced, as it would save us money. On counting up our balance of cash on hand, I found that George and I had spent, including clothing and boarding, fifty dollars in a little less than two

weeks, leaving us thirty. One month's advance to each of us—fifteen dollars—increased our store to sixty dollars, a vast deal more than sailors generally take to sea with them. But we were going to China, and I wanted every dollar we could get.

Three days after shipping, we sailed for our first port, Lombok. Our crew was composed entirely of "Sydney Coves," all lank, stout, silent fellows, who "did their duty and asked odds of no man," as they significantly said. The vessel was "colonial" too, as before mentioned, and I found her discipline to differ greatly from that of English vessels. A regular allowance of provisions was served out, as in the latter, but these were of better quality, and there was no *banyan day*. Everything was of the best, and the cook, who received a severe admonition to do his duty (from one of the crew), on the first day out, got up any kind of a mess that the forecastle chose to suggest.

But the greatest difference was in the treatment of the men by the officers. There was no haughty ordering here and there, such as British mates and captains delight in; no unnecessary pulling and hauling, no making spun yarn, or other contrivances to keep the men busy. Everything was conducted in a very quiet way. Orders were given, but the mode of fulfilment in general intrusted to the men themselves, who, being thorough seamen, took proper pride in doing well what was given them.

We had regular watch and watch, and no work was done after four o'clock in the afternoon. There was none of the usual hurrying up. Each one, in consequence, did his work with a will. When sail was to be shortened, or the topsails reefed, the laying of the yards, and hauling up clewlines or reef tackles, was left

in great measure in the hands of the men themselves, and we of course took care to make the work as light as possible. And among the crew there was no holding back; every one knew his station, and jumped there when he was required. Altogether, we passed a very quiet and peaceable life, and to me a very pleasant one.

How such discipline would work with any other than *Colonials*, it would be difficult to say. Of course, unless the crew were thorough seamen, it would lead in many cases to confusion. With such a rough and quick-tempered set as we had, it was the only plan. They themselves made the rules by which their officers were forced to abide. The captain knew quite well that to give them just cause of offence would be to provoke a retaliation which would be far from pleasant. And the crew, with a kind of feeling of honor, which I have often noticed in such characters as theirs, abstained scrupulously from taking any undue advantage of the power which they felt themselves possessed of.

Only once during our voyage did a misunderstanding occur. It was before we reached Lombok, and while we were sailing through the trades. We were about to paint the brig inside. It was intended to commence the work on Monday morning, and on the Sabbath evening before, the mate, who had been taking a little more grog during the day than was promotive of a clear understanding, ordered the watch on deck to come aft and lift aside some spare topsails, preparatory for the morrow's work. One of the men quietly remarked that it was Sunday, and it was not customary to work on that day.

"Come aft this instant, and don't talk to me of Sunday, or I'll keep you at work every Sunday during the cruise," shouted the drunken mate, highly excited.

"You'd better come and take us aft," was the answer to this.

All hands came up out of the forecastle, and it was at once understood that the order was not to be obeyed. The mate was by this time aware that he was getting himself into trouble, and when the sound of handspikes being gathered up, in readiness for a row, struck upon his ear, he dove down into the cabin to ask the skipper's advice.

The latter immediately came upon deck, and glancing for a moment over the crowd collected about the windlass, called the oldest of the seamen by name, desiring him to come aft. This he did, and the captain, who felt, of course, bound to support his mate, even if he was wrong, represented to John that the matter required was a mere trifle; that it would establish no precedent; that the mate was anxious to get at the painting as early as possible on the following day, and finally wound up by reminding him that disobedience to orders was mutiny, and that in such cases he, the captain, was empowered to proceed to extreme measures.

John heard him through, then said very dryly, "Captain, if you knew how little I cared about you, you'd be surprised," and walked forward to the forecastle.

How much the captain was surprised at this thoroughly characteristic remark, it would be hard to tell, but there was no more said about moving the spars, and we were never after called upon for any Sunday work.

CHAPTER XVI.

A yarn of sandal-wood hunting—Arrival at Lombok—The natives—Chinese residents—Manner of life of the people—Take in cargo—The country-wallah—Her crew.

SETTING aside the little inconveniences and crosses which are unavoidable in every ship, and which merely served the purpose of enabling my worthy chum, George, to relieve himself of his superfluous bile, I think I never enjoyed any voyage so much as this in the brig Ocean. Our course lay through a nearly uninterrupted succession of fine weather, in which the dark little forecastle was almost entirely deserted, and we all slept and lived on deck. We were as nearly our own masters as it is good for sailors to be, and with an experienced and thoroughly united crew, we could scarcely fail of being tolerably contented.

As for myself, I lived in an atmosphere of romance. The voyage was a novel one, and quite out of the usual line of such sailors as I had been most among. And the past experiences of my shipmates, as communicated to one another and to me in the pleasant dog-watches, as we lay on deck in the half light of the bright stars, with soft zephyrs wafting us along, were an inexhaustible source of interest to me.

Some of these men had not been the other side of the Cape of Good Hope for many years. They had sailed from

PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Sydney, in every direction, to the most out-of-the-way places, and on the strangest errands. India, China, the Ladrones, the Philippines, and the island world of the South Pacific: with all they were familiar, of each they had something to relate. Here I heard over again the story of the Christian settlement on Pitcairn's Island, which had formed one of our Sunday-school volumes at home. But how much pleasanter to listen to the tale as it had been told one of my shipmates by a descendant of Thursday October Christian himself. Numberless whaling adventures, fights with savages, and incidents in the strange voyages of the country ships, as well as one or two experiences of life on the cattle and sheep farms—the relation of these occupied our idle time, and afforded me many pleasant hours.

I was the youngest seaman on board, and found no difficulty in making myself a favorite among my older shipmates, by readiness in jumping aloft when light sails were to be loosed or furled, and by general willingness to do the duty of a "light hand." Then, too, my inexperience in the changeful life they had led made them feel a flattering superiority to me, which, as it was not unpleasant, I did not seek to do away with. And the consequence was, that I was always called for when any yarning was going on; and often, when my trick at the wheel would occur just as some one was in the midst of an interesting story, one of the older hands would bid me sit still, while he steered my trick for me.

I said one day that if I ever got back to Sydney I would make a voyage in a sandal-wood hunter.

"Here's Long Tom, Charley," said one in answer, "he's been in those craft for the last two years. You had better get him to take you in tow. He can pick you out the very boat for a good voyage."

"Tom promised us a yarn about his last trip," remarked one of the others.

"Come, a yarn, a yarn, boys," sung out another, and at the word we gathered upon the forecastle, with our pea-jackets, and arranged ourselves in comfortable positions to listen to the yarn.

"Who has the next helm?"

"I do," answered one of the starboard watch.

"Then do you stow yourself outside, so that you won't disturb any one when you get up to go aft."

This being done, and all hands being arranged in various positions about Long Tom, a lank, but by no means slender six-footer, he, after a little coquetting, declaring the yarn not worth relating, etc., finally bit off the customary quantity of pig tail, and clearing his throat, began as follows:

"You know, shipmates, or most of you do, that on board of those craft that go out upon the look for sandal-wood and tortoise-shell, the crew are not shipped at set wages—so much a month and small stores—but go upon a regular lay, like whalemen; only, my word, it's a better and more paying lay than any whaling that I ever saw. The Eliza Jane—she was named after the skipper's wife—was a pretty little colonial-built craft, brigantine rigged, steering and working easily, and sailing much better than the generality of colony-built vessels.

"We carried a stout crew for so small a craft, twelve men before the mast, captain, two mates, cook, and steward. We could man two whale boats, which hung at davits upon the quarters, and yet leave on board as many men to keep ship as could have worked her anywhere she could go. We shipped upon a lay of one ninety-ninth—that is to say, one pound sterling out of every ninety-nine of the proceeds of the cargo was each man's share. This was a lay which gave us promise of a good voyage, and we sailed from Sydney in high spirits.

"We were all old shipmates, and a better crew, I'll venture to say, never sailed out of Port Jackson Bay than that of the Eliza Jane. All of us had been whaling, which the skipper made a necessary condition to shipping a man, as he intended to visit some islands which he had found on his last voyage to be entirely deserted, where he expected to pick up a large portion of his cargo. He had the name of being a smart fellow in his chosen business—for he had never followed any other—and was well known for the many narrow escapes he had had from falling into the hands of the natives, and for his readiness to venture anywhere and everywhere where sandal-wood and tortoise-shell were to be found.

"We expected to do a good deal of boating. This, as it is generally done on a surf-bound beach, is wet work, but, after all, pleasanter and more exciting than trading with savages through the meshes of a boarding-netting, and keeping an armed watch day and night, for fear of a surprise. Our trading cargo consisted of an assortment of old and new spikes, and variously sized scraps and pieces of iron, scarlet-colored cloth,

beads, tobacco, looking-glasses, trinkets of various kinds, knives, hatchets, and a large box full of old clothes, probably the stock-in-trade of some second-hand clothing store in Sydney. We had the forecastle to ourselves, and were allowed to take out a small private venture of our own, with permission to stow the proceeds in our bunks.

"Our course was shaped for the islands known as Solomon's Archipelago, where we were to make some trade with the natives. This extensive group was to be our principal cruising ground although the mate told us that we should sail over toward the Louisiade group, should we not do as well as the skipper desired. This is the great cruising ground for sandal-wood hunters, and among these islands they not unfrequently meet with large quantities of the precious wood.

"Sandal-wood, you must know boys, is brought off by the natives in sticks of various shapes and sizes, sufficiently small to be handily stowed in the hold. They are glad to take in exchange such old clothes, trinkets, and bits of iron as the captain lets them have. Thus for a few dollars worth of *trade* you get several tons of wood, worth in Sydney twenty-five pounds sterling per ton, and in China about fifty pounds. Turtle-shell is generally gathered by the crew. It was for this more especially that we had our boats. Considerable quantities of the shell are washed up on the shores of the islands by the swell, and there it is picked up. It is but seldom that you catch a live turtle, unless you happen to come to an island frequented by them, where one can watch for them, when they come up on shore at night to deposit their eggs in the sand.

NATIVE CANOES.

"Our first harbor for trading was Joannette, one of the Solomon group. Here the natives were reputed quite wild, and we took every precaution to preserve ourselves from an attack. No sooner were our sails lowered than we triced up the boarding-nettings, and loaded our firearms, the watch on deck being appointed to keep a constant and watchful guard, while those of us whose turn it was below had leisure to observe the natives launching their canoes preparatory to coming off.

"Soon quite a fleet of boats, some containing cocoa-nuts and other fruits, and chickens, parrots, etc., were paddled off toward us, looking, with their curious outriggers, like enormous lobsters skimming along the surface."

"How are their outriggers fixed, Tom?"

"The canoes are so narrow, that they would very easily capsize, and it would be almost impossible even for a native to bring one safely through the surf. To remedy this, they fasten to one side three arms, each perhaps eight or ten feet long, bow shaped, that their middle may not touch the water, but with their other ends lying on the surface. These outside ends are united by a fore and aft piece, which rests on and skims along the water. With this contrivance, it is almost impossible to turn over a canoe, as the buoyancy of the outrigger prevents it dipping on that side, and its weight effectually keeps it from capsizing on the opposite. With a good outrigger, they not unfrequently put sail on a little canoe, and dance merrily over the water, the strange-looking arms now lifted high up in the air, now plunged into the sea. But let the out-

rigger give way, which sometimes occurs, and the boat is almost helpless, and John Kanaka takes the water for it.

"As soon as the natives got within hearing, the skipper, who spoke their language, warned them off, giving permission for only two boats to come alongside at a time and threatening to fire into any that transgressed the rule. Two chiefs, in large canoes, accordingly sailed up to the starboard side, where was a small entering-place, and making fast their boats came on board, with their crews. They first laid at the captain's feet an offering of plantains, cocoa-nuts, chickens, and a beautiful parrot, and then informed him that they had some sandal-wood for him, on shore, if he wanted it, desiring at the same time to know what he had to trade.

"He informed them, and held some further conversation with them, after which they came forward to trade with the crew for some fruit. We had been before warned not to make any display of our articles of trade, nor to make any liberal offers for their fruit, as it is considered necessary to keep up the value of bartering goods. While the chiefs were aft, the crew had been looking about the vessel, with such an air as a parcel of sailors would be likely to put on, were they set on board a ship in which everything was make of gold and precious stones. In fact, to these people, who possess not even the commonest articles found on board ship, and who value iron as we do gold, a vessel must appear an almost inexhaustible mine of riches.

"Knowing their thieving propensities, we had, directly after coming to anchor, stowed down below decks everything

removable, or that could be conveniently carried off. At this they were evidently disappointed. After vainly looking about for something on which he could lay his thieving hands, a native came with a begging face, forward, and asked one of us for a nail, pointing to one which was sticking in an old board forward of the windlass. The gift of a small wrought nail made him a rich man, for he danced aft to his companions in the greatest glee, and we soon had the entire crowd (there were six of them) begging around us for a similar favor. There were no more nails forthcoming, however.

"In their anxiety to obtain some iron, they now began to entertain an idea of pulling one of the eyebolts out of the deck. Forming a ring about one in the starboard gangway, that their proceedings might not be observed by the crew, two of the stoutest now got down upon deck, and catching hold of the securely fastened bolt, did their best to pull and jerk it loose, of course without effect. Nevertheless they tugged away manfully, until the mate stepped toward them, when they immediately walked off, apparently much disappointed. Had any article of iron been lying about within reach, they would have spared no ingenuity or labor to make off with it.

"The next morning was appointed to begin the trade. Our visitors shortly took leave, and were succeeded by others, who in turn, after gazing around the vessel, and seeing nothing to steal, made room for their companions. We had a succession of canoes alongside till sunset, when all the boats were ordered away, and instructions given to fire into the first canoe that came within gunshot.

"Next morning began the busy trade. Already, before breakfast, a number of canoes were launched from shore and forced through the surf, coming to us laden with rough-looking sticks of sandal-wood, of various shapes and sizes. As on the previous day, only two boats were allowed alongside at once, and only one was traded with at a time.

"Early in the morning the captain had overhauled his chest of old clothes in the hold, to familiarize himself with its contents, and he now stood at the gangway, where the wood was passed in, to judge of its value, and make such offers as he chose for it. For an old regimental coat of red cloth, with a little tarnished gold lace upon it, he got sandal-wood which afterward brought him in at least one hundred and fifty dollars. So, too, knives, small mirrors, spike nails, tobacco, and numerous articles of old clothes were disposed of on equally advantageous terms. Each Kanaka, when his trade was finished, was sent away, to make room for more, until by three o'clock in the afternoon we had our entire deck and portion of the hold filled with the curiously twisted sticks of wood, which it was necessary to stow down before we could trade more. A stranger to the business would have said that we had quite sufficient to load the vessel, yet under the careful hands of our experienced mate, it was so snugly stowed that it occupied but a small space in the hold.

By the following noon we had gotten all their wood, while the natives could be seen stalking about, or squatting in their boats, arrayed in the articles which they had obtained from us. As they adorned themselves with the various coats,

vests, and trousers, some of them presented most comical figures. One had nothing on but a bright red military coat, while the only garment of others was an old vest. Some had hung looking-glasses about their necks, while many of the females, vain creatures, had run nails and other bits of iron through the large holes in their ears, and in some instances even in their noses. All seemed highly delighted at the change in their appearance.

"We took our departure amid many regrets of the natives, who were loath to see such a prize go away from their shores. Our next two or three stopping-places were some deserted islets in the same group, with which our captain was familiar from previous visits. There we went ashore in our whale boats, and searched about the beach for turtle-shell. Sometimes we found quite a quantity; at others, half a day's diligent search would not be repaid by a single piece of shell. The entire beach was strewed thickly with the centre bones of the rock squid or cuttlefish, which must have existed here in great numbers. The white, porous oblong bones fairly covered the beach, in spots.

"On one of the deserted islets we met with quite a prize, in the shape of a lump of ambergris. It was a yellow, tolerably solid substance, bearing, I thought, some resemblance to an old honeycomb. The mass we found weighed, I believe, three pounds. It was carefully put away by the captain, to be sold when we got to Sydney.

"Thus alternately trading and looking about ourselves, we at length filled our vessel and set sail on our return to Sydney."

"How did the natives look, with whom you traded?" I asked.

"There were various tribes, and I suppose races of them. Some were dark brown, with long, glossy, black hair, and the usual Kanaka features. Others were short in stature, nearly black, with curling hair, and negro features. These last were much the most savage, and we could do but little with them in the way of trade.

"On most of the islands we saw cocoa-nut trees; at some the natives brought off bananas, and some few other fruits. They appear also to raise chickens and hogs. Of birds there seemed to be an abundance wherever we touched, and on them the ruder natives probably subsist. The men all walked about in a state of nudity; the women wore the tapa, or waist cloth, made of the fibre of the cocoa-nut tree, I suppose. They are a semi-amphibious people, as are all the natives of the South Sea Islands, appearing to be nearly as much at home in the water as on dry land. Their principal arms were huge clubs, the heads of which were studded with sharp pieces of shell.

"On arriving at Sydney, we disposed of a portion of our sandal-wood, and with the rest the vessel sailed for China. Previously to this, however, the crew were paid off. We were gone four months on our voyage. Our pay amounted to the snug sum of forty pounds sterling (nearly two hundred dollars) each. This was considered quite an extra voyage.

"In China, the sandal-wood probably brought our captain double the price he would have obtained for it at Sydney,

and thus he and the owners must have made a remunerative voyage."

The Chinese use the sandal-wood in the manufacture of fans and other ornamental articles, and value it highly. In fact, sandal-wood and sharks' fins are at this day two valuable articles of export from British India to various parts of China.

We passed safely through Torres' Straits, and in thirty-five days from Sydney reached Lombok, or rather the port of Ampanam, on the western coast of the island. Lombok is a small but fertile island of the Malay Archipelago. It lies between the isles of Bali, or Bally, and Sumbawa, separated from each by a narrow strait. Next west of Bally is the island of Java. Lombok itself is thickly inhabited. The people till the land, and export great quantities of rice, which is the principal product of the soil. It is said that not less than from twenty to twenty-five thousand tons of this grain are exported yearly to various parts of the Indies, much of it going to China.

The island is intersected by a mountainous ridge, and on the north coast is an active volcano, having a peak which can be seen for many miles at sea. This was the first active volcano I had ever seen, and I watched the thin smoke ever and anon curling above its top, with much curiosity, almost wishing that an eruption might take place while we were there, although such an event would doubtless have overwhelmed many families in ruins.

The harbor of Ampanam is small, but has a good anchorage. As this was the first Malay place at which I had ever been ashore, I saw much to amuse me. The people live in

long houses constructed of bamboo, and perched upon high posts, from ten to fifteen feet from the ground. Several families generally reside in one dwelling, their stock of chickens and hogs abiding on the ground beneath, possibly acting as scavengers to remove the refuse of the houses above. The dwellings are entered by means of ladders, and when these are hauled up all communication from without is shut off. The groves of cocoa-nuts and palms among which these houses stood made a beautiful shade for them, while bananas, pomegranates, shaddocks, mangosteens, and other fruit seemed to grow almost spontaneously, in every cleared spot.

The groves were filled with birds of beautiful plumage, though, it must be owned, many of them of discordant voices. These gave to the woods an appearance of life and bustle, which was as strange as pleasant. Here and there could be seen a monkey or a marmoset, leaping from branch to branch among the luxuriant foliage, or swinging by his tail, and giving vent to a shrill screech which would startle the other inhabitants of the groves.

We took great pleasure in rambling through these groves, on the two Sundays which we spent ashore here. The people, although not disposed to hold any more communication with us than was actually necessary, were kind and attentive. Fruits and provisions were remarkably cheap. We purchased twenty-five large fowls for a dollar. Cocoa-nuts and bananas were to be had almost for the asking, and other fruits cost but very little more. I here purchased a monkey, as I wanted something with which to amuse myself when we should be again at sea.

MALAY CHILDREN.

He was a wild little fellow, and I got him a chain, with which to keep him fast while lying in port, that he might not slip off into some of the shore boats frequently alongside. His monkeyship only cost half a rupee (twenty-five cents), while parrots could be bought for from ten cents to half a dollar. Of course, these birds were freshly caught, and could not talk. Parrots which have learned to talk Malay or Arabic are highly valued, and are not sold under twenty-five or thirty dollars.

Besides the natives of the islands, who are Malays, and of course partly Mohammedans, a portion of the residents are Chinese. These filled here the line of business which I have noticed they generally take to when away from their homes. They are the small merchants of a place, and their shops answer to the "corner groceries" in the United States. Meet them where you will, away from their home, and you will find the Chinese to be smart, thriving, and industrious people, living frugally and keeping an eye to the main chance in business matters. Some of the Chinese who live in Lombok are reputed to be very wealthy; but most of them, when they acquire a competency, return to their native places, to settle down. They do not even intermarry with the natives, but import their wives from the Celestial Empire, or remain single until they return home.

The Chinaman dresses alike all the world over. His thick-soled, clumsy shoes, petticoat trousers, slouchy jacket, and little round cap, reach from India to America, from Shanghai to Sydney. The Malay natives dress variously, according to rank

or means. The wealthier wear tunics of fine material, woven in bright figures.

The men are distinguishable by the long creese, and a short dagger stuck in their belts. These arms are, however, at this time, more for ornament than use, and the natives of this island seemed to be a very harmless, inoffensive people. The males, among the laboring classes, wear nothing but a waist-cloth and turban, while the women dress themselves in long gowns, and not unfrequently in a flowing robe, formed by winding a bright-colored cotton shawl loosely and gracefully around the body.

The government of the island is administered by a number of rajahs, whose jealousies frequently embroil their subjects in quarrels and petty wars. These quarrels the Dutch on the neighboring island of Java have taken advantage of at various times to introduce their authority as arbitrators, and they yield at this time a controlling influence in the government.

We began to take in our rice as soon as the ballast was sufficiently levelled and dunnage laid, on which to stow it. It was brought alongside by the natives in large boats, and hoisted or rather tossed in on board, and stowed in the hold by the crew. It was pretty severe labor to carry the sacks of rice through our low hold and stow them snugly in tiers fore and aft. The weather was oppressively warm, and the hold was like an oven. We worked from daylight till dark—that is, from six to six, with half an hour's intermission for breakfast and an hour for dinner. We had a stout crew, and therefore the work went cheerily on, and in less than two weeks we had

the brig filled to the hatches with rice, and were ready to sail for China.

While we lay at Ampanam, or Lombok as everybody persisted in calling the port, a large country ship came into the anchorage, to obtain some provisions. Our captain paid her a visit, and I was luckily one of the boat's crew who took him on board, so that I too had a look at the stranger. We had lain at but a short distance from a large country-wallah, in Madras, but I never had a chance to board her, so that I now for the first time stood on the deck of one of these singular craft.

She was a ship of about nine hundred tons, and would have been manned, if an American, by about sixteen or seventeen hands; if a British vessel, by perhaps twenty-two. But her Hindoo or Lascar crew numbered not less than seventy. These had placed over them a serang, or boatswain, and three boatswain's mates, whose duty it was to enforce the orders of the captain and mates. They used calls or pipes, precisely like that used by the boatswain of a ship of war, and the loud "belay," which was being piped just as we clambered up the side, put me much in mind of old times.

Besides her Lascar crew, whose duty it is to make and take in sail, and work the vessel generally, there were six *sea-connies*, white men, or *Europeans*, as they are called, who steered the vessel, and at reefing topsails took the earings. These lived aft, in a steerage, while the crew lived forward in a large forecastle. Steering and sailmaking was the only work of the six sea-connies, who, I thought, must have fine times.

The entire rigging of the ship was of coir rope, instead of

hemp, the kind most generally used. It was beautifully fitted, for the Lascars are excellent sailors. Altogether, the vessel looked very neat and clean, and their manner of coming to anchor and getting underweigh proved that they could handle her in a creditable manner.

CHAPTER XVII.

Leave Lombok—The monkey—The parrot—A long calm—George grumbles—Cattle-tending in New South Wales—Whampoa—Discharge cargo—Paid off—Visit Canton.

HAVING taken in our cargo, we got underweigh, and proceeded on our voyage to Whampoa, where we were to discharge the rice, and be in turn ourselves discharged. We passed through the little strait of Bally, which divides Lombok from the Island of Bally, and thence emerged into the sea which separates the two larger islands, Java and Borneo. This was real summer sailing. As we slowly wound our way past the land, which loomed up in the hazy distance, I called to mind the last time I had sailed through these waters, and was able to congratulate myself on now being much more pleasantly situated, although a strange flag was fluttering above my head. I was no longer cooped up, a prisoner, in a great ship. We were steering China-ward, I with lively anticipations of what I should see in that land of wonders.

My monkey gave me much pleasure on this trip. I had, by uniformly kind treatment, in a great degree tamed him ere we were many days out, and he soon began to make himself quite at home with all that belonged to me. George was his

bitter enemy. He had strongly opposed my getting him, prophesying that his mischievous habits would create bad feeling in the forecastle, and that I would have more trouble than pleasure in keeping him. He could not bear to have the animal about him, and as the monkey and I eat together, George took his pan and pot to the other end of the forecastle.

For my part, I could never see sufficient of Jocko's tricks, and delighted in making him swing by a line pendent from the forescuttle, or in having a tussle with him on the deck. But he was treacherous as well as mischievous, and would bite on the slightest provocation.

In the dull monotony of life at sea, any strange object serves to give an agreeable diversion to the mind, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that I found an almost inexhaustible stock of amusement in my monkey. His antics could always raise a laugh, even among my silent shipmates, and he was indulged by them in many little tricks, which I at first feared they would resent.

Before we got to China, he and I got to be on excellent terms. We took our meals on the same chest—he having his allowance in a little pan, but occasionally taking a piece from mine. His tea was poured out for him in a bowl, and in this he put bread to soak—a fashion learned from some of our crew. Any deficiencies in his victuals were strongly resented, and once, when he had scalded his fingers in the hot tea, he leaped upon me like a tiger, and bit me severely in the neck.

VIEW IN A VILLAGE IN CHINA.

Of course, such a companion was calculated to make a tedious passage pass much more pleasantly, and all of our crew, except George, grew very fond of the little creature, whose sprightly disposition was every day breaking out in some new trick.

Of the parrot a much less favorable account must be given. He was a large green bird, one of the speaking kind, we had been assured by the Malay who sold him to us. His tongue, or rather the little slender cord beneath it, had been cut by his Malay owner before he came into our possession —as this was considered necessary in order to enable him to talk. He was placed in the darkest part of the forecastle, chock forward, on one of the breast-hooks, and there secured. Here his food was brought to him daily—he who fed him pronouncing to him the words, "Pretty Polly." In a very few weeks we began to hear faint mutterings from the dark corner, and one morning, at the end of about the seventh week, were surprised to hear from Polly's beak the words "Polly, pretty Polly," spoken very plainly. The parrot now learned rapidly, and as we were going up Canton River could talk tolerably fluently. But he had gotten to be a terrible reprobate, and delighted in nothing so much as swearing. He was, therefore, a nuisance even to the most profane of the crew, for no one of them desired to hear a stupid bird mocking him. At Whampoa he was sold to some American sailors, and on parting from my shipmates there, I left them the monkey as a keepsake.

Our passage to China was a tedious one. We were detained

by calms in the waters bounded by Java and Sumatra on one side, and Borneo on the other, and it took us nearly sixty days to reach the mouth of Canton Bay. It might be supposed that, as we had a good little vessel, and were in other respects as happily situated as sailors could expect to be, we would not have cared how long the passage lasted.

But, singularly enough, the exact reverse is invariably the sentiment of the forecastle. Let the vessel and officers be as unexceptionable as they may, Jack always wishes for a short passage. It is not that he wants to get ashore to spend his money. It is not, either, that he finds more pleasure in lying in port. On the contrary, he is almost sure then to have much harder work than at sea. But the sailor seems to be possessed of a restless spirit, a very demon of inquietude, who gives him no peace except in motion. He feels contented nowhere. When on shore, he sighs for the ocean. No sooner is he there, than he as ardently wishes himself back to port. The old saying, "More days, more dollars," is oftener spoken in derision than in earnest, and is only taken as a comforter in the last extremity, when all progress is barred by calms or head-winds, and a lengthened passage seems an unavoidable fate.

Thus our fellows, though they had every reason to be contented, were looking and whistling as anxiously for a breeze as though their fortunes depended upon a speedy passage. I say our fellows—but I must own that I was no less impatient than the rest. There was no lack of books, nor of what was just then of more interest to me, yarns. But the general

A TRADESMAN IN CHINA.

unrest had also possession of me, and I was as eagerly wishing for the expected breeze as any one.

A calm at sea is, under any circumstances, a very tedious matter. The smooth water, the sails drooping listlessly against the mast, the awkward roll of the vessel, all betoken a breaking up of the usual routine of sea-life. A feeling as though you were no longer at home seems to creep over every one. The watch below no longer sleep, nor sew, nor read. Their enjoyment of these usual time-killers seems to have flown with the breeze, and they wander listlessly about the deck, calling upon all the patron saints of wind and weather to extricate them from this overpowering monotony. All steady occupation of mind or body seems to become oppressive; and the sound of eight bells, which sends them on deck, is hailed with joy, as, at any rate, a change.

As for the watch on deck, they generally find enough to do in a calm. This is an opportunity, never lost, to set up rigging, put on new seizings and lashings, where they may be needed, and for attending to all such work as is not to be done when the ship has headway on her, and her rigging and spars are strained by the breeze. Under the oppressing influences of the calm, with the sun's rays pouring down intense heat, melting the tar off the ropes, and making the decks almost too hot to stand upon, this labor comes doubly heavy. If for no other reason, therefore, than to escape such work, a calm is an event much to be deprecated by sailors.

Our long calm brought to every one's recollection some similar circumstance in his previous experience, and we enter-

tained each other, in the dog-watches, with tough yarns of vessels that had lain on the line almost till they had rotted—till the sails were dropping from the yards, and the grass had grown yards long upon the bottom of the vessel.

As for my grumbling chum, the spirit of prophecy was upon him again, and he foretold, with a kind of savage satisfaction, that we were doomed to remain in that spot, I am almost afraid to say how long, but at any rate until we should have eaten up our provisions, and then be obliged to take to our boats and make the best of our way to Singapore. He rolled about in his berth, making grave calculations as to how many days' water we had yet on board, and how long our bread could be made to last, and had all arranged in his mind as to the course to be steered for the nearest land, when we should abandon the vessel, a consummation which he appeared to regard as a settled fact. Indeed, so strongly had he persuaded himself that this would be our fate, that I thought it was with a shade of disappointment he at last witnessed the approach of a breeze.

With one exception, I was, I think, the most patient individual in the forecastle. This was a quiet old tar, who had served an apprenticeship of two years to *ennui*, on a sheep and cattle station in the wilds of New South Wales. He had got to be resigned to almost anything, and I am sure that no calm could overset his equanimity of temper. As he himself expressed, "it was happy-go-lucky with him." Two years of the desperate loneliness and sameness of a hut-tender's life had so broken his spirit as to make him simply

SORTING TEA IN CHINA.

a listless looker-on in life. "He no longer lives, he only *stays*," said one of our fellows of him one day.

He was our quiet man, *par excellence*. For days he would say nothing to any one, but wander up and down, in a half-dreamy state. Not only did he not talk himself, but he eluded all attempts on our part to talk to him, and when addressed, would look up with a surprised stare, as though just awakened out of a dream. He lived in a world of his own. When lying in his berth, he would hold long conversations with himself, in which, from the little we could occasionally gather, many characters appeared upon the scene which his imagination had laid out, and not a few abstruse metaphysical problems were discussed; for he was not by any means an unintelligent man. He had read a good deal during his long stay in the woods, and was evidently but now digesting portions of his past reading.

He was an excellent seaman, thorough in all that belonged to his profession. But such an influence had his taciturnity upon all with whom he came in contact, that even the mates only spoke to him when it was unavoidable, and many times when dividing out the work to the watch, the chief mate would put a marlin-spike or handy-billy-tackle into old Bill's hands, and silently point out the work he desired him to go to, instead of telling him what it was he wished done.

He and I were watchmates. I left no means untried to obtain from him some information concerning the life he had led upon the cattle station, but found it difficult. At last I

struck the right key. A somewhat out-of-the-way quotation from Shakespeare, in conversation with another, caused him to look up with a pleased sparkle in his eye, which I had not before seen. This afforded me a little insight into his peculiarities, which I failed not to take advantage of. I talked *books* to him, and here I found was his one vulnerable point. I loaned him a pet copy of Goldsmith, which I usually kept at the bottom of my chest, *not* for general circulation, and this gained his heart. By degrees he became more communicative, and I was greatly astonished at the mass of general information hoarded up in that dreamy brain of his. Having him once in the vein, I pestered him with questions until I managed to obtain from him some details of his bush life. All my efforts failed in getting him to give me any connected account of the mode of life which he had there led; but bit by bit, I obtained the information which is given below.

Three men stay together on one part of the station. These are a hut-tender and two cattle-tenders. The hut-tender, who cooks for himself and his mates, and perhaps washes for them, if they ever find it desirable to put on a clean shirt, is generally a green hand in the woods—a *new Chum* he is called in colonial lingo. He receives from sixteen to eighteen pounds sterling (eighty to ninety dollars) per annum, with his rations of tea, sugar, and flour.

It is his duty to remain at the hut, while his *confrères* are off with the cattle. Here he stays, sometimes for days without seeing a soul, when the others are away in search of a lost herd, or bringing a drove back to the pastures. Day in,

A PALANQUIN.

day out, he sees naught but the dreary plain undisturbed by aught of life, except an occasional bird, or a wapiti, or kangaroo. It is easy to imagine how in this lonely state it after a while ceases to be natural to speak, and a dreamy silence becomes the habit of the man.

Sometimes the hut-keeper has a gun, and occasionally shoots a little game. But even this is scarcely sufficient excitement to relieve the dreariness of the life. Besides, it is necessary to remain near the hut, in order to keep safe watch and ward over the supplies there deposited, and to be in readiness to wait upon the horsemen when they come in with their flocks.

After having served at this branch of the business a year or two, the hut-keeper is supposed to have sufficient experience to warrant his advancement to the post of cattle-tender. He is now supplied with a horse, or perhaps two, that he may be able to change animals in his long rides. His salary is increased to from twenty-two to twenty-five pounds, and he assumes, with a comrade, the responsibility of taking care of and leading about a flock of one thousand sheep, or six hundred or seven hundred cattle.

He must now have some knowledge of the woods, and be able to return to his hut after riding hard, perhaps in a dozen directions, for two or three days. He rides about the country, rain or shine, with his charge of stock; he sleeps near them at night, upon a blanket spread upon the bare ground, his saddle for a pillow and his horse fastened to a stake driven into the ground. He must sleep lightly, in order that

no movement in the herd or flock may escape him. And if, perchance, after bringing the stock safely to at night, he ventures to drop into a sound slumber, he is likely to awaken at daylight with not a single head in sight, and find himself obliged to hunt for days before he recovers his charge.

In the rainy season he plashes on through mud reaching up to the saddle girths, with the rain pouring down in torrents. Often when sundown overtakes him in the vast plain, during such a rain, he must sit in his saddle the entire night, while the torrent is beating against his body, and he becomes chilled through, and faint and weary.

This is cattle-tending. For one month in the year the poor souls were allowed to leave the station (taking turns) and go down to some of the outposts of colonial civilization, there to recruit their energies by the absorption of unlimited quantities of liquor, and a general spree. But Bill said that many of them got so used to the life on the plains as not even to desire this annual jollification. They remained in quiet stupor at their huts, or followed their stock. Some, he said, had supplies of books at the huts. But they had not room for many, and the few were read and re-read, until almost learned by heart.

Take it altogether, I was no longer surprised that one who had passed two or three years of such a life should be almost speechless. It was only a cause for wonder that the few ideas with which he entered upon his hermit life had not entirely died out, and left him in a state for irredeemable stupidity.

FAMILY SCENE IN CHINA.

The breeze so long waited for came at last, and we gladly squared the yards, and set the studdingsails to expedite the vessel on her way. Our passage to Whampoa was a long one, lasting nearly sixty days. Luckily, we had an abundant supply of water and provisions, else we should have been compelled to use the first fair wind to make a port in order to refit.

We were favored with a fine breeze across the China Sea, and that portion of the trip was passed pleasantly enough. After the usual bending cables, and getting anchors off the bows, preparatory to running into port, was completed, we made the land, and were shortly boarded by a Chinese pilot, who took us up to the anchorage at Whampoa. Here we immediately commenced discharging our cargo of rice into large Chinese boats, which took it on shore.

One week sufficed for this, and then George and I were free—our agreement on shipping having been that we should be discharged here. We found that wages were not so high here as they had been at Sydney, for which reason the captain was quite willing to let us go, being able to fill our places at a saving to himself.

As neither of us possessed English register tickets, there were no formalities to be gone through, but we simply took our money and a written recommendation, and went on shore. As there are but poor accommodations at Whampoa for sailors, we left our chest and other effects aboard the brig until we should ship in some other vessel, thus being able to take a careless cruise about the town, and up to Canton, without being at the trouble of looking constantly after our effects.

From the anchorage below Whampoa to Canton the distance is sixteen miles. From the same place to the Bogue it is forty. On either side of the usual anchorage are rice fields, with here and there, in the distance, a Josshouse or Pagoda.

The river is a most interesting scene, enlivened as it is with a vast number of boats of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny *sampan* to the more important *fast-boat*. Above the anchorage for foreign vessels are seen a number of huge unwieldy junks. All is noise and confusion from morning till night—boats hailing one another as they pass, sailors shouting, and the Tartars in their floating dwellings singing as they sail up and down on the tide.

I was determined to see Canton this time, and accordingly on the next day after our discharge, George and I took passage on one of the fast-boats or passenger boats which ply between Macao and that city, and after passing, how we could not tell, through the densest mass of boats and junks of all sizes, all moving, at length arrived abreast of the city. Here the surface of the river was covered with thousands of Tartar boats, moored head and stern, forming an aquatic town of no small dimensions, the residents of which probably were born, lived, and died upon the water, many of them doubtless never setting their feet on shore.

Not having any friends at the factories, we engaged sleeping room on the fast-boat, and then went ashore at noon, to see what we could of the town, or rather of the suburbs, which is the only portion accessible to foreigners.

CHINESE LADIES.

Canton has been so often described that it is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of it. Neither did I see sufficient of it during our necessarily short stay to say much about it. George and I walked through the narrow but densely crowded streets, looking into the shops as we passed along, and occasionally stopping to make a purchase of some curiosity—a fan, or box, or picture—which struck our fancy, until we were so incumbered with our newly acquired property as to make farther progress inconvenient. We now retraced our steps to the landing, where we deposited our purchases, and returned for another exploration.

Thus we made the tour of the principal streets, or filthy alleys, called Old China Street, New China Street, and Hog Lane. Of the latter, I will not say more here than that it amply deserves its name.

We visited a Chinese market, where, besides various fruits, such as delicious little mandarin oranges, lichi, preserved ginger, etc., we found some articles displayed, and meeting with a ready sale, which do not look so tempting to outside barbarians. These were cats, dogs, rats, and even long worms preserved in sugar. The last take rank as articles of luxury, and are attainable only to the more favored rich. We also took an outside look at a large Chinese or Buddhist Temple, situated on the opposite side of the river, which forms a very prominent object in the landscape.

By this time it was dark, and we hastened to take possession of our sleeping apartment, where amid the bustle and noise, which did not cease all night, we enjoyed a good

night's rest. On the next morning we took a last ramble about the town, previous to leaving on the fast boat, which was to sail at eleven o'clock. Many of the booths or huts on the narrow streets are occupied as gambling saloons, where the wretched Chinese may be seen playing at various games of chance and rascality.

I was much interested, of course, with all the novelties of Canton; yet my visit gave me far less satisfaction than I anticipated from it. Such an assemblage of scoundrels, of all grades and shades, as is rampant in that part of Canton to which Europeans have access, is not, I imagine, to be found anywhere else in the world. I firmly believe that, from the highest to the lowest, they are thieves, to a man. If you go into a booth to make a purchase, unless you keep your eyes *and hands* constantly upon the article you desire to buy, it will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and an inferior imitation substituted in its place. This too, after asking you, at the beginning of your trade, at least thrice the price they intend to take, or expect to get. Aside from the grosser forms of vice, there is no kind of low rascality which the inhabitants are not perfect in — no species of deception or trickery in which they are not adepts. It is no wonder that sailors, who come in contact only with these lower classes of Chinese, learn to heartily hate and despise them. Canton, I believe, bears an ill name, even among the Chinese themselves, as being the general rendezvous of all the bad characters in the Celestial Empire.

FARM NEAR CANTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ship in a country-wallah—Sail for Port Louis—Leave-taking—The Lascar crew—Manner of treating them—Long calm—Superstitions of the Lascars—Their desire to revolt—Arrival at Port Louis.

UPON our return to Whampoa, we were informed by our shipmates that the captain of a Scotch bark desired to ship two *sea-connies*, and having heard that George and I were ashore, had offered us the vacant places. She was bound to Port Louis, in the Isle of France, and the wages he offered were twenty-five rupees per month.

I proposed, at once, to ship, as I had been wishing to make a trip in a *country-wallah*. But George, who had been in Port Louis, and knew somewhat of it, declared that he was not going there, to remain ashore till half starved, and then have to ship in a British vessel to go to England. He would wait for a ship, in Macao or Whampoa, even if he had to stop ashore there a month.

This did not suit me. I agreed, however, to look for another chance for us two, which would perhaps suit my chum better. But there was at that time no other vacancy to be found, except in one or two vessels, bound round the Cape, and in those neither of us desired to go.

I scarcely knew what to determine on. I did not want to leave my old chum; but I was also decidedly averse to remaining any longer ashore, with a fair prospect of getting the dysentery, and being laid up for several months.

It was finally suggested by one of our shipmates that George and I might decide the matter by tossing up a dollar. My chum declared, however, that he would not go to the Isle of France under any circumstances.

"But, Charley, toss up, and if you get the best in three tosses, we'll consider it a sign that you ought to go in the bark," said one of our fellows.

To this George demurred, saying that he wanted me to stay with him.

I submitted the matter, however, to the test proposed, and Dame Fortune declared in favor of my going to Port Louis. The next morning I shipped with the captain of the bark, and bought me a chest. That day George and I divided our effects and money, and the following day I went on board my new vessel.

Our parting was, as may be imagined, a sorrowful one. We had been so long together that we had become used of each other's ways, and each felt that a separation now would leave quite a void in his feelings. Yet each of us persevered obstinately in his course, and there was, therefore, no help for it.

On the morning on which I entered upon my new duties, we all assembled in the forecastle of the brig to say good-by. I divided out some keepsakes among my old shipmates—some

small matters I had bought in Canton—and received from each something in return. While we were all talking, our silent man came down with a quart cup full of rum, which he had begged of the steward "to say farewell in."

It was known that I did not imbibe; yet, for this time only, it was declared, must I drink with them. And as my silent friend became quite eloquent on the subject, I was obliged to assent.

Accordingly, the cup was passed around, beginning with me, who was going away. Then came a shaking hands all round, my non-talkative shipmate being the last.

Said he: "Charley, God bless you, boy; I'm sorry you are leaving us. When you come to Sydney, don't forget to hunt us all up."

And so I jumped into the *sampan* alongside, and went aboard the bark. I had before made over the monkey to those who remained in the brig, with the hope that if ever I should return to Sydney, I should find Jocko safely housed ashore.

George and I did not take final leave of each other till the bark sailed down the river. I had not been without a secret hope that he would yet join me. But he would not go to Port Louis, and we at last parted, with the agreement to meet in Calcutta, if possible, during the year. But we met no more.

My new vessel was very different from any I had ever been aboard of before. I had, therefore, satisfaction in thinking that even if Port Louis proved as poor a place as George

had represented it to be, I should, at any rate, upon my way thither, make a new experience.

My duties as sea-conny, or steersman, were very simple, although tolerably arduous and wearisome, as I found before the passage was completed. There were four of us to steer the vessel and mend old and make new sails. Of Lascars, we had twenty-five, with a *serang* and one boatswain's mate.

The European portion of the crew, four steersmen and two apprentices, lived in a little square cuddy, inserted in the poop, just abaft the mainmast. The Lascars nominally had the forecastle to themselves, but this was closed as soon as we got to sea, and the entire company of them were made to remain upon deck, where they ate, drank, and slept during the entire passage.

We sailed down Canton River on the 15th of April, at a time when the climate of that part of China was peculiarly pleasant — the torrid heats of summer not yet having set in. I felt almost sorry to be going to sea, and leaving the soft air of the land behind us. Yet I had nothing to keep me ashore, and was really glad to be well rid of China.

Our course lay through the China Sea, and into the great Indian Ocean, by way of the Straits of Malacca. We began our voyage with a fair breeze, and consequently entertained the hope that we should make a short passage—a hope not destined to fulfilment.

Having the anchors secured upon the bows, and the chains unbent—a sign that the ship was now at sea—our regular sea-life began. The steersmen relieved each other at night every

three hours, making twelve hours, from six to six, one turn to each. When the trick at the helm was over, each man retired to his berth, to sleep the other eight hours.

During the daytime, we were generally all employed on the sails, while the apprentices steered the vessel. The bark had been some years from England, and her sails were getting old. They therefore required constant repairing, at which we worked from one day's end to the other.

The ship was worked by the Lascars. When a brace or halyards wanted a pull, or a sail was to be set or taken in, the order was communicated to the *serang*, and by him to the crew, who were *all* required, night or day, to lend a hand. This, of course, makes a great difference in discipline between these ships and such as are manned entirely by "Europeans."

The Lascar sailors received from four to ten rupees per month (from two to five dollars). For this, they oblige themselves to work the vessel, and to make such repairs on the rigging as are actually necessary. They are very active, and, in general, neat sailors, but are not very strong, and have no powers of endurance at all. In fine and warm weather they make the best of crews; but in a storm, and more especially when the weather is a little raw and cold, they are not to be depended on for anything but skulking from their duty.

They never ship for voyages which would lead them into cold weather, and it is only in the greatest extremity that they can be persuaded to go around the Cape.

They are a vindictive set, when roused by any indignities

or wrongs, and do not stop short of the most extreme measures in gaining their revenge. A great deal of care is therefore necessary in managing them, and extra precautions are taken, in every ship that carries a Lascar crew, to forestall the consequences of a sudden revolt.

Our bark had a barricade stretching across from the mainmast to each rail, ten feet high, which was put up every evening at sunset, and abaft which no Lascar was allowed to come at night, while forward of it no European ventured, except when the working of the vessel's sails required it. The orders of the mates were communicated to the *serang*, or his assistant, who remained aft constantly to receive them, and who saw them carried into effect.

I said peculiar care was required in their management. This care, however, is rather of a negative than positive kind. It consists more in submitting to their prejudices in religious matters than in actually treating them well. The officers generally abuse them scandalously, upon the slightest neglect or dilatoriness, thinking but little of jumping into the midst of a crowd, and laying about them, right and left, with a handspike or heaver. And, in fact, I had occasion to see that this manner of treatment produces much more respect and orderly obedience in them than kind words. They very quickly learn to despise a mild or soft-hearted officer, while the man of the strong hand, whose word is followed by a blow, is regarded with respect—as one with whom they dare not trifle.

But while thus submitting with as good grace as may be to the most brutal treatment, so slight a misdemeanor on the

part of any of the Europeans as handling any of their cooking utensils, or drinking from their water-cask, would produce an instantaneous remonstrance, and a repetition of the offence would no doubt create a revolt. So, also, any interference with their superstitious idol worship would provoke a most sanguinary return.

We were scarce fairly at sea, when orders were given to fasten up the forecastle, in order that all hands of the Lascars might be kept on deck. It has been found necessary to adopt this course with such crews, that they may have no chance to stow themselves away, in bad weather or at night. Let them once get into the forecastle, and even were the vessel about to be dismasted in a gale or squall, they would not come up to assist in taking in sail. It is not unfrequently necessary to beat and whip them, to force them aloft to take in canvas.

A Lascar crew require a separate galley and cook. Their religion teaches them that it is unclean to eat out of any utensil which has been used by whites. Their food is very plain, consisting only of a daily allowance of rice, a small piece of salt fish, and ghee, a species of liquid butter. They eat but two meals per day—breakfast at nine and dinner at three. Bread is to them unknown. Rice, boiled and eaten simple, without sauce of any kind, is their "staff of life." From this they make their morning meal. At dinner, a little fish and their quota of rice and ghee satisfies their wants.

They are consequently not very strong; but their activity is remarkable. They run aloft like cats. They disdain the use of ratlines—the small lines stretched across a ship's rigging,

which form a rope ladder, used by seamen to facilitate their passage to the mast-head.

The Lascar sailor takes hold of the nearly perpendicular backstay with his hands, places then his feet against it, taking the rope between his great toe and the next one, and in this manner deliberately, and yet very rapidly, walks aloft. In the performance of this feat, European sailors cannot approach them. In ships which carry a Lascar crew, the ratlines are generally taken off the rigging, except one narrow row, left for the convenience of the sea-connies, who go aloft to assist in reefing, etc.

We retained our fair wind until we were nearly up to the Island of Banca. We were in fact already congratulating ourselves on having sailed so speedily through the most difficult part of our navigation, and had set the day when we should have passed through the Straits of Sunda. But "man proposes, God disposes." We were barely abreast of Banca when the wind hauled dead in our teeth, and after vainly endeavoring to beat ahead for a couple of days, the skipper (as the captain is familiarly called in British vessels—the Yankee sailor speaks of him as "the old man") got out of patience, and put her off to run through the Straits of Malacca.

This was making a considerable *detour* from our direct course. But there was a prospect that the wind would hold in the direction in which it had set in, and if it did so, we could run round the longer way much quicker and easier than we could beat through the shorter passage.

Through the Malacca Straits we therefore ran, under a press of canvas, with the wind a little abaft our larboard beam. The

bark was not by any means a poor sailer, and with favoring breezes she made a glorious run through the straits.

That is to say, so the captain considered it. Had we had passengers, they too would have so thought it, and would probably have become enthusiastic on the subject. But looking at the matter from the seaman's point of view, it was anything but a glorious run.

To the denizens of the forecastle, the idea of such a run brings with it thoughts of many evils to them, many anxieties, much hard labor, which a less favorable wind would have spared them. For the comfort of the crew, a breeze about two points forward of the beam just fair enough to keep a fore-topmast studd'nsail set to advantage, is by far the most desirable. Sailing along with the wind this way, the vessel steers easily, the ship moves along steadily, pressed down upon her side by the breeze, and there are an abundance of snug places under the lee of the weather bulwarks, where the watch on deck at night can *caulk** in peace, untroubled by hoisting, shifting, and lowering studdingsails, or trimming braces, and not haunted by the dread of an approaching trick at the wheel.

When the wind is aft, and a glorious run is being made, all comfort is lost sight of. What with swigging at studd'nsail halyards, reeving preventer braces, trimming here a little and there a little, the watch on deck is continually busy. The wind, too, rakes the ship fore and aft, leaving not the smallest

* *Caulking*, so sleeping on deck at night, when there is nothing for the watch to do, is called.

spot uninvaded, and for the time being all the snug caulking places under the lee of the long boat or bulwark are perforce given up.

The vessel rolls from side to side, with a crazy motion not at all comfortable; she brings up with a sudden and unexpected jerk which is apt to take one off his feet. The sea, as it rushes past the side, has an altogether different and unnatural sound; and the breeze, coming from aft, is thrown down toward the deck by the reaction of the sails, and makes every otherwise snug place unpleasant.

Lastly, at such a time, the ship steers wildly, and that, too, just when the captain is most anxious to see her go straight, in order to make all the headway possible. Steering is, under any circumstances, the most wearisome of a sailor's multifarious duties.

To have the attention fixed for two weary hours upon a single object, without permitting the mind or the eye to wander for a moment, that object being, withal, a vessel continually thrown off her proper course by the action of the sails and the sea, is far more laborious than any one can imagine who has not experienced it. But with a roaring breeze aft, and all studd'nsails set, it sometimes becomes a positive torture to steer.

I have noticed a general impression among landsmen that a ship must steer easiest when the wind is square astern. This seems, too, a natural supposition; yet nothing is farther from the fact. The sea follows the direction of the wind, and in a strong breeze aft, the waves, which dash violently against

the ship's counter, sway her incessantly, now to one side, now to the other. The sails, also, bear an uneven pressure upon the hull while forcing it through the water.

Now she is swept might and main to the starboard, and the helmsman, who has foreseen the movement, rattles the wheel down to meet her. But no sooner does she feel the helm, no sooner has the rudder, fixed for the moment transversely across the stern, caused her to stop in her deviation upon this side, than the obstinate craft takes a mighty, almost resistless sweep to the other side, and "meet her," is the cry, while poor Jack tugs desperately at the heavy-moving wheel, to bring her back to her course.

Thus, often the helm is not for one moment in the two hours' "trick" held still, and the steersman lifts and pulls at the wheel, in vain attempts to keep the vessel on her course, great drops of perspiration rolling down his face, and every muscle and tendon exerted to its utmost.

There is much difference in steering. Some vessels may be guided on their course with comparative ease, under circumstances in which it would be vain to attempt to keep others within three points either way. It is obvious that as a bad steering ship makes an irregular zigzag course, instead of going in a straight line, she does not in such ease make the real progress that her headway through the water would lead one to believe. Thus, in some vessels, to count two knots (two miles) out of ten, for bad steering in strong breezes, is a very moderate allowance.

Of course, in such a time one does not look forward to

a trick at the wheel with the most pleasant feelings in the world. But Jack is far from owning to any uneasiness on the subject. Every one pretends to look upon the matter with the utmost indifference, and a man goes aft to take the helm, with a smile on his face, as though it was the greatest pleasure, all the while quaking in his boots at the thought of what is before him.

When, at the expiration of two hours, he comes forward, and is asked, "How does she steer?" he does not acknowledge that it is the hardest work in the world, and that he was very glad when his trick was out. This would be out of order—a sacrifice of dignity.

He replies, with the utmost *sang froid*, "Oh, she steers like a boat *now*; I could steer her all day, as she goes along with this breeze."

It is one of the peculiarities of the sailor, that having just escaped from any position of difficulty or danger, he will not then own to it. Although it may have been an extreme case, though he may have got safely out of the most imminent peril, he is expected to make light of the circumstances, and any attempt to treat the matter seriously would expose him to the ridicule of his shipmates. To have escaped is considered sufficient proof that the peril was not great; to have performed the duty is evidence that it was not difficult.

I remember a circumstance which will bring this matter perhaps more clearly before the reader. Two men went out to stow the flying jib. There was a very heavy head sea on, and the vessel was consequently pitching bows under, rendering the

service one of no little difficulty. They had secured the sail, and were just returning on board, when the ship gave an unusually violent pitch, and both men slid down the foot-rope, losing their hold of the slippery jibboom, and only saving themselves by catching with their hands on the foot-ropes, where they hung on, between wind and water, and so came in hand over hand, till they reached the bowsprit shrouds, being in imminent danger of being washed off by the seas, in which they were immersed up to their middle. We who stood on deck watched them with breathless attention, expecting momentarily to see them go overboard, in which case no human power could have saved them.

When they got safely in on deck, an old salt said, "You two fellows want to show off some of your smartness, cutting about on the foot-ropes. A little more and you would have gone to Davy Jones's locker."

"It takes more than that to ship me for Davy Jones's," answered one, with a careless laugh. The other, however, took the matter more to heart, and attempted to describe to us his thoughts as he hung on the ropes, expecting to be washed away. He was met with a general jeer of derision; and for the balance of the voyage, he and his adventure were the laughing-stock of the forecastle.

This insensibility to danger grows naturally upon the sailor. His life is one of continual exposure and peril, and he soon learns to regard every danger escaped or difficulty overcome, however great they may be, with comparative indifference.

Besides this, such an accident as slipping one's hold on a

yard or boom is considered *lubberly*, and he to whom it happens, if a seaman, is too much ashamed of his carelessness to say much about it.

Until within the last three or four years, a life-buoy was an article almost unknown on board American vessels, except the packet ships. The boats, the only hope of saving a man who has fallen overboard, are always secured with such a multiplicity of stout lashings as to make it a work of at least fifteen or twenty minutes to get one into the water. It is therefore evident that to the merchant sailor, if he falls overboard, there is small hope of rescue. He never goes aloft but at the risk of his life. But habit is everything, and no one ever thinks of these things at sea, or, if he does, wisely keeps his thoughts to himself.

To return to our voyage. We made a glorious run through the Straits of Malacca, and retained our fair wind until we struck the line on the other side of the island of Sumatra, in about longitude ninety, east. Here our breeze left us, and we were becalmed.

This is a fated spot. It is a region of almost interminable calms, and, as such, is avoided when possible by all vessels sailing out of or approaching the Malacca Straits.

We were fairly caught, and lay under the sweltering sun of the line until we almost gave up all hope of getting away.

Our captain had reckoned upon a quick passage, and the vessel was in consequence but poorly supplied with provisions. Before we got a breeze once more, we had cause to fear a famine. It became necessary to put all hands on short allow-

ance. This was particularly hard on the poor Lascars, whose lawful allowance is small enough. But to make matters worse for them, the rice began to grow mouldy, and was soon almost unfit to eat.

They used every species of incantation known to them, to procure from their god the favor of a breeze. Day and night they were praying to their idol, whose shrine, under the top-gallant forecastle, was now adorned with numerous votive offerings of his distressed worshippers.

They at last got an idea that the calm was sent upon us to punish the wickedness of our captain, who, when in liquor, was wont to make all manner of disparaging remarks about the idol. They conceived that their patron saint was not able to see, through such a mass of wickedness, the offerings made at his shrine, and on consultation they determined to approach him nearer. Accordingly, they placed other tributes at the mainmasthead and at the flying jibboom end.

I had the curiosity to examine, while they were stretched on deck asleep, the sacrifice placed at the masthead. It consisted of a handful of rice, a rupee, and a slip of paper with some Hindoo characters written upon it — the whole wrapped up in a cotton cloth, and securely fastened to the truck.

On inquiring of the *serang*, after the calm was over, I learned that the rice was to show the god what his poor followers were forced to eat; the rupee was a propitiatory offering, while the writing on the paper stated their pressing need, and conveyed a prayer and a promise of future good behavior.

But something more serious now claimed our attention. I have already mentioned that we had two white boys, apprentices, on board. These lads had learned the Hindostanee language, and were much among the Lascar portion of the crew. The captain had instructed them already that they were to be cautious in their intercourse with these. He rather favored their intimacy with them, as thereby he was more likely to learn of any plans of mutiny that might be hatching out forward.

We had not long been on half allowance, when one of the boys informed us that the Lascars had asked him, apparently by chance, but evidently with a purpose, *whether he understood navigation.* The boy could navigate, the captain having taught him. But he had the good sense to answer in the negative. His interrogators were evidently much disappointed. The other boy was also questioned, but with a similar result.

By a little management, the lads obtained sufficient information of their plans to show us that they had intended, could either one of the boys navigate, to rise and murder all the Europeans except that boy. They intended to preserve him, and force him to take the vessel, when a breeze came, into the neighborhood of some port in the Bay of Bengal, where they would set fire to the bark to conceal their crime, and go ashore in the boats.

The captain expressed but little surprise at the discovery of their plan. He had been long enough among the Lascars to know that such a purpose was not unlikely to be

entertained, if the vessel got into any difficulties, or they were seriously dissatisfied with the voyage.

We took some extra precautions to guard against surprise; the arms in the arm-chest were loaded, and placed ready for use; but farther, nothing was done — no notice taken of the design on foot.

Our security lay in the fact that they had no one to navigate the bark for them. Had either one of the boys been so imprudent as to own that he could work the vessel, there was no doubt that a desperate attempt would have been made to carry into effect their plans.

We were eighteen days becalmed, in all which time we did not make sixty miles to the south. At last came the breeze, and we joyfully ran up the studd'nsails, and stood on our course. The Lascars firmly believed that their prayers and offerings had propitiated the ruler of the winds in our favor, and triumphantly adduced this as an evidence of the power of their idol, whose altar was now decked with ribbons and bright-colored paper—tokens of the gratitude of his worshippers.

The breeze continued with us until we reached the Mauritius, as the Isle of France is commonly called. We had a ninety-days' passage to Port Louis. Although not actually out of provisions when we got there, common prudence had forced the captain to keep us on short allowance for nearly half that time. I was, consequently, glad enough to get ashore, if it were only to eat once more a good meal. Mouldy rice and rusty pork, peas full of bugs, and worm-eaten bread had been our fare for a large portion of the passage.

This is, however, sailor's luck. It is a great blessing that the sea air produces an appetite which enables one to stomach almost anything bearing the semblance of provisions.

We moored the vessel, head and stern, sent down the topgallant and royal yards and topgallantmasts, and prepared the top-masts and topsail-yards for being sent on deck, precautions which are enforced by the authorities of the port, to guard against accidents in time of hurricanes, which prevail in these latitudes during certain seasons of the year. This done, I was free to go ashore. I was paid off with fifty rupees (twenty-five dollars), which was two months' wages, having received the usual month's advance at Whampoa — and spent it, too.

On the day on which I left the vessel the Lascars also demanded their discharge. They would not sail any longer with our captain, whom they regarded as a reprobate — one who was under the curse of their idol.

The captain cared but little about their leaving, but was very desirous to retain the *serang*, who was an unusually smart and trustworthy fellow. Here I learned another of their peculiarities. The *serang* was desirous to stay ; but the connection in which he stood to the crew made it impossible. These men unite themselves in gangs or companies, choose one of their number, generally the eldest, for their *serang* or chief, and thus ship on a vessel. During the voyage any unusual action they consider expedient to take is referred to the entire body, and the determination of the majority settles the matter.

From this, no one of them dares depart, as he would be regarded a traitor.

When we arrived at Port Louis, a council was held to determine whether they should leave. Various arguments were offered for and against such step, but finally those in favor of leaving prevailed; and now the *serang*, who had been in the minority, felt himself bound to go with his companions. No offer of additional wages could prevail on him to stay.

CHAPTER XIX.

Difficulty of getting a ship—Go on board an American vessel—Off for Rio—A yarn from a company sailor—Rio de Janeiro harbor—For Boston—Cold weather.

TAKING my chest and hammock on shore, I first of all hunted up a boarding-house. Boarding, I found, was at the rate of ten rupees per week. There were but two meals per day, East India fashion, and every man was expected to furnish his own bedding, being provided with enough floor to spread it on.

This was fully as bad as my chum had represented matters to me. I saw that at such rates fifty rupees would last but a little while, and lost no time in looking up a ship.

But, unfortunately, ships were scarce just then. I desired to go to some part of India, but so, it seemed, did every other sailor on shore, and there were not a few of them. I was without acquaintances, unused to the ways of the port, and soon saw that if I wanted to escape becoming "hard up," as it is termed among sailors, I would have to spend all my time on the mole and among the ships, to catch a chance.

"Hard up" is a dread word among seamen. Few but have experienced all its horrors. There are seasons in every port when, from a stagnation in business, fewer ships are fitted

out than arrive, and consequently there is a surplus of seamen on shore, for whom there is of course no employment.

These poor fellows are obliged to waste their time and means in vain pursuit of a ship, and finally, when they have no longer the money necessary to pay for their boarding and lodging, must dispose of their clothing—that which they need most—to pay the landlord; or in default—or even after having done this—are turned into the street, to shift for themselves, as best they may.

Then they may be seen—poor, half-starved fellows—sneaking about the shipping, taking shelter for the night under lee of boxes and bales on the quay, and begging a crust from some compassionate cook, to keep them from utter starvation.

In American ports, it does not often happen that sailors are reduced to these extremities; but in foreign parts, and especially in the principal seaports of England, there is no depth of misery which seamen do not sometimes suffer.

I will relate here an incident, of which I was an eye-witness, which will show to what extreme seamen are not unfrequently reduced. We were in the King's Dock, in Liverpool; it was in November, and "times" were "poor" ashore, so we heard. The steward had, one afternoon, brought up out of the bread-locker a quantity of spoiled bread—sea-bread—which, having got wet, was all alive with worms—a disgusting mess, which was intended for the pig.

Two sailors, who had been wandering forlornly about the vessel and dock all day, looked at this bread with eager eyes.

At length, it seemed they could no longer withstand the temptation, and both got on board and walked up to the long-boat, where it was sitting. Turning it over, they picked out a few of the least worm-eaten biscuit, and asked the steward, who had been looking on, for permission to take them.

He would not believe that the men were so hungry as to desire to eat this stuff, and, suspecting some trick to extort charity, told them coldly they might eat it if they wished. They thanked him, took it on the quay, and there, knocking the worms out of it, began to eat it.

Several of us who had watched their actions now interfered, called them on board, and gave them as much as they could eat of such as we had in the forecastle. They told us that they were then tasting food for the first time in forty-eight hours—a statement which their wan looks and voracious appetities showed to be too true.

They had been two months on shore, had sold every stitch of clothing they owned except the dungaree shirts and trousers they had on—had even disposed of their shoes, and were walking the streets barefooted. They had been turned out of their boarding-houses, and had, for some weeks, slept on boxes and bales, in corners of the docks, where a kind watchman would give them shelter. All this, too, in the month of November.

They were now entirely destitute, and would have to suffer dreadfully for the want of suitable clothing, even if they got a ship—of which, however, there seemed but little hope, for what captain would ship such worn, weak fellows when he could

have his choice of hundreds of sailors. Yet I had one of these very men as a shipmate afterward, and a steadier man or better sailor I never knew. This is one of the dark sides of a sailor's life.

As before said, I was afraid of getting hard up, and determined to avail myself of the first chance of shipping. I had been already nearly three weeks ashore, and was very nearly at the bottom of my purse, when, fortunately, an American ship, about to sail for Rio de Janeiro and Boston, needed a hand, and I obtained the chance. The wages were very low—only ten dollars per month, and no advance. To the latter circumstance I was indebted for being chosen out of some ten or twelve who desired to ship. All the rest were already in debt ashore, beyond their means to pay, while I was, so far, square with the landlord, and had ten rupees left wherewith to purchase myself a little warm clothing, of which I stood much in need.

I had now been so long in warm weather that I had scarcely any woollen clothes, and dreaded doubling the Cape with so poor a fit out as I was the possessor of. But necessity knows no law. Whether I wanted to or not, I had to face the weather.

Although three weeks ashore in Port Louis, I saw scarcely anything of the city, and nothing at all of the suburbs and neighborhood, or of any other portion of the island. The city is situated at the bottom of a tolerably roomy basin, which forms the anchorage. It is surrounded on all sides but the north with high mountains, the rugged volcanic peaks of which rise in most singular shapes.

The population is composed of many different nations, both Oriental and Occidental. Among Europeans, French and English predominate. Of the Eastern races, the Hindoos are in point of numbers the strongest, but there are Parsees, Chinese, Malays, Africans, Madagascarenes, Arabs—in short, representatives of nearly every race and nation of the Orient. The natives, who are mostly black, the descendants of Madagascarenes, speak a barbarous species of French, but generally understand English in addition.

The little I saw of the Mauritius pleased me much, and I resolved, if possible, to return thither at some future time, and make it my port of departure for a while, sailing hence in the little traders which frequent the bays of Madagascar, and explore the adjoining African coast, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. As this one of my day dreams was, singularly enough, realized to some extent afterward, I will defer any further description of Port Louis and its environs until it turns up again in the regular course of my narrative; merely saying here that it derived much of its interest to me from the fact that here is laid the scene of Pierre St. Bernard's beautiful story of Paul and Virginia. Poor sailor that I was, I was deprived by my poverty of the pleasure of making a pilgrimage to the graves of these true lovers. I even got but a glimpse at the narrow and shallow harbor, called to this day Tombo Bay (Bay of Tombs), where Virginia's ship was cast ashore, and she and Paul met so melancholy a fate.

Such is but too often the fortune of the seaman. He visits places of the greatest interest, but finds the circumstances

which control him such as to deprive him of all the pleasure he had anticipated from his voyage.

As we sailed out of Port Louis harbor I was forced to confess to myself that the object I had had in view in coming to the East Indies had been very poorly fulfilled. I was bitterly disappointed when I thought that although I had been to Calcutta and Madras, I knew but little more of either place than if I had never seen them. That though I had made another voyage to China, I was but little wiser than before. That after all the hardship and trouble seen and suffered since I left the United States, more than sixteen months before, I was no more satisfied with the little I had seen than I was before I set out upon this voyage, from which I had anticipated so much. In truth, I was learning by experience that of all travellers the sailor sees the least, and pays most dearly for it.

I turned my face America-ward, with a mind ill contented, a poorly provided chest, and a nearly empty purse. But with an obstinacy worthy, perhaps, a better cause, I determined to make one more trial. Using the experience gained in the last year and a half, I thought I could perhaps make my way about the Indies a little more to my satisfaction than I had succeeded in doing this time.

We left Port Louis in July. The vessel in which I was now had brought a cargo of rice from Arracan to the Mauritius. Her captain found freights in the latter place rather dull, and determined to return to the United States, stopping at Rio de Janeiro by the way, to procure a cargo of coffee.

We had a singular crew. Among the twelve members of

the forecastle, at least seven different nations were represented. There were two Americans, three Englishmen, a native of St. Helena, two Manillamen, two Frenchmen, one Spaniard, and one Swede.

Our vessel had been for some years sailing from port to port in the Indies, and had gradually lost all her own crew, and picked up at random the men who now manned her. They were all good seamen, but we made a very unsociable set in the forecastle. So many different nations cannot agree well together, when thrown into such close connection as we were, in a narrow forecastle.

The English hated the Manillamen, as "conniving fellows," because these would not get drunk with them; while the Spaniard made friends of them because they spoke his language. The St. Helena man was ranged on Johnny Bull's side, while the Swede rather inclined to Yankeedom. The two Frenchmen assumed an air of the loftiest contempt for all our little cliques and parties, declared John Bull a brute, snapped their fingers at the American eagle, and sang "*vive la bagatelle*."

For myself, I had been so long a citizen of the world, that it was not a matter of much difficulty to steer my course safely between all parties, and make friends of all. I had been hailed as a "lime-juicer" on first coming on board, having, by sailing in British vessels for the previous year, contracted many of the ways of British sailors. I took care to proclaim myself an American, however, and thus was naturally counted on the Yankee side in the forecastle—a side, by the way, which was very poorly represented among us.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The only other American sailor on board was a poor, sick fellow, who had broken down his constitution under the burning suns of India, and was now making his way home to die. He hailed from the State of New York, but had not been home for many years. No one would have taken him for an American, so thoroughly had his long service in British vessels changed him.

For three years previous to his shipping in the Ariadne (the name of the vessel in which we now were) he had been in the East India Company's service, forming, the greater part of that time, one of the crew of a small steamer which plied on the Indus, bearing despatches to and from the then scene of war in Sinde and the Punjaub. He had finally fallen sick, and was sent to Bombay, where he partly recovered, was discharged from the hospital and service, and shipped in the Ariadne, determined to go home.

His disease, the dysentery, still hung upon him, and he was scarcely able to walk about when I came on board. Although we were by this means one hand short, in a crew that was small enough when complete, our sick shipmate was carefully attended, and his condition made as easy as possible in a dark and contracted forecastle.

There is but little comfort for an invalid on board a merchant vessel. So little space is provided for the crew that it is impossible to give to the sufferer a separate apartment. Day after day he must lie in his berth, in the crowded forecastle, aroused at regular intervals by the noise of the changing watches, listening languidly to the gay and careless laugh of his

more fortunate shipmates, and by the constant presence of their stalwart forms forced to feel with treble keenness the helplessness to which he is reduced. He receives but little attendance, for his fellows have but little time they can call their own; and, although all is meant kindly, no amount of good feeling can make up to him the comforts which his fevered body misses.

Poor George, who was sick nearly all the way home, seemed to care only to live to reach that home. To see once more the spot whence he had started out, many years ago — to die in the cottage where he first saw light, and have his remains laid in the little churchyard where, in childhood, he had played — this seemed now the only desire of his heart. I trust it was granted him. We saw him safely to the cars when we were discharged in Boston; beyond that, I know naught of him.

He had made some singular experiences in his lifetime. Most of his sailing had been in English vessels, in the East Indies. There was scarce a port in the Indies which he had not visited and of which he had not some story to tell. He loved to beguile his loneliness by yarning, when he could get auditors; and I spent many hours of my watch below sitting upon the edge of his berth listening to the experience of one who had started to sea with just such ideas as I still entertained, and who was now returning to probably a desolate home, a wreck, fit only to die, and hoping for nothing better than the privilege of dying among his kindred.

There was but one man in the forecastle whose yarns could rival sick George's. This was a growling Englishman,

who presumed on his white locks and wrinkled face to force upon us such unconscionable stories that he, in a very short time, became the butt of every one's jokes. George's yarns were listened to with interest and respect, because we could depend on what he said. There was the evidence of truth about him. But old Fred assumed such a braggadocio air with his interminable tales that no one would believe him.

We could not mention a strange place, but Fred would at once shout, "Yes, I know all about that; I was there," in such a ship, the Amelia, the Augusta, the Arabella, or whatever name happened to be uppermost in his mind. He pretended to know everything about wind, weather, and the world in general. He was, in short, a kind of self-constituted Solomon-in-ordinary to the crew; a fellow of whose advice you could not rid yourself, be you ever so uncommunicative.

By his undesired interference in everybody's stories, he broke up all yarning in the forecastle. Not one of us but was afraid to mention an adventure, or speak of a foreign place, knowing that master Fred would at once take the wind out of our sails, by some tougher yarn than any one else cared about spinning.

At last several of us fell upon a plan to silence him, which proved as effectual as we hoped. He was ever ready to yarn it. We therefore seated ourselves around him one Sunday afternoon, and commenced catechising him.

"Were you ever in Canton, Fred?"

"Oh, yes, I went there fifteen years ago in the Windsor Castle, a Company vessel."

"How long were you on the voyage?"

"We sailed from London to Canton, thence to Calcutta, and back to Gravesend, in eighteen months."

One of the conspirators, with a piece of chalk, slyly marked on the back of a chest, "London to Canton and Calcutta and back, eighteen months."

Another now said, "Where did you board when you were in Sydney, Fred?"

The old fellow went into a long dissertation on Colonial life, spoke of having been cattle-tending, having sailed out of Sydney for a number of years, and at last, when pressed to mention the exact number, said, after an effort at recollection, "about twelve years he had spent in the colony of New South Wales."

In like manner we successively drew him out concerning all the different parts of the world in which any of us had ever been, leading him to give us the time spent in each, or on each voyage thither and back.

Fred was in high spirits at such a chance to yarn it to us youngsters, while we had difficulty in keeping our faces straight enough to carry out the joke. Our examination was continued nearly three hours, when Fred having just been tempted into a most barefaced lie, one of his persecutors broke out on him: "Why, you old swindler, you outrageous old heathen, just look here," pointing to his running account on the chest, "if all you have told us were true, as you solemnly swear, you would be just one hundred and fifty-six years and ten months old. Now go on deck, and be ashamed of yourself."

The old fellow looked daggers at us, who were enjoying

the scene hugely, and left us, muttering something about "a parcel of saucy boys, who had no respect for gray hairs."

But from that time we were troubled no more with Fred's yarns.

We had a fine passage to Rio de Janeiro; although we passed the Cape of Good Hope in the dead of winter, we met with no very severe storm. This was the third time I had doubled the Cape, each time in the winter season, or during the period of short days.

We arrived in due time, and without any noteworthy occurrence, in the harbor of Rio. The tall sugar-loaf, the many curiously shaped peaks, towering on all sides toward the sky, and the two white forts at the harbor's mouth, seemed to me like old acquaintances. As we cast anchor in the midst of a dense crowd of merchant vessels, of all nations, I recollected how much, on my first visit to this place, I had envied the merchant sailors their comparative freedom. This time, I thought, I will take a cruise on shore, long enough to make up for my former deprivations.

But this time, too, I was destined to disappointment. It happened to be a season when the Brazilian navy was in urgent need of men, and press-gangs were on the watch either to entice away, or, in default of that, to carry off by main force, all sailors on whom they could lay their clutches. I had then a shipmate in that service, who had been carried off in such manner, and was not at all desirous of sharing his fate. I did not venture, therefore, any farther than the palace stairs, the usual landing-place for boats.

Neither had we much time to spend on shore. Already on the second day after our arrival in port, cargo began to come along side. As we had nothing to discharge, we began immediately to load the vessel, a service in which all the crew were engaged. After carrying heavy coffee bags all day, in a hot and confined hold, one does not feel much like wandering about on shore at night. The berth is the most tempting place after supper; a quiet night's rest is much more welcome than a ramble about a foreign place.

In a fortnight we had our cargo stowed, and were ready to sail for Boston.

One day, while we were yet taking in cargo, the entire harbor was thrown into excitement by the arrival of a British vessel of war, having in tow a prize, taken but a little way to the north, on the coast. She was a queer-looking craft to have been fitted out for a slaver. She looked for all the world like a genuine New Bedford whaler. Boats on her quarters, little topgallant cross-trees for the convenience of the lookouts, an oil streak in her starboard waist — everything proclaimed her a "spouter."

We understood that she had been fitted out in this way on purpose to deceive the cruisers. The story on shore was that she had made several successful voyages, no one suspecting a sleepy old blubber-hunter of carrying anything contraband of law. How suspicion was first aroused against her, we did not hear. Probably, however, by some one in the confidence of the owners betraying the secret.

But we saw a more remarkable specimen of a slaver

than even this whaler. This was a Brazilian-built craft, a polacca sloop, having only one huge mast, almost as large in circumference as a seventy-four's mainmast. She had been chased by a British cruiser for six days and nights before she was caught. She was now a mere wreck, no longer sea-worthy.

Nothing that human ingenuity could invent to add to the vessel's speed had been spared during the long chase. The rigging was all eased up, giving the mast more play — every imaginable sail was crowded on — but all in vain. At last they resorted to the desperate expedient of sawing through the vessel's rail or bulwark, in three places on each side. This had the effect of making her hull as limber as an old basket, and the cruiser's men said it for a while increased her speed materially.

But the wind died away, and then the vessel of war sent her boats after her, and to these they were obliged to surrender. She lay now a hulk in the harbor, and was to be shortly broken up.

We arrived in Rio de Janeiro on the 15th of September, having been just sixty days in coming from the Isle of France. We lay eighteen days in the port of Rio, and took our departure thence for Boston on the 3d of October.

Sailing for a northern port so late in the season, we East Indiamen were considerably alarmed at the prospect of meeting with cold weather on the American coast. We industriously patched up old jackets and flannels, tarred our sea-boots, and darned up old stockings, endeavoring to make

as good provision as possible for that which we knew was in store for us.

To one who has been sailing for some years in a warm climate, a sudden approach to the cold of northern latitudes is as disagreeable an incident as can well happen. My warm clothes had lain so long, unused, in my chest, that half of them were no longer fit to wear, and I had enough to do at tailoring, all the passage, in order to fit myself out for cold weather, which we were now approaching.

We had a pleasant passage, until we began to draw near the American coast. When about abreast of the Island of Nantucket, but yet some distance from the land, the wind hauled to the north-east, and we ran into Boston Bay amid such a pelting storm of hail, sleet, rain, and wind, as none of us had experienced for some time. Happily, a north-easter is a fair wind for homeward-bounders, when they have got as far on their passage as had we, and we were not therefore exposed for a long time to the storm. We arrived in Boston harbor on the 18th of November. It was still storming wildly outside, and no one could have felt more strongly than ourselves the comfort of having brought our ship safely into a haven. We made haste to secure her to the wharf, then took out our effects, and departed for our different boarding-houses.

CHAPTER XX.

Hard times for sailors—Anxiety to escape the winter—Boston to Bangor—Sail for Demarara—A Down-East bark—Her captain and mate—A family arrangement—Arrival at Demarara—Discharge cargo—Sail for Buen Ayre.

I PROCEEDED to my former abiding-place, the Sailor's Home, where I enjoyed that night the sweetest sleep that had fallen to my experience for a long time. The following day we were paid off. I had a little over forty dollars due me. My first act was one which every sailor makes a primary consideration—namely, to fill up my old sea-chest with good warm clothes, in preparation for the inclement weather which was now to be encountered.

Common opinion ascribes to the sailor a careless, joyous disposition. So far as my experience extends, it seems to me there is nothing farther from the truth. The man-of-war's man, to be sure, is burdened with no cares, and he fills fully the idea formed of the genus by the shoresman. His jovial good nature borrows no trouble of the future. He is in a service where he can rely upon being properly taken care of. He has no occasion to take thought for the morrow. His labor is light, his pay sure and sufficient, and his responsibility as trifling as can be imagined.

Not so with the merchant seaman. His voyages are shorter, and he is therefore oftener under the necessity of looking out for a new berth. His toil is severe, and many parts of his duty throw wearying responsibilities upon him. His pay is barely sufficient to afford him necessary clothing and defray his expenses during his periodical loitering on land. And he is no sooner on shore than he feels harassed by the necessity of hunting up a new ship.

Withal, let him have as much foresight as ever falls to the share of a sailor, yet he cannot always choose such voyages as he would like most, or as would make his life easiest. In the majority of cases, he is forced to take up with the first chance that offers. And very often, all precautions to the contrary notwithstanding, he finds himself caught in winter weather upon a northern coast, and has before him a prospect of suffering which is enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

So it was with me at this time. When I returned to Boston from London, I determined never again to be caught upon the American coast in the winter. Yet here I was now, the last of November already at hand, just come ashore from an India voyage, and poorly prepared to face the storm which lay between me and a more genial sky.

I will not say that my heart failed me; but I felt much troubled at the thoughts of another winter passage.

"The times" in Boston were none too good. Although shipping was brisk, there were a great many seamen ashore, all anxious to ship themselves, and each looking out for a southern voyage.

I had several offers to go to the Mediterranean. But, with the prospect of returning to the United States in the dead of winter, I would not go there. Some offers there were, too, of voyages to the West Indies, but with a similar drawback, of being gone about three months, and returning to the coast in February or March.

I desired to escape the entire winter, and for this purpose it was necessary to go upon a voyage to last at least six months. But no vessel was just then fitting out upon such a trip; or if there was, her crew was engaged several months beforehand, and all chances in her long ago filled up.

I wandered about the shipping offices for more than a week, attempting to suit myself, but ineffectually. At last, on walking into an office one morning, a gentleman talking to the shipping-master, asked me if I would not go "Down East."

"How far?" asked I.

"To Bangor."

"Where is the vessel to go, from there?"

"A fine voyage; she goes to Demarara, thence to Buen Ayre, and returns to New Orleans with a cargo of salt."

"That will cheat the winter, my lad," remarked the shipper.

"She is the finest craft that ever sailed from Down East, and her captain and mate are gentlemen," added the one who had first spoken. "You will have fine times."

I did not much like the idea of going to Bangor, where winter had already set in in full force; but on considering that so fair-looking a chance might not offer again, I concluded to accept.

On signifying as much to the shipper, he produced the shipping papers, and I signed my name to the articles of the good bark Swain, whereof John Cutter was master, "or whoever shall go master thereof," to proceed on a voyage from Bangor to Georgetown, Demarara, thence to the island of Buen Ayre, and return to New Orleans.

"She's a chartered vessel, my lad, so you may rely upon her going the voyage," said the shipper, as I hesitated to write my name.

This additional security decided me fully, and I promised to be ready to go to Bangor by that evening's boat.

It not unfrequently happens that vessels going to a port or on a voyage not liked by seamen, ship crews under false pretences—that is, the articles declare the ship to be going to one place, when she is going to another. For instance, I shipped once to go to New Orleans, when the captain knew full well that he was about to proceed direct to Mobile. So it happens in innumerable cases. It is, therefore, counted a privilege when one can secure a berth in a vessel that is chartered for the voyage, as there is then a tolerable certainty that all the conditions of the shipping agreement will be fulfilled.

Before I left the shipping office, I obtained from the person who was so active in getting me to ship a full and particular account of the vessel in which I was to go, and of her captain.

The bark was said to be about three years old, in excellent order, alow and aloft, did not leak a drop, and had a splendid fit out.

As her outward cargo was to be lumber, I was particular to inquire as to her carrying a deck-load, but was assured that she would not.

"All her cargo is in the hold."

The captain was said to be a fine, good-natured Down-Easter, who would see that his crew were made comfortable.

Of all this, of course, I hoisted in only a very moderate portion, leaving the balance as something to be "told to the marines." Yet I was glad to revel, if in imagination only, in the prospect of a comfortable ship and a good voyage.

As our ship and voyage proved so decidedly the reverse of what was described to me, it may be well here to state, for the benefit of the uninitiated reader, that there *are* good vessels "Down East" — in Maine — and that some of the finest men that ever walked a quarter-deck hail from there.

I was the last man that shipped. The vessel was to carry six hands, three of whom, it was said, were already in Bangor, while the other three of us were going on by that evening's steamer. I was so fortunate as to recognize in the other two old shipmates, and we three whiled away the passage by reminiscences of past times and plans for the future.

Steaming all night, we awoke next morning in the Penobscot River, and by noon arrived at Frankfort, a place about fifteen miles below Bangor. Here our conductor—who, by the way, was the express agent to whom we had been consigned, I suppose, as so many parcels, "contents unknown"—was hailed by a raw-boned Down-Easter, who proved to be our new captain.

He had brought his vessel down from Bangor, to prevent her being frozen up. We therefore got on shore with our baggage, and proceeded, with our worthy captain, to take a look at the ship. He pointed out to us her masts, as she lay, the outside vessel in a tier, and hastily giving us directions how to get on board, left us, to hunt up the balance of his men, being anxious to start out immediately.

Leaving our baggage on the wharf, we proceeded on board to make a preliminary inspection of the craft. She proved to be a much older-looking vessel than she had been represented, and had on a deck-load at least ten feet high. So far, she was not at all satisfactory to us.

One of my shipmates proposed to refuse to go in her. To this I objected; I had signed the articles, had taken my month's advance, and laid out a portion of it, and I now felt that I ought to stick to my bargain at all hazards.

My determination overruled the other two and we brought on board our chests and hammocks.

Having procured from the second mate the key of the forecastle, we proceeded to install ourselves in the dark hole which was to be for some time our home. I went below to receive the luggage. Striking a light, that I might see where to place our chests, I found it would be first necessary to remove on deck a mass of running rigging, studd'nsail gear, etc., which had been thrown down there for safe-keeping.

After getting rid of this, I found the deck or floor covered with chips, sawdust, and ice, to the depth of several inches. I began, by this time, to wish that I had not come to Bangor.

But what was my astonishment when, on looking forward, toward what are called the breast-hooks, being the most forward portion of the bows, inside, I beheld there a solid mass of ice, which proved to be about three feet thick, and extended from the deck to the ceiling overhead, nearly five feet high.

"Send down your chests, boys," shouted I, in desperation, fearing that if either of the others discovered the ice before their baggage came down, they would utterly refuse to go in the vessel.

I placed the chests as best I could upon the dirt and ice, flung the bedding into the berths, as it was handed down, then replaced the forecastle ladder, and invited my two friends to walk down and inspect the premises. With curses both loud and deep, they beheld the dirty and miserable hole which was to be our abode.

In truth, I was myself somewhat staggered in my resolution of going in the vessel, as I examined more closely into the accommodations—or, it should be said, of lack of accommodations. But a little calm consideration convinced me that there was no other course open to me.

We had received sixteen dollars, advance, with the understanding that if we went to sea in the ship it would be due, but if we did not go, it would have to be refunded to the shipper by the people who had indorsed for us—the boarding-house keepers, namely. It would, therefore, have been a species of dishonesty in us now to back out, especially as we were not prepared to return the money.

Bill and Tom, my shipmates, spoke of immediately taking their effects out of the vessel. They would stand nothing of this kind.

I had nothing to urge against this course, and contented myself with saying that I should feel bound to go in her, if she was to sink the first night out. After endeavoring in vain to shake my resolution, they at last concluded also to remain, "as it would not do to leave an old shipmate in the lurch."

But we had not seen the worst even yet. I had simply thrown the bundles of bedding into the berths. When we began to spread out our beds, we found in the lower berths, instead of berth-boards, solid blocks of ice, two feet thick; and upon one of these I spread out my bedding, and here slept, or tried to sleep, until the warm weather began to melt my resting-place. By that time my mattress was just fit to throw overboard, and for the balance of the voyage I either slept upon deck, wrapped up in a blanket, or made use of another's bed.

All this ice had come into the vessel in this wise: As before mentioned, she was lumber-loaded. The cargo had been taken in through a bow-port, which opened into the forecastle, just on a level with the water's edge. Thus the boards and joists composing the loading were run out of the water alongside, through our miserable habitation, into the hold, dripping all the way. The water froze wherever it fell, and the lumber-men no doubt threw more down on top of it, to make themselves a convenient slide for the heavier pieces of wood. Thus the entire forecastle was full of ice.

The presence of such a mass of frozen water, with the

dampness arising from the wet lumber stowed in the hold, made staying below almost unbearable. Yet it was a little better than on deck, inasmuch as there was some shelter from the rough winds.

When the captain came on board we demanded a stove. He granted us one, but neglected to tell us, until we had got some distance down the river, that there was no pipe on board for it. The stove, therefore, was of no use. It was altogether out of the question to keep warm, or even moderately comfortable. Our only consolation was, that with a fair wind a few days would see us in warm weather.

Our crew was to have numbered six; but on looking for the remaining three, only one was forthcoming. The other two had changed their mind, and found it more comfortable to remain on shore.

"Never mind them, lads," said the captain; "I am going to come to at Thomaston, and there we can get two others without trouble."

I had myself refused to go to sea short-handed, which drew from him this remark.

Accordingly, we agreed to take the vessel to Thomaston, which lies at the mouth of the Penobscot. We came to anchor at some distance from the land, took the captain ashore, and returned on board. He was to come off next morning, and promised faithfully to bring off two additional men.

Next morning came, and so did our captain—but no men. He talked very fairly, however; said he could find no one that would consent to go with him—they knew his character

too well, probably, as this was his native town—that he was willing to help, and would see that the mates did their share; and that when we once got into warm weather we would get along finely.

Sailors are easily won over by fair words, and it did not require much persuasion to make us get underweigh and put out to sea. The mate promised to hunt up the missing stove-pipe when we got clear of the land; and with the hope of having a fire in our miserable forecastle, we worked cheerfully. For my part, I was careless of present suffering, while there was a prospect of running into warm weather, and was eager to be underweigh, decreasing the distance between ourselves and the West Indies.

We set sail with a stiff north-wester, before which the old craft rolled off to the southward at no slow rate. When watches were chosen, I was put with the second mate's, and found my watchmate to be the young man who had come on board at Frankfort—a fellow who was now making his first voyage to sea. He could not furl a royal, could not steer, did not even know how to pull on a rope properly.

Such a fellow was worse than useless on board an under-manned vessel like ours. Of course he was not to be trusted to steer the bark in a breeze such as now favored us. My first trick at the wheel lasted four hours. And for many succeeding days and nights I was forced to steer my entire watch on deck, while the ship was running before a stiff gale.

But it was as well to be at the wheel as at the pumps,

which was now the alternative. The wretched old craft had sprung a leak, the heavy deck-load straining her timbers. This leak was not very serious, but unfortunately both of our pumps were out of order, and the water threatened to stand five or six feet deep in the hold before we could get them to work. After trying in vain to make use of them, we hauled one pump on deck, and with a great deal of trouble and hard labor repaired it.

Happily this one remained in tolerable order. Had it not, we should have become water-logged in a short time, as the other pump, while being hauled up for the purpose of making repairs upon it, was thrown violently against the mainmast, by a heavy lurch of the ship, and so much injured as to make it entirely useless.

In stowing the deck-load, no regard had been paid to future convenience. The space about the pumps was so much crowded, that pumping was made doubly laborious. We would work there all night, and after breakfast next morning all hands would turn to, and by dint of the severest labor free her of water by perhaps ten o'clock, when the watch below were permitted to take their needed rest. The entire afternoon watch was in like manner spent at the pumps, and by sunset we were tired and worn out, and but ill prepared for another night's suffering, in wet and bitter cold.

The bark was so deeply laden that the seas broke even over her deck-load, and kept us continually wet. And worse yet, the usual shelter from wind and sea, afforded by a ship's bulwarks we were here entirely deprived of. Perched high in

mid-air, on top of the deck-load, the biting north-west wind blew through our wet clothes, and threatened to congeal the very marrow in our bones.

This state of things happily lasted only twelve days. These days seemed of an almost interminable length. There was no possibility of resting on deck, and a four hours' trick at the wheel wonderfully lengthens a watch, in the imagination of the poor victim, as any one who has experienced it will readily grant.

Below, I could not sleep. There was a chilling and damp air in the forecastle, caused by the great lumps of ice with which it was still incumbered, and by the wet lumber in the hold, which made the stay below, if possible, worse than the watch on deck. I still had my hammock and bedding spread upon the mass of ice which half filled the berth. Here I tumbled about during my watch below, vainly endeavoring to sleep, and annoying my watchmate by constant grumbling. For the first three nights out I was not conscious of having slept at all. After that, tired nature succumbed, and I was able to sleep, but in great misery.

Our living, meanwhile, was not of the best. Happily we had an excellent cook, who lost no opportunity to provide something good for us. But the captain and his brother, the mate, kept a sharp eye upon the provision locker, and took care that "the sailors should not live too well."

It was not until we got to sea that we became aware of the fact that the vessel was a "family concern." The captain and mate were brothers, and they had with them a

lad, another brother, who was now making his first voyage, preparatory to taking the berth of second mate, when he grew some years older and stouter. This lad was "in everybody's mess and nobody's watch." He lived in the cabin, of course, but spent most of his time in the cook's galley, finding that the most comfortable place on board during the cold weather.

The mate made several attempts to set "Bob" as a spy upon the men and the cook, but the youngster despised the meanness, and as he invariably told us of the mate's designs, his worthy brother was forced to do his own spying.

No ship is dreaded so much as one the officers of which are relatives. Jack knows that in such vessels the work is always harder and the treatment worse than in any other. Had I known that our chief officers were brothers, I should not have gone in the vessel under any considerations. It was a source of continual trouble and difficulty to us. With a captain who was a knave and a mate who was in everything his subservient tool, we could expect no peace. Happily, "Bob," the younger brother, was an impracticable, and for very mischief ranged himself on the side of "the men."

The vessel was a remarkably dull sailer, and, like all such, she steered badly. A fast-sailing ship almost invariably steers well, while a slow-going old tub can scarcely be kept within three points of her course.

From what I have said of our condition, on deck and below, it may be imagined that we wished for nothing so much as warmer weather. I had thought that three or four days of such a breeze as we were favored with would bring us into

a milder atmosphere. But it was full a fortnight before we could take off our jackets or before the lumps of ice in the forecastle showed, by their dripping, that we had reached a more temperate clime.

Words cannot describe how grateful to us felt the warm beams of the summer sun, how delightful looked the first dry spot upon the deck, and with what joy we viewed the steam arising from the wet planks, an evidence of the sun's power. One needs to suffer all the miseries which had fallen to our share since leaving Frankfort to appreciate the feelings with which relief from them is hailed.

As soon as the weather was sufficiently moderate to allow of such a thing, we took axes into the forecastle, and chopped to pieces the ice still remaining there, as the speediest means of ridding ourselves of it. My mattress was thrown overboard, as was that of another. The remainder of my bedding—that is, the blankets—had nearly followed, but a thorough washing and drying preserved them.

The sailor, of course, does not incumber himself with sheets and pillows. His couch is composed generally of a straw bed and two or three thick blankets. His pea-jacket serves him for a pillow, and if he desires to sleep with his head high, he places his sea-boots under the jacket. At sea he rolls into his berth, at the expiration of his watch on deck, without divesting himself of aught except his huge overcoat, and his knife, and belt, and shoes. Thus he is prepared to "turn out" at a moment's notice—a thing he has frequent occasion to do.

All the scrubbing we could give our miserable forecastle

would not make it habitable. When we got into warm weather, the vapors arising from the lumber in the hold filled everything with mould. Our clothes were rotting with moisture, which penetrated our chests. Matches kept below could not be struck. On every fine day we were obliged to take our effects upon deck, to keep all from spoiling. Yet we had to sleep in this noisome hole, for on deck there was no place fit to rest; and besides, had we slept upon deck, there was a strong probability that we would be called to give a pull every time a brace or halyard was to be stirred.

Much ice had been taken in with the lumber, and when it now began to grow warm, this melted, and kept us steadily at the pumps for an entire week, to free her of the accumulation of water. By the time this was done, we were in settled weather, running down the north-east trades, and each day diminishing the distance between us and our first port.

When we were no longer busied at the pumps, we found sufficient to do about the rigging and sails. The bark was old, and was, besides, so meanly kept, that her top hamper and sails were a vast patch-work. Almost every day something was giving way, and then, make a splice, or patch it up in some way, was the word. Anything to prevent actual expenditure. By dint of continual labor, however, we had her in tolerable condition by the time we got to Demarara.

It was on the thirty-second day out that we made the land. We had been already for two days sailing over the immense flats which extend to a distance of more than a hundred miles seaward from this part of the South American coast.

On these flats the water is nowhere more than ten fathoms (sixty feet) deep, although the land is entirely out of sight, and one is as much at sea as anywhere among the West India Islands.

We had been steering half a dozen different courses during the day (it was a Sabbath), to oppose the various currents which set here along shore, and change their direction with the varying shapes of the land. The labor of bending cables, getting the anchors off the bows, and making ready for entering port, which in most ships would have been done on the preceding Saturday, had been carefully preserved for a Sabbath afternoon's work. We were yet busied about the anchor, when the captain, who was at the masthead with a spy-glass, raised the land.

The coast here is remarkably low and marshy, and visible at but little distance. We were only eight miles from the nearest point, when the captain first saw it. We immediately shaped our course for the river's mouth, and by dark were so fortunate as to receive on board a pilot, a black fellow, dressed in most approved white duck, but barefooted. Under his guidance the vessel was taken to the entrance of the river, and there anchored, just outside of the bar, which we could only pass at high water. At sunrise, when the tide permitted, we sailed up the river, abreast of the town, and by night were lying alongside of a convenient wharf or pier.

Georgetown, or Stabrok, which last is its Dutch name, is the capital and chief city of British Guiana. It lies at the mouth of the river Demarary, and on its east bank. It is

COAST OF DEMERARA.

MADEIRA.

a regularly laid-out town. Lying upon a marshy piece of ground, most of the streets are intersected by canals, crossed by means of bridges. It was founded by the Dutch, to whom this peculiarity is owing. Many of the houses are finely built, and most of the private dwellings are surrounded by fine gardens.

The merchants who occupy the water-side have introduced here all the labor-saving improvements for which Englishmen are noted. Little railways run from nearly every warehouse, down the long piers to the vessels, to facilitate the movement of the huge hogsheads of sugar, rum, and molasses, which form the staple exports of the colony. These, with enormous cranes for hoisting and lowering, ease greatly the labors of the seamen in getting on board the cargoes. There is also a line of railway running into the heart of the sugar country, some one hundred and twenty-five miles, on which is transported that part of the produce which does not find its way down the river in lighters.

The principal inhabitants are English. The most numerous are the negroes, an idle and *doless* race as ever was seen, but who live in this mild climate a happy, if useless existence. Those of them who live in the towns wander about the wharves, taking occasionally a day's work when they need an article of clothing, but otherwise utterly idle, and lost in vice. Of course there are some worthy exceptions, but such is their general condition. Fruits of all kinds are cheap, and the climate and soil are so favorable that they can raise the little they need with the smallest possible amount of work. And as a class they seem to have but little ambition.

As the negroes will not work, the colonial government imports laborers. Some of these are Portuguese, brought from the Island of Madeira and the Canaries. But the greater portion are Hindoos. These wretched people are induced to apprentice themselves for a period of seven years. They are brought by shiploads, annually, from their native plains to this sickly country, and after suffering all the horrors of a one hundred days' passage, huddled together in a crowded hold, are on their arrival sent out to the plantations, where not a few of them die from the exposure and severe toil, to which they are but little used in their own country.

If their own tales may be believed, they are none too well treated. The lash and cowhide are not unknown, and they are driven about more like cattle than human beings. Certain it is that not a few of them, unable to support their misery, commit suicide, and many run away into the wild woods, where they probably perish of hunger and exposure.

From inquiries made among some of the most intelligent that I met with, I learned that they considered the chances of ever getting back to their homes as being very small. Their wages are from two to five dollars per month, and out of this they have to furnish themselves clothing. Thus comparatively few of them are ever able to get together a sufficient sum to carry them back — although they set out from home with glowing hopes of returning, at the expiration of their apprenticeship, in better circumstances.

But few of the Hindoos are found in the town. Here the Portuguese perform most of the manual labor. They are a

THE MIRITA PALM.

turbulent set, and hard to manage. They form a separate body, and have regulations among themselves, to which each one is forced to submit. They enjoy a much larger share of liberty than the poor Hindoos, being not apprentices, but emigrants. I was told by some of them, that they frequently amass a considerable sum of money — five or six hundred dollars being thought quite a fortune — and return to their native isles, where, on this amount, they can live in comfort the balance of their days.

On the whole, I should consider Demarara a very undesirable place for a permanent residence. Its marshy situation makes it very sickly. The yellow fever prevails all the year round, and in summer sometimes with great violence. Centipedes, scorpions, lizards, and snakes exist in tropical abundance; and mosquitoes darken the air with their swarms, and nearly hide the light of the sun. It is almost impossible for a European to exist without mosquito-bars, after nightfall.

On the next day after our arrival, we began to discharge the cargo. I here practically tested the efficacy of strict abstinence from ardent spirits, in working under a tropical sun. The heat was intense; in fact, I think I never felt a more powerful sun. In discharging the lumber, it was necessary for two men to work upon deck, while the second mate, with the other two, and a couple of negroes (when these could be gotten) shoved the planks up out of the hold.

I was offered a place in the hold, where there was complete protection from the sun; but as my shipmates were less used to the tropics than myself, I preferred to take my place

on deck. All the rest drank more or less of rum, the prevailing liquor here. I was warned that, unless I also imbibed to some extent, I should be taken sick. But I had always before, when placed in similar circumstances, adhered to fresh water, and determined, although the work bade fare to prove more exhausting than I had before experienced, to stick to temperance. And I found that, although I worked in the sun, while my companions had a constant shade, I held out much better than they, feeling fresh and lively when they complained bitterly of exhaustion.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Dragon's Mouth—Buen Ayre—Taking in salt—The salt pans—Beauty of the island and the climate—Misery of the laborers—Off for New Orleans—Captain attempts to starve the crew—Tedious passage—Arrival at New Orleans—A sailor's lawsuit—Sail for New York—Conclusion.

OUR stay in Georgetown was only two weeks long. The last plank was put ashore on a Monday, and next day we took in a little sand ballast, in addition to that we had already in, and set sail for the Island of Buen Ayre, where we were to procure our cargo of salt.

Our passage thither would have been, in any other vessel, a pleasure trip. We were six days underweigh, sailing along all the while with soft and light breezes, now on one quarter, now on the other, as we changed our course, in rounding the various islands which lay on our way.

On the second day out we sailed through a beautiful basin, called the Dragon's Mouth, which forms the passage between the British Island of Trinidad and the Peninsula of Paria, the last a portion of the mainland of South America. It is interspersed with numerous islets, which I suppose some poetical sailor has transformed into the dragon's teeth, in allusion to the dangers encountered by the mariner who threads his way among them.

Before we left Georgetown, we had spoken to the captain about laying in some necessary provisions, which he promised to do; but he neglected the matter — purposely or through drunkenness — and we were no sooner out of sight of land than the mate informed the cook that a very short allowance of beef, and no pork, with a sparing use of bread, was necessary to bring us safely to Buen Ayre. Hard work all day, with short allowance of victuals, soon wears men down, and we consequently grew careless at night, preferring sleep to the necessary lookout. Our captain had not yet gotten sufficiently over his late spree to keep a very correct reckoning. In consequence, on the third night out, all hands were called, in a hurry, to tack ship off shore. Coming on deck, we found the vessel in close proximity to land. Fifteen minutes longer on her prescribed course would have set her ashore. We were heartily sorry that the old tub had not struck, as it would have released us from our unpleasant situation. But, as the breeze was gentle, she was easily worked off shore. On the sixth day we reached Buen Ayre, without meeting with any farther noteworthy accident on our way.

Buen Ayre, or Bon Ayre as it is more generally called, at least by seamen, is a beautiful little islet lying off the coast of Venezuela, and a few hours' sail east of the more important Island of Curaçoa. It is about twenty miles in length, the average breadth not being more than four miles. It is intersected by a mountain range, of no great height, however. Lying in the track of the north-east trade winds, it has a most charming climate. The brilliant sky, pure and bracing air, and

NEGRESSES OF GUIANA.

the clear and beautiful waters of the sea which surrounds it, all combine to inspire one with new energies, and present a scene of natural beauty which is unsurpassed in my experience.

The principal article of export (at least to the United States) is salt. The island belongs to the crown of Holland. I understood that the salt pans, together with the slaves who work them, who are also the property of the crown, are farmed out for a term of years to the highest bidder, thus being, in fact, worked by private capital and enterprise.

The other most valuable product of the island is cochineal. There are plantations of considerable extent on the plains inland, where the bugs, which when properly roasted and pulverized form the valuable cochineal of commerce, are carefully tended by slaves. The little animals feed upon the leaves of small trees, and are shaken down at regular periods into sheets held below, then prepared and sent to Holland, where they finally come into the regular line of commerce.

The Dutch are proverbially hard masters. I could scarcely believe that human beings could so badly use their fellow-creatures, as the overseers of the salt-works here treat the poor slaves, who are "in the contract."

The tanks, or pans, occupy a portion of the flat beach, nearly a mile in extent. They are square shallow excavations in the ground, their bottom lying below the surface of the sea. Each large pan communicates with the water by a trough or pipe, which, being opened, it flows in until it finds its level. It is then shut off, and the evaporation begins. The salt forms in beautiful crystals, first along the sides, and, as the water gets

lower, along the bottom. When a pan is ready for working, the slaves are turned in, and gather the salt into sacks, which they transport on their backs to a convenient place near shore, where it is piled until quite a little mountain is built up. This glistens in the bright sunlight like an immense diamond.

We came to anchor at about a quarter of a mile from the beach, with the open sea behind us. There is no danger of a storm, and but little surf—this being the lee side—and consequently the anchorage is considered very good. The isle has but one small harbor, which is not used by ships coming hither for salt. Immediately ahead of us, on the shore, lay a salt hill, as high as our masthead, part of which was to be our cargo. The first thing to be done was to take out ballast. This lasted three days. It was dumped overboard alongside, we slacking out cable, once in awhile, in order that the boulders and sand should not fall all in one place, and make an inconvenient little shoal.

The ballast out and the hold swept clean, the salt came alongside. It was brought from shore in large surf-boats, by the slaves. When a boat came alongside, the bags were thrown upon a stage, from the stage to the deck, then a toss to the main-hatchway, where stood one with a jack-knife, to cut the string, empty the contents into the hold, and fling the sack back into the boat. In this way we speedily got in as much as the bark would carry. The worst of the labor was the trimming, in the hold, and the carrying sacks forward and aft to the hatches, there to be emptied. Working among salt is apt to produce sores upon the body. We had been warned

VILLAGE IN GUIANA.

that it was necessary to bathe at least once a day, and to put on clean clothing at the conclusion of the day's work. Those of us who acted up to these rules were not troubled with salt boils; but the second mate, who was an Englishman, and had all a British sailor's aversion to water in any shape, thought it too much trouble. He was punished for his heedlessness by the appearance of numerous painful swellings on different portions of his body.

The salt intended for our ship was measured into sacks, each holding a bushel. In these sacks it was carried on the shoulders of men and women, from the depository to the beach, where each in turn laid his or her load into the boat, brought up beyond the reach of the surf for that purpose. When a boat was laden, all hands took hold and ran her into the water, when her regular crew hauled her alongside. A white overseer superintended the operations of the shore gang. He carried a long and heavy rawhide whip, which he applied with no sparing or light hand to the naked backs of women and men, if they did not trot off fast enough with their heavy burdens.

The slaves work from six to six (which is here from daylight to dark), having an intermission of two hours, from twelve till two, wherein to eat the only meal they get during the day. The state of semi-starvation in which these poor creatures are kept is cruel in the extreme. The daily allowance of food to each working person is *one quart of unground corn*, and nothing besides. This allowance I saw measured out to them myself, ere I could believe that any one could be so

niggardly as to force working men and women to exist on such a mere pittance. When their day's work is finished they retire to their camp, where for full an hour they are engaged in pounding their corn in rude stone mortars, to reduce it to the consistence of very coarse meal. This is the work of the women. The men, meanwhile, gather a small quantity of wood, and when ready the meal is mixed with water, and boiled in a pot provided for the purpose, until it is a quite solid mass. This mess is the next day's allowance. Part of it is swallowed on rising in the morning, the balance at noon. Supper they dare not indulge in, as their portion would not hold out.

Of course, they know not what it is to have enough to eat. They are actually famished. Parties of them used to fight for the leavings of our cabin table, and fish-bones, potato-peelings, slop of all kinds, were voraciously devoured by them. Poor souls, they lost no occasion to steal victuals that happened to be unwatched, and some of them were always prowling about the galley, looking for a prize. We often connived at their thefts; but our stingy captain was ever upon the watch to catch them in the act. He saw a poor fellow making off with a small piece of beef one day, and catching him, called the overseer, who happened to be on board. The wretched slave was at once ordered to lie down on deck. A ragged shirt was first stripped off his back, and then, with a heavy rope's-end, he received fifty lashes. So pleased was our skipper at witnessing the flogging, of which he was the occasion, that in a fit of liberality, which I am sure he regretted the next moment, he made his victim a present of the beef.

The slaves are allowed by the king, their owner, two suits —shirts and trousers for the men, and gowns for the females— per annum, but no hat to keep off the sun, no shoes to protect the feet while carrying their loads over the sharp coral of the beach. When a woman has a child, she is allowed three months to nurse and take care of it. At the expiration of that time, the little one is consigned to the care of other, larger children, while the mother goes to work in the gang, and is expected to do as hard a day's work as any of the rest.

We left for New Orleans at the end of ten days, that space of time having sufficed to take on board our cargo of salt. The captain had neglected to take in a supply of fresh water at Demarara—where he would have had to pay for it. When we came here, we found the water so brackish that it made us sick to drink it. Yet we took on board two casks of it, which cost two dollars. One cask of good water lasted us ten days of the thirty occupied by our passage to New Orleans. Then we were reduced to drinking that last obtained.

No sooner had we left port than our miserable life recommenced. Once fairly clear of the land, the captain informed all hands that there was naught left of our supply of provisions except some rice, a moderate quantity of bread, and beef. On this, with a weekly meal of *duff*, we were expected to subsist to the end of the voyage. The vessel was a dull sailer under any circumstances; but deeply laden with salt, she positively did not seem to go ahead at all. Three or four knots per hour was her highest speed. Happily she did not leak sufficient to give us trouble with the pumps.

Our mate, who had never before been in a "square-rigger," had been told in Demarara, by some of his acquaintance, that, in such vessels, it was indispensable to the dignity of the officers to keep the men constantly at work.

"The worse you treat them, the smarter officer you will be."

This advice he now put in practice. There was but little necessary work to be done, as on the outward passage we had succeeded in patching the rigging and sails wherever they needed it. So the poor fellow was kept studying, night and day, what he should set "the men" at next. Before we were ten days out he was completely at the end of his limited stock of sailorship; and, as he had not sufficient Yankee ingenuity to make a spunyarn winch, all hands were kept up to braid sinnet.* To have kept the watch on deck busy at this would have been not unusual; but to keep up all hands for such work, and that, too, when we were short of provisions, was too bad. We remonstrated, but to no purpose. The captain merely asked if we refused to obey orders. By rashly doing so, we should have forfeited our wages, which would have pleased him but too well, and benefited us naught, as we should have had to work the vessel into port, at any rate. So we submitted. But by way of satisfaction for this outrage on our privileges, we used to throw overboard every night the product of our day's labor, and the mate would sapiently "wonder" what had become of all the sinnet.

* *Sinnet* is a small line, braided from rope-yarns, from the minute strands of which a rope is formed.

STREET IN NEW ORLEANS.

Shortly after we left Buen Ayre, our supply of coffee was consumed, and thenceforth we were compelled to drink an infusion of burnt beans. *Compelled* to drink this, because the water we obtained at the salt-works was so brackish that it was impossible to swallow it without it having been previously cooked. The stomach even of a sailor would not retain it; and several times, when we had grown thirsty at some hard work, and were tempted to lave our thirst from the water-cask, all hands were made sick, having to vomit up the miserable stuff.

Thus, with salt water, mouldy biscuits, a small portion of rice, and beef, we lingered out a long passage of thirty days. And before we reached port even this wretched food grew very scarce, and our allowance of bread was reduced. We could not do aught to extricate ourselves from our difficulties. To have forced the captain to run into a port by the way would have been rank mutiny. To refuse duty would not have bettered matters. We were, therefore, compelled to suffer. But we determined that if there was a law on our side, we would test it when we got to New Orleans.

Sailors dislike to go to law. They have a dread of "land-sharks," and will suffer almost anything rather than place themselves in their hands. But we thought it a duty to show this man, and others of his kind, that they could be held up to justice, and therefore determined to risk all the unknown dangers of a court-room, to teach him a lesson.

Arrived at New Orleans, we sought out a lawyer of some eminence in cases of this kind, who took the matter in hand

for us. His conditions were, the payment of a fee of ten dollars, in hand, from each man, and half the proceeds of the suit. We were detained in the city for six long weeks, by various pretexts of the captain's counsel. In this time the wages of our voyage were spent, and my shipmates were all in debt to the full amount of their advance-money, and all that they could hope to obtain from the suit. Finally this was decided. The captain was found guilty of gross misconduct, and sentenced to pay fifty dollars to each of the crew, and the expenses of the suit. This, to so niggardly a man as he, was a severe blow, and in so far was satisfactory to us, who desired to see him punished. But we too were sufferers by the suit. We had been compelled to remain six weeks idle. In this time the best season for shipping in New Orleans had passed away; we had been forced to spend more than the proceeds of the voyage to keep us ashore, and had now some difficulty in getting a ship. All to satisfy justice. I will not set down here the many disrespectful remarks of my shipmates concerning the blind Dame. Suffice it to say, that we departed from the court-room fully determined never again to appeal to her, but rather to take the law into our own hands.

The day after the determination of the suit, I shipped on board a New York packet, and in a very quiet passage of twenty days reached New York. Here I took my chest and hammock to the Sailors' Home, sent to Boston for a little money I had still on deposit there, got myself a new fit out, and after staying ashore until tired of an inactive life, began my search for a voyage. This search, in which, having yet a

considerable sum of money in my purse, I was rather hard to please, ended in an engagement on board a New Bedford whaleship. At this period, therefore, legitimately closes my experience of a merchant seaman's life.

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